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Vol. 259

1. Mr. Gladstone. By the Marquess of Crewe, K.G.
2. Feud and Friendship in the Animal World. By Douglas Gordon.
3. A Map for Civilisation. By Basil D. Nicholson.
4. The British Press and the United States. By Ignatius Phayre.
5. The Historical Novel. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.
6. Scottish Family Life in the Seventies. By Elizabeth Haldane, C.H.
7. Disarmament: the Naval Aspect.
8. Disarmament: the Army and the Air Force. By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B.
9. The Care of Westminster Abbey. By J. G. Noppen.
10. Samuel Richardson. By Stephen Gwynn.
11. The Creation of Peace.
12. Scott's Novels: an American View. By George McLean Harper.
13. World Reconstruction in 1932.
14. Some Recent Books.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW ✓

No. 514.—OCTOBER, 1932.

Art. 1.—MR GLADSTONE.*

AN attempt to say anything new about Mr Gladstone, or to throw any fresh light upon his achievements or his character, is one to drive a man to despair, especially in this place, the shrine dedicated to one prime object of his activity, and that not the least significant. Two hundred and fifty years ago La Bruyère, starting his study of mankind, complained that everything had been said already, during the seven thousand years of human thought. During the thirty-four years since Mr Gladstone was laid in Westminster Abbey surely everything possible has been said or written of him? I find on my own bookshelves eleven memoirs entirely devoted to him, headed, of course, by John Morley's great biography. This is exclusive of pamphlets and single essays and the histories from which his figure stands out like the Achilles of his cherished Iliad—to say nothing of the biographies of contemporary statesmen in which the name of Gladstone fills a whole column of the index. Still, I must make the attempt. On my own account it is a pride to do so, for it was my good fortune to know him from my early days, through his intimacy with both sides of my family. And I had the honour of filling a modest place in his administrations of 1886 and 1892. Better still, it was my privilege more than once to be his and Mrs Gladstone's guest here at Hawarden, and to be admitted within the precincts of that ideal home—cultured, hospitable, merry, with its unflinching background of serious purpose and interest.

* Based upon an address delivered on the anniversary of the Foundation of St Deiniol's, Hawarden, July 1, 1932.
Vol. 259.—No. 514.

Almost all who adorned that happy circle have crossed the dark river ; but the spirit still remains within these walls, and I trust may long remain.

So that I have something to go on ; but what counts more is that I can, so to speak, regard Mr Gladstone through two pairs of eyes besides my own—those of my father, and those of my life-long friend, Lord Rosebery, who became one of my nearest and dearest relations. Each of these, during successive periods, enjoyed close intimacy with Mr Gladstone, my father being six months older than he, Rosebery thirty-eight years younger. I can only dwell to-day on my father or my father-in-law in their relation to Mr Gladstone. It differed in one respect—that it was never official with the older friend ; with the younger it hinged greatly on party politics, a subject outside our thoughts to-day. My father was never in office, though he was deeply interested in foreign affairs and in many aspects of social reform. His correspondence with Downing Street or Hawarden often touched on such matters, and he always received sympathetic and closely argued replies. Rosebery, I need not remind you, was a prominent gladiator in the contests of 1886 and 1892. With these we are not concerned ; but it happened—and this is my reason for introducing them into the picture—that both Lord Houghton and Lord Rosebery were brought into close contact with Mr Gladstone on two of the paths on which he best loved to walk. In the first place, both were often captivated by the intricacies of theological inquiry, and by the incidents of ecclesiastical controversy ; both, like Mr Gladstone, had many good friends among the leaders of the different Churches and denominations. The second link was the devotion of all three to reading and to book-collecting. Everybody knows the vast scope of Mr Gladstone's learning, and his command of several languages ; both the others were men of the widest reading, trained in the classics, and familiar with the thought of many foreign countries. Here, you see, was an extent of common ground—ground, if I may so put it, on which St Deiniol's is deeply founded.

My father's first acquaintance with Mr Gladstone was on a literary, not a theological, mission. In the year 1829 three Cambridge undergraduates, he, Arthur Hallam,

and the meteoric Thomas Sunderland, visited the Oxford Union to press the claims of Shelley, whom Oxford had expelled, as a greater poet than Byron, who had adorned Cambridge. 'The man that *took* me most,' my father wrote, 'was the youngest Gladstone of Liverpool—I am sure a very superior person.' The last adjective was used in its literal sense, I beg you to note; not carrying the ironical sting with which Mr Disraeli applied it to Mr Horsman, the eloquent and recalcitrant Whig; or with which it unfairly stuck to an eminent Oxford statesman of our own day.

I pass on to a later year, when William Gladstone and Richard Milnes were both Members of Parliament, and the former had joined Sir Robert Peel's Government of 1841. Mr Gladstone late in life wrote that the Oxford Movement, from its inception in 1833, had no direct effect upon him; and he had little sympathy with its extremer manifestations. But he grew to recognise and appreciate its vitalising influence as the appropriate counterbalance to the Evangelical campaign which had shamed the apathy of eighteenth-century churchmanship, and had renewed its activity at Cambridge and elsewhere in his early manhood. My father combined a warm heart with a gift for toleration which some thought excessive. His great friend, Thomas Carlyle, said that he ought to be appointed President of the Heaven-and-Hell Amalgamation Society. The capacity for seeing both sides was seldom more needed than during the Tractarian controversy, and in 1841 Richard Milnes sent his friend a copy of his 'One Tract More,' an earnest plea for moderation. "'The Tracts for the Times'" externally regarded' was his prefix to the *brochure*, and it won Mr Gladstone's 'great delight and warm admiration.' He approved particularly of my father's sketch of the Reformation, of his definition of true toleration, and of his defence of the Tractarians against the charge of Romanising. This, it will be noted, was four years before Newman seceded to Rome, and ten before Manning took the same step. The first conversion awakened in Mr Gladstone some indignation, the second profound sorrow. Before these blows fell Mr Gladstone had joined in protest against the campaign of censure and condemnation directed by authority against Pusey and other leaders of the High

Church. When, in 1838, Mr Gladstone published his famous 'The Church in its Relations with the State,' my father was staying with Sir Robert Peel at Drayton. 'That young man will ruin his fine political career if he persists in writing trash like this,' said the great man, throwing the book on the floor; and in 1843 my father wrote to a friend, 'Nothing new in the way of books, except an article on Puseyism attributed to Gladstone. I should think Peel must wish to shy the book at his head.' It is no part of my purpose to-day to retell the familiar tale of Mr Gladstone's gradual departure from the rigid position he had first taken up as a Churchman. But I may mention his resignation from Sir Robert Peel's Government at the beginning of 1845 on the fine grounds of conscientious scruple concerning the Maynooth Grant, which he was now not prepared to resist. My father went further, and got into sad trouble with some of his constituents by issuing a pamphlet urging some endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. He and Mr Gladstone were in friendly correspondence on this now forgotten controversy, swept away by the torrent of time. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church seems to-day to be history almost as ancient. One striking personality falls into my story as I tell it. Bishop Thirlwall of St Davids, famous as a historian, had been my father's tutor at Trinity, Cambridge, and remained his life-long friend. Mr Gladstone had described him as 'one of the most masculine, powerful, and luminous intellects that have for generations been known among the bishops of England.' The Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords showed natural aversion from the Bill. Thirlwall alone voted for its Second Reading, doubtless foreseeing that in the event some possible hardships would be avoided—as, indeed, they were—through the spirit of compromise.

It is time to glance at the world of letters, in which Mr Gladstone and my father both moved with familiar steps. So far back as 1829 Arthur Hallam was a link between the two. Some ten years later both joined Thomas Carlyle and others in founding the London Library, which has now enjoyed nearly a hundred years of fruitful existence. The poetry of Queen Victoria's reign is little read now, even the best of it; but my father's successive volumes were liked by his friend, and

such lines as those inspired by Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari won Mr Gladstone's warm commendation. Meanwhile, both were amassing books, neither being in a position to form a Chatsworth or Althorp collection, but both buying with discrimination, laying emphasis on the special subjects that appealed strongly to each, but alike in acquiring a goodly company of books in many languages and on many topics. Much that makes the backbone of St Deiniol's Library must have been acquired during those 60's and 70's of the last century. It was at the end of the latter decade that Lord Rosebery became prominent in the Gladstone circle. He had long entered it, for his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, was on terms of close friendship with Mr and Mrs Gladstone. From the date of the Midlothian Campaign, before the General Election of 1880, the frequent correspondence between the Leader and his follower dealt mainly with political issues. But during Mr Gladstone's visits to Rosebery's homes, and Rosebery's visits to Hawarden, the talk turned upon books whenever current questions could for a moment be allowed to rest. And even in the letters there is mention now and again of a book—something of historical value privately printed and sent for acceptance.

Such are the personal memories that occur to me to-day of three figures, of different stature in the estimate of history, but all united in close friendship and in regard for each other's qualities and gifts. My father died in 1885, but, like Mr Gladstone, his long friendship with Rosebery's mother and step-father had brought him into close intimacy with the younger man from whom much was hoped, not entirely in vain. He and my father shared one gift not always granted to those who read most and think most—the gift of conversational brilliance. Nobody who had known either could fail to number them among the half-dozen best talkers he had ever met. Learning is of itself not enough, wit is not enough, but what Walter Bagehot calls 'exhausting nothing, yet really suggesting the lessons of a wider experience, embodying the results of a more finely tested philosophy, connecting topics with a more subtle link, refining on them with an acuter perception'—that is an art which cannot be bought for gold. Mr Gladstone's own conversation, by common consent, was of the very first order. Morley gives some

golden examples of talk about writers and their work. I do not think he ever cared for ironic humour; but he delighted in fine-edged wit, and he had that intense enjoyment of the purely ridiculous which gives colour to so many drab situations. I recall his sending to Lord Granville, as a reward for a happy *coup* at the Foreign Office, a copy of 'English as She is Spoke,' a ludicrous Anglo-Portuguese handbook which made all London laugh for a season. He could fence with a rapier as well as with a cutlass, like Cowper's ideal master of good talk:

'A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw that sword he could not wield;
. . . A man that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich material, and regale your ear
With strains it were a privilege to hear!'

Behind all this, as everybody to-day has particular cause to realise, was the ever-present sense of the Divine ordering of the world and that the real life is not here. 'So pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal.' But Mr Gladstone felt that things temporal are equally a part of the divine order. He could never have been of those religiously minded folk who read the admonition against the gain of the whole world if a man lose his own soul, as though it invited a man to think only of his own soul, not of his neighbour's soul or body. And so he gave his marvellous powers to the service of his fellow-men as to the service of God.

This is the note which I desire to emphasise in my brief tribute to the immortal memory of Mr Gladstone. This noble library and hostel, recalling by their inception, and in their matured form, those mediæval benefactions which colder ages have been slow in imitating, are in the highest sense a religious foundation. I do not know when the project first filled Mr Gladstone's mind, but when, in 1896, the scheme was nearly launched, even his ardent hopefulness can scarcely have contemplated for it such unanimity of welcome, such eagerness to profit by the

advantages it offers, such continuous development through the years that have sped. If it has remained unique, that is from no questioning of its merits, but because others have lacked either the means or the spirit to go and do likewise. It is indeed encouraging that to Mr Gladstone's original collection some 30,000 volumes have since been added, touching on almost every subject to which serious study can be given, because a library used as this is must be a living organism, carefully fed on the choicest products of the best minds all over the world. I do not know what proportion of the total number is given to theological works, but it must necessarily be large: I feel sure, however, that it is not excessive, and that divinity students have many opportunities of treading other paths leading to the same goal. Some of you will recall the last despairing plea of the eloquent pagan orator at Rome in the fourth century: 'non uno itinere perveniri potest ad tam grande secretum.' In another sense from his, may we not adopt the phrase as an incentive to the widest study of the mysteries that still confront us with the full aid of historical and scientific research?

This brings me to a personal reminiscence of my last visit to Hawarden in Mr Gladstone's lifetime, not long before his final resignation of office. I drove alone with him in his open carriage, and in the course of a varied talk he told me that of late he had been thinking and reading much of eschatology. He was impressed by the way in which different persons and races had faced the idea of immortality—with negation—with doubt—with rapture. I recollect his half-humorous approval of a Chinese thinker's belief in an indeterminate immortality, conditioned by the moral and mental strength which a man might take away with him at death. And most of all I carried away reverent admiration for him, so near the end of his days, who talked of these things with the unaffected ease of one to whom this world and the next were parts of one creation, each part mysterious and inexplicable in many respects, but the whole the final evidence of Divine government and Divine love. To use the words of Lord Rosebery at Glasgow, when years later he unveiled Mr Gladstone's statue, 'to those who were privileged to know him, his politics seemed but the least part of him.'

Greatly daring, I add a footnote of conjecture to the foregoing plain talk of Mr. Gladstone and of his relation with two of his friends. In the last chapter of his monumental book, John Morley raises the question, 'How would his fame have stood if his political life had ended in 1854, or 1881, or 1885?' Let us advance the idler, because humanly inconceivable, proposition of Mr Gladstone's probable attitude in face of the changes that have modified public and private life during the thirty-four years that have sped since he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. I venture on this quest without consulting any of the very small surviving band of his relatives and friends whose opinions would carry far greater weight than mine; and I shall not attempt to trace the course of political events during the sixteen years from 1898 to the outbreak of the Great War. There would be no more useful purpose in guessing the extent of his sympathy with Rosebery, or Campbell-Bannerman, or Asquith, or his critical estimate of Balfour and Chamberlain, during those troubled years than there would be in conjecturing what Peel or Palmerston would have thought if they had lived fifty or sixty years later. But it is safe to say that when the test of 1914 came Mr Gladstone, hating war as he did, and loathing national aggrandisement and the assertion of prestige for prestige's sake, would not have hesitated for an instant in casting into the scale the whole strength of the Country and the Empire for what he would have held to be the cause of right and justice. It is equally certain that he would have been a whole-hearted champion of the ideals of the League of Nations. Nor could he have failed to welcome such a general measure of disarmament as would temper the spirit of militarism in any country where it may still survive. But it would have to be in truth a general measure. For it must be recalled that his action, when most bitterly criticised, as over the Majuba business in 1881, was based on his conviction that a country possessing overwhelming power could afford to be scrupulously just, and even freely generous. And a few years later * he wrote: 'I sometimes fear that some of the foreign governments have the same notion of me that Nicholas

* Dec. 8, 1884.

was supposed to have of Lord Aberdeen. But there is no one in the Cabinet less disposed than I am to knuckle down to them. . . .'

He was equally prepared on occasion to stand up to Prince Bismarck when colonial questions were in dispute. Mr Gladstone, first Under-Secretary, and then Secretary of State for the Colonies, was an Imperialist in the truest sense of that much-abused term; for he firmly believed in the lasting cohesion of the British Empire, based upon the internal freedom of the great communities now styled Dominions. For instance, at a time when many believed in their ultimate separation from Britain, he said, 'Of the duration of the colonial connection let them be the judges, and I predict that if you leave them the freedom of judgment it is hard to say when the day will come when they will desire to separate from the great name of England.'* He would assuredly not have lamented the still wider scope of independence overseas which has come about in recent years. But I doubt whether he could have welcomed the enrolment of Ireland on the list of self-governing Dominions. He might have come to recognise the necessity, as other Home Rulers did, in the desperate conditions that prevailed; the union of hearts for which he had striven, linking all Ireland with England, had become an unattainable goal; something had to be done, and done at once. But I cannot believe that Mr Gladstone would easily have reconciled himself to such an awakening from the dreams of 1886.

To touch for a moment on the principal subject that divides British parties to-day—the abandonment of Free Trade—Mr Gladstone, as everybody knows, followed Sir Robert Peel in his gradual abandonment of Protection after he took office in 1841. In fact, as President of the Board of Trade, Mr Gladstone had to initiate many of the details of Peel's policy. As he wrote after the struggle was over†: 'I myself had invariably, during Peel's government, spoken of protection not as a good thing in principle, but to be dealt with as tenderly and cautiously as might be according to circumstances, always moving in the direction of Free Trade.' We are once more in an age when tender and cautious dealing with import duties

* At Chester, Nov. 12, 1855.

† June 1849.

is needed, though in the opposite direction. The great Gladstone budgets of 1853 and 1860 simplified taxation by sweeping away some 450 customs duties, while the industries of the country were extending under the equivalent freedom from duties of excise. One thing can be confidently asserted, that in the changed conditions of to-day Mr Gladstone would have urged that departures from free exchange should be limited so far as possible; this not by advancing *a priori* arguments, but in consideration of the particular needs of the British people, the character of British commerce, and the pre-eminence of British shipping. But this does not mean that he would have dismissed any proposal because it might not conform to abstract theory; he would have examined it in the spirit of Henry Sidgwick's 'Principles of Political Economy,' with the conscientious care and supreme knowledge that were his. What his conclusion would have been in any individual case anybody may judge for himself.

It remains to conjecture for a moment what Mr Gladstone's verdict would have been on the social changes that have followed the War, and on the products of scientific invention. His devotion to old ways and old traditions is commonplace knowledge. As he once wrote to Edward Hamilton, when some new medical treatment was suggested, 'As is usual with me, conservatism wins the day.' Undoubtedly he would have seen with regret the collapse of the English land system and the practical elimination of the country squires, little sympathy as most of them showed with his policy or his ideals. To him, as his own dealing with the Hawarden succession proved, the ownership of a landed estate was a serious trust, of which any man should feel proud. I recollect his wrath at being told how one just succeeding to an ancient property in the neighbourhood had written that he had no wish to stand and crow on a Cheshire dunghill. Mr Gladstone's knowledge that the unwilling heir had won real distinction in other walks in life only seemed to make this *gran rifiuto* less excusable. But one result of the breaking up of wide estates would have pleased him. He was familiar with the North-West of the Kingdom—Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales. This was and is the land of middle-sized family farms and of

small holdings. And if, as some good judges maintain, in the multiplication of such farms lies the best hope for British agriculture, the movement would assuredly be receiving his blessing.

I doubt whether Mr Gladstone would have been fascinated by the wild hurricane of speed with which science has transformed modern transport on land and in the air. His scientific curiosity was always somewhat limited in comparison with his boundless interest in new aspects of literary or historical problems. This was one of the few characteristics which he and Lord Beaconsfield had in common. And his conservatism would have deplored the passing of the horse for the enjoyment of riding or driving. 'I am inclined,' Morley describes him as saying, 'to agree with Dr Johnson that there is no pleasure greater than sitting behind four fast-going horses.' And similarly he might have hesitated to commend other modifications that have come about in English social life. But enough of these shadowy conjectures; the old order may give place to new in minor affairs of class and custom; but were he still here, nothing could for an instant shake Mr Gladstone's serene optimism, based on his imperishable belief in the Divine government of the world.

CREWE.

Art. 2.—FEUD AND FRIENDSHIP IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

IN studying the mentality of animals, one is frequently confronted with problems arising from the attitude that birds and beasts adopt towards their fellow-creatures, and of these, perhaps, the most common is the curious case of natural enmity as evidenced in the relations that exist between distinct races of animals, and for which there is no apparent reason, unless it can be found in that vast and intricate scheme known as Nature's Balance.

Natural enmity is one of the many terms that has dropped into almost general mis-use, being too often applied to the relations that exist between animals such as cats and mice, or pine-martens and squirrels. A mouse is not a cat's natural enemy. It merely constitutes the particular variety of flesh for which the carnivorous animal has a peculiar predilection. Their attitude towards one another consists, not of mutual antagonism, but of keen desire opposed to mortal fear. Enmity involves a 'fixed and rooted hatred,' which can scarcely represent the mental standpoint from which a rapacious animal regards the creature upon which it desires to prey. The sportsman scarcely considers a pheasant in the light of an 'enemy,' though he does his utmost to cut short its career—with a further view to its ultimate utility for table purposes; and the simile serves to depict the attitude of any hunting animal towards its favourite game, with the sole difference that the ensuing meal figures more conspicuously in the calculations of the rapacious beast or bird.

In the case of the hunting animal, one cannot, of course, draw a distinct line of demarcation between the killing merely for food and the desire to pursue and destroy for no other motive than racial animosity. Hounds will eat with avidity a fox which they have killed, but this, it should be remembered, is an acquired rather than a natural taste. Irrespective of any such consideration, foxes and dogs provide a typical example of natural or racial antagonism. A year or two ago I was interested in observing the behaviour of my Labrador when by chance he disturbed a fox among some rushes on a Dartmoor swamp. As the retriever was then ranging unrestrained,

one might have expected him to chase the fox as if it had been a hare or other wild creature. On the contrary, he stood still and growled at the retiring russet shape, obviously recognising in the strange animal—the first of its kind that he had seen at close quarters—not so much a possible quarry as an enemy. Quite recently, again, when hunting, I met a countryman who assured me that a fox had crossed the lane that we were following within the past few minutes. He had not seen the animal, but his sheepdog had caught its line, and he was assured of its identity by the manner in which the dog's 'hairs stivered up.'

In the domesticated dog of the present day this racial hostility has doubtless been fostered and encouraged to a large extent, but the feud is none the less ancestral. Between the wolf—the dog's wild brother—and the fox of more primitive lands the vendetta exists to a marked extent, and is frequently carried to a grim conclusion. Between the wolf and the dog, and between the fox and the dog, friendship, and even more, is possible under certain circumstances, despite the ancient blood-feud. Between the wolf and the fox, on the contrary, no truce appears to be possible, at least in the wild state; and when a pack of wolves invades any new territory, its first task is to exterminate, not the game or cattle of the neighbourhood, but the foxes. So fierce, indeed, is the hatred that grey wolves, and even coyotes, entertain towards their diminutive relative, that very few foxes can exist in habitually wolf-haunted country.

To account for this curious circumstance one can only suggest the ancient proverb to the effect that two of a trade seldom agree. The wolf, as the stronger animal, desires no poachers upon his preserves, and to achieve this end he adopts the attitude of game-preservers the world over. This, again, may be the reason for the proverbial antipathy that prevails between the canine and feline races. The wolf and the lynx are sworn foes; but a more remarkable example is seen in the warfare waged by the dholes, the intrepid wild red dogs of the East, upon the larger *felidæ*. That the wild dogs hunt and kill the tiger has been frequently claimed, if not proved. That they hunt the panther and pursue the chase with relentless tenacity has been established beyond doubt;

a case having been recorded in which a pack of dholes mounted savage guard for a day or two around a tree in which a panther had taken refuge. Since the flesh of the big cat could scarcely have been the inducement in such a case with easier and more toothsome game available, one can only assume that hatred, 'enduring, deep and strong,' was the governing motive. Very similar, up to a point, must be the attitude of a terrier towards a rat, although it is necessary to discriminate carefully between the mental outlook of an animal that kills from motives of animosity and that of the natural killer—a hunter by instinct—who destroys everything that he is capable of overpowering. That, however is beside the immediate issue, which rather concerns the psychological bearing of one race of animals towards another.

Some years ago an article upon the problem of 'scent' was submitted to me for criticism. I do not think it achieved publication, but it was none the less interesting, the writer classifying the scents of various beasts and birds into groups, each of which, for elucidatory purposes, he represented as visualised in the hunting animal's mind by some colour. Though somewhat fantastic, the idea serves to illustrate the point as well as anything that could be devised, for there can be little doubt that every scent affects a beast of prey in a particular manner. The sportsman who takes a sympathetic interest in his dogs and their manner of working can soon determine by their behaviour the character of the game that is afoot. This constitutes an invaluable point of huntsmanship in those parts of the world where the same hounds are employed against almost any quarry, such as wolf, fox, hare or deer. A few notes from an old hound should suffice to impart all the information that an expert huntsman desires concerning the identity of his game. By way of example, the note which proclaims the finding of a hare or deer may be jubilant enough, but it lacks the fierce challenge, the 'ring of hate,' or, as an old huntsman once described it to me, the 'spitish' character which indicates racial hostility as well as sheer joy in the impending chase. It should further be remarked that hounds accustomed to run either fox or hare will almost invariably forsake the latter in favour of the former whenever the chance occurs. The preference is indubitable, and this is the more note-

worthy since, from a purely natural standpoint, one might expect there to be a decided predilection for the more edible animal.

The extent to which the same principle applies to rapacious birds is a difficult question, avian psychology differing in so many important respects from that of beasts. Observation, however, rather inclines one to suggest that actual vendetta, or racial animosity, is not so general in the feathered world, if one excepts the state of perpetual warfare that exists between the strictly rapacious varieties and the remainder of the avian race. This, it should be emphasised, is not merely a case of hunter and hunted, since the conditions are frequently reversed, small birds, when mustering sufficient numerical strength, not hesitating to take the offensive against a hawk, while the larger species such as ravens and crows—themselves carnivorous, though in a somewhat different category—boldly engage and as often as not triumph over even the mightier *raptores*.

As a general rule, game-birds, pigeons, and the smaller members of the plover family are peaceably disposed, almost to the extent of helplessness. Although physically capable of defending themselves against many of their feathered enemies, they seem to be unable to take joint action against even a comparatively insignificant aggressor. The sparrow-hawk who ventures to swoop at a mob of starlings frequently gets the worst of it, yet the same bird might hurl himself into an immense 'wing' of golden plover, or—more remarkable still—a dense host of wood-pigeons, and strike down his victim without the slightest risk of reprisals. By some curious freak, or, perhaps, deliberate provision of Nature, it would seem that the more edible the bird, the more pronounced his inability to defend himself. However that may be, the warrior birds of the great family of *Charadriidæ*, notably the oyster-catcher and the lapwing, certainly constitute two of the species least suitable for table purposes. These birds have long appointed themselves patrols of the nesting-grounds, resolutely attacking anything in the shape of winged marauders; while the milder members of their order live securely under the protection thus afforded. It might be argued that these birds, being among the largest, are naturally the boldest of their order. There is no relevance,

however, between size and courage, of which the ferocious little sparrow-hawk, as compared with an eagle, provides an apt illustration.

The pugnacious behaviour of ravens towards other birds, particularly carrion crows who endeavour to invade their nesting area, does not constitute a case of racial animosity, being merely an assertion of the instinct to defend eggs or young common to the more intelligent birds during the breeding season. Comparatively speaking, the robin is quite as aggressive in this respect as any king of the feathered race, his ferocity extending not only to alien species, but to members of his own kind. In the case of magpies and kestrels, by way of another and very different example, there appears to exist a distinct feud which is not confined merely to the nesting season, although the clash of interests which frequently occurs at that period may serve in a measure to account for it.

The question as to whether any bird identifies the species of another, as distinct from the remainder of the race, is interesting. Do they, one wonders, entertain definite ideas as to the individual character of every bird, or is there merely a broad distinction between foe and neutral?—there being, with a few exceptions, no such thing as a 'friend' in the wild. One would like to know whether the magpies that mob a kestrel discriminate in their own minds between the little red falcon, who is so fond of annexing their nests, and the less distinctive sparrow-hawk, who is not above following the kestrel's example in this respect upon rare occasions. One seldom sees them mobbing a sparrow-hawk; but this circumstance is not unaccountable, since the grey robber of the hedgerows and underbrush rarely affords an opportunity. He does not advertise his whereabouts by poising in the most conspicuous place, as though courting observation, and when by chance he encounters a magpie or jay—the latter being the magpie's staunch ally—in some quiet corner of the woods, that bird, if wise, adopts a 'safety first' policy, without lingering to summon acquaintances.

That small birds possess little power of discrimination in this respect is obvious from the manner in which they mob a cuckoo. One is sometimes inclined to wonder, however, whether this is indeed a case of mistaken identity, or the hostility that all animals display towards the

abnormal. A nightjar that ventured forth by day would certainly fare no better than a cuckoo. In all probability it would be mobbed, if not destroyed, by other birds; creatures of the daylight displaying a confirmed aversion to nearly all nocturnal animals. This is the only apparent reason for the bitter and active hostility that certain birds evince towards owls, resulting in that remarkable pastime that can only be described as 'owl-baiting,' which every one who spends much time in the woodlands cannot fail to have witnessed. It would be interesting to know how a woodcock would fare if discovered by a troop of exploring jays and magpies. One cannot believe that they would allow the odd-looking, mysterious stranger to remain unmolested; but the accident of his discovery never seems to occur, or, if it happens, one does not get an opportunity of observing it. One sees neither a woodcock nor a nightjar under circumstances when diurnal birds might be expected to take notice of them, and it is not unreasonable to suggest that a desire to avoid their feathered neighbours has something to do with the marked aversion to daylight shown by both these species, their abnormal appearance rendering them peculiarly liable to attack.

The rooted avian dislike of nocturnal creatures is not extended to birds only. The fox or cat that ventures forth upon its peregrinations by daylight is speedily detected and denounced, and this is probably the reason for the otherwise unaccountable antipathy that induces a flock of rooks to follow the movements of a fox across miles of open country. Rooks can cherish no personal enmity against a fox, since only by accident could he possibly be in a position to harm one of their number. They appear to recognise him, however, as an animal who, under ordinary circumstances, should not be abroad upon the sunlit landscape, and it is further apparent that they discriminate between him and a roving sheep-dog, whose cross-country course would arouse neither interest nor protest.

In the great majority of instances, aversion upon the wild animal's part is passive; those creatures that dislike their neighbours adopting the sensible course of seeking fresh quarters. In this connection, not the least interesting example is that provided by the hare and rabbit problem.

It is commonly believed that a strong racial antipathy exists between these species, closely akin as they are in many respects. There is an old notion—not entirely justified—to the effect that these animals never occupy the same ground in any considerable numbers, some sportsmen attributing this to aggression upon the rabbit's part, others to the more fastidious hare's possible distaste for land tainted by an abundance of rabbits. From time to time I have set forth various points of view upon this subject, but never have been able to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the existence of the antipathy in the first instance, or, assuming the latter, the manner in which it takes active form together with its effect upon the animals concerned. Up to a certain point there can be no doubt that the problem devolves into a mere question of habitat, the one animal preferring, as a rule, conditions that are eminently unsuitable to the other's economy.

In debatable questions of this type, one of the main difficulties lies in determining between cause and effect. That the coming of the one animal frequently coincides with the passing of the other there can be no doubt, and it appears to be the rabbit that usually remains in possession of the field, being obviously the more tenacious. On the other hand, in localities that have been almost denuded of rabbits within recent years by the assiduity of professional trappers, the hare has, in certain cases, reappeared, the larger animal re-establishing itself in districts which it had not inhabited for years. In this connection a somewhat interesting point arises. Assuming the banishment of the rabbit to be the cause of the hare's return, how does the latter become so quickly aware of the circumstance? In a recent case, the scarcity of rabbits being purely local, the hares must have crossed miles of rabbit-tainted country, where their own species was comparatively unknown, before discovering the vacant area. Was this yet another case of cryptesthesia, or one more instance added to the long list of accidents or coincidences?

I have frequently advanced the theory that the rabbit-trappers, who take so disastrous a toll of wild pheasants, have been responsible for the disappearance of the hare in many localities; but the question may not be disposed of so easily. Recently I received an interesting letter

upon this subject from a veteran sportsman living in the Crediton district. He writes as follows :

'In my early youth, say 1860, there was not a rabbit to be seen between Creedy Park, near Crediton, on the East and Bow on the West, a stretch of agricultural land with fallows and sand-bank fences, well brushed. I can remember being taken a ride of some miles to see rabbits feeding in a park, and in the district there were three packs of harriers.'

He proceeds to relate how, at the instigation of one of his tenants, a local squire turned down twelve couple of imported rabbits, with a view to obtaining a greater variety of sport. Their descendants promptly spread over the entire district. The hares as speedily disappeared, necessitating the disbanding of the harrier packs in consequence. Within a comparatively short period the banks became honeycombed with deep burrows, and the rabbit population constituted a nuisance, resulting in the employment of the trapper. The latter, however, was not requisitioned until the banishment of the hare had long been accomplished. Since the period described, the rabbit-plague has been suppressed to a large extent, and the hares have returned to many of their old haunts, though scarcely in their former numbers. Cause and effect appear to be sufficiently obvious in the foregoing instance, and I have no doubt that many sportsmen could describe similar experiences. I know of two adjoining farms in the Haldon area, very similar in soil and general character. Upon one of them rabbits are abundant, but hares never seen. Upon the other hares abound, but the rabbit is absent. This, together with the preceding statements, might be taken as proof positive of the racial antipathy between the species, were it not for the fact that in certain localities they undeniably do exist and thrive in company, and I could mention many places where such conditions obtain.

To an involved riddle one might suggest various solutions. The hare dislikes the rabbit and avoids him as a neighbour when possible—that is to say, when it can find ground untainted by rabbits, shifting its quarters now and again for that purpose. On the other hand, when conditions are eminently suitable for both animals, and rabbits abound over the greater part of the surrounding

country, the hare prefers to tolerate his plebeian relative rather than emigrate to distant pastures. As a general rule, hares multiply as rabbits decrease, for the cogent reason that the decline of rabbits means fewer traps, fewer guns and fewer stoats, for the stoat follows the rabbit as the partridge follows the plough. Coincidence, of course, must also be taken into account, together with natural sequence of events, such as the reversion of ploughland to grass, or the reclaiming of marshy wastes and similar developments; for nothing affects the fauna of a locality more certainly than any material change in the character of the land.

From the subject of animosity one passes automatically to the sociable side of animal nature. Of this one reads and hears of remarkable instances, but, unfortunately, they seldom occur within one's personal experience. The case somewhat resembles that of the mutilated Belgians in the early stages of the Great War. They were always to be seen in the next village, but never in the particular place where one happened to be. Almost any one with extensive experience of animals could recall numerous instances in which creatures naturally disposed to antagonism have maintained amicable relations in the domestic state. This, however, is merely the result of custom, the more aggressive animals having learned to respect the right of existence of the others. One of the most pugnacious and unreliable dogs that ever I knew once cultivated the habit of playing with a young kitten, and, when so employed, nothing could have exceeded her gentleness. I have no doubt, however, that had the dog been given the slightest encouragement to act otherwise, the game would have assumed a different aspect, and had the two animals been left alone together for any length of time, the kitten would not have survived. I remember, again, the case of a common wild rabbit, which, caught when very young, became so tame that it was allowed to run loose in its captor's house, maintaining apparently friendly relations with the various dogs about the place. One need scarcely raise the question as to how the dogs would have dealt with that rabbit had they encountered it when pursuing their own devices beyond the charmed circle of the house and its environment. The rodent, beyond a doubt, would merely have suffered the customary

fate of its kind. Outside its customary setting, its identity as a privileged individual would have ceased to exist, and the superficial character of the 'friendship' established by tragic proof.

Between wild creatures of distinct species one may go so far as to assert that friendship, in the literal sense, is impossible, since it would necessitate deliberate effort upon the part of at least one of the animals concerned to adapt its outlook and habits to those of the other. Instances of tolerance for the convenience of one or both species are not rare, the case of the rhinoceros and the *buphaga Africana*, or that of the osprey and grackle, being characteristic. In each of the given examples the attitude of the weaker creature resembles that of the gull when following the plough or the fishing-boat, or the behaviour of the jackal who follows the lion. Whether the motive happens to be food, or tangible advantage in any other form, matters nothing. The stronger 'partner' in these odd associations is probably indifferent to the other's presence, or accepts it as a nuisance too negligible to warrant elimination. Friendship, indeed, involves the interchange of ideas and sympathies, together with the sharing of experiences, all of which is scarcely feasible between two animals, particularly when of different races, and in consequence possessed of few mutual, and, possibly, many diametrically opposite, tastes and instincts. And yet, curiously enough, the stock stories of intimacy between animals more often than not relate to creatures as dissimilar in habits and outlook as a horse and a dog, a cat and a mouse—to mention only one or two of an almost countless list.

The numerous instances which can be accounted for by probable misrepresentation, or those which are capable of simple explanation, may be dismissed without comment, being, as a rule, sufficiently obvious. There are others, however, based upon facts that are admittedly curious, and these require closer attention. The narrative in almost every case runs upon identical lines. The incongruous companions are inseparable. One dies; the other pines, refuses food, and soon follows its friend to the shadowy hunting-grounds. In the case of captive birds or beasts, the solicitous attendants do everything within their power, short of supplying the bereaved animal with

another companion, which would probably effect a cure in those instances when loneliness is the actual cause of death, and not—as doubtless happens frequently—disease contracted from its dead ‘friend.’ The majority of animals are gregarious at heart, and, if unaccustomed to the solitary state, might conceivably pine if suddenly deprived of the companionship to which they had been accustomed. It is largely a matter of habit. Missing the animal that has gone, as one might miss a familiar piece of furniture, the survivor is conscious of loss, uneasiness of mind being followed by loss of appetite and consequent rapid deterioration in health. Almost any departure from its customary manner of life might easily have the same effect, for, as previously remarked when dealing with the hare and rabbit problem, there is no factor more disturbing to the routine of animal habits or economy than change. The felling of a few trees may serve to expel the avian occupants of some historic rookery. The clearing of a covert may cause red deer to abandon a considerable tract of country, while birds may be driven from favourite nesting-places by the erection of a new building, or even some slight natural development. Of this a recent example has been provided by the golden plover upon Dartmoor. Owing to the excessively wet conditions that prevailed during the summer of 1931, green growth has been abnormally prolific, and many hillsides, usually barren and favoured in consequence by the plover, in early winter were so thickly carpeted with coarse herbage that scarcely a bird would alight upon them.

There is, perhaps, too great a tendency to confuse force of habit and the mere desire for physical comfort with affection; the attachment of a cat for its home or to the knees of some particular individual constituting an apt example. By such means a ‘friendship’ typical of the incongruous instances so often related might easily spring up, and this, after due allowances have been made, provides the explanation in the vast majority of cases. Briefly, the matter amounts to this: So-called friendship between animals is either a matter of habit and association, or a mere assertion of the gregarious instinct. That animals crave the companionship of one another is, of course, obvious. A horse or a bullock always remains

more contentedly in a field where other beasts are confined, while animals of the same species not infrequently display amity within definitely prescribed limits. Dogs will play, work, or hunt together, the last-named proceeding requiring a certain amount of mutual understanding and sympathy. I have known, upon the contrary, sporting dogs, well accustomed to one another and living upon amicable terms, who could never be prevailed upon to co-operate for field work, members of opposite sexes usually providing the most satisfactory combination for this purpose. The habit that certain dogs acquire of hunting in couples cannot, however, be regarded as indicative of canine friendship or even companionship, being probably merely a survival of the old pack instinct, which among dogs and wolves yields precedence to no other impulse or influence, with the inevitable exception of the mating instinct.

By far the greater number of animals possess strong social inclinations, and the circumstance is the more curious since the bare fact of proximity to others carries no apparent advantages. Moorland cattle or ponies, for example, hold no visible or audible communication with one another—except when separated. Yet the distress displayed by individuals that find themselves detached from the herd is pathetic to witness. Again, the presence of others of its kind has a reassuring effect upon almost any beast, for which reason several animals are more manageable than one. To drive a single sheep or bullock in any given direction is no easy task. The agitated animal is tolerably certain to break away upon every possible occasion, even when following a prescribed track along which a flock or herd will proceed without giving the slightest trouble.

That birds and beasts appreciate human companionship there can be no doubt, but this, as a general rule, only applies within strictly defined limits, since the tamest bird almost invariably prefers the society of its own kind. For example, the semi-domesticated robin that is so frequent a visitor at the window-sill, and even to the interior of the house during the autumn and winter months, is not necessarily actuated by purely gastronomic motives. True, he appreciates the crumbs or meal-worms upon which he is regaled, but these as often as not constitute a secon-

dary consideration. In many instances a robin that has never been fed by human beings is quite as friendly as the window-sill 'pensioner.' His behaviour is obviously due to nothing else than a companionable disposition ; but, in any case, the tamest robin abandons his human acquaintances when the first breath of spring suggests other interests and attractions away among the fields and hedgerows. The same rule applies to practically every animal, wild or domesticated, with the notable exception of the dog, and even in the latter case it is an open question whether the remarkable attachment that this animal displays towards mankind is not merely a highly developed and intensified example of the gregarious instinct.

Almost every member of the dog family is at heart sociable. Wolves, wild dogs, and jackals possess this tendency to a marked degree, while even a fox by disposition is far from being the solitary bandit into which he usually develops through force of circumstances. In the wild state foxes appear to seek rather than to shun the society of one another. Litters of cubs remain more or less together until scattered by some upheaval in the normal tenor of their lives ; and nobody who has listened to the weird sing-song that takes place at times under the early November stars, or in the calm of a mild February evening, could entertain any doubt as to their sociable tendencies. Any one who has kept a tame fox knows how readily the little alien accepts the companionship of any dogs belonging to the establishment when these have been likewise induced to forget the ancestral animosities. I have one animal in mind at the moment, a little three-year-old vixen, who periodically escapes to the near woods or brakes, but, so far, has been recovered without difficulty by the simple process of taking out the three dogs with whom she lives. No matter where she has taken refuge, she never fails to come out to join her playmates, with whom she returns to her kennel—a willing captive.

Another apt example is that of the common prairie wolf, or coyote. These animals do not hunt in packs like their grim relatives, the grey or timber wolves. None the less, it is the rule rather than the exception for two or three to roam about in company. The coyote, indeed, hates to be alone, and when he finds himself in so unenviable a case, his first business is to ascend the nearest

mound and announce his solitary state for the benefit of any listener who may be similarly placed. For the animal, generally speaking, any companionship appears to be better than none, and, failing the society of its own kind, a beast or bird who for some reason becomes separated from its fellows will attach itself to almost any party that will tolerate its presence. There are, of course, creatures of solitary habits that do not congregate in flocks or herds. These, however, more often than not pair for life, thus mitigating the loneliness of their lot. Others, again, who lack the gregarious instinct, escape the long period of solitude by hibernating, going into winter-quarters soon after the family party has been finally broken up; and one can safely assert that comparatively few creatures that remain active during the winter are content with their own company. For the animal, even as for man, it is not good to be alone. It will be noticed, moreover, that solitary animals, like solitary human beings, are almost invariably morose, and, in the animal's case, frequently savage.

Upon the whole, perhaps, birds are more sociable than beasts. When a wood-pigeon sees another perched in a tree, he immediately alights beside it, for the same reason that brings ducks down to the painted decoys on the water. Gulls of every description, with the whole extensive coastline at their disposal, will crowd upon a ledge of rocks that barely affords standing-room. Swallows a-row upon a telegraph-wire are invariably joined by others that may come along, and even birds, such as woodcocks, which are solitary by nature, appear to join forces more or less before embarking upon their adventurous flights from coast to coast. Not the least interesting point in connection with wild-bird study is the manner in which they pack together at migration time. Why, one wonders, is the great adventure undertaken, as it usually appears to be, in such immense companies? The magnitude of the feathered host provides no security to individuals, since the misfortunes of a unit are disregarded by the whole. The greater the numbers, again, the more conspicuous the flight, entailing enhanced danger from enemies of every description. Is it yet another case of companionship imparting courage? It seems at least possible that the bird, impelled as it is by the urge of the migrating instinct, dimly

realises the magnitude of the undertaking, and shrinks from facing the numerous terrors of the vast skyscape unfortified by the presence of fellow-adventurers. In what light, one wonders, does a bird regard its companions in peril, and how far is the assembling of such countless thousands at migration time the result of conscious purpose? It is, at least, conceivable that the numbers may be united merely by the force of common intent, assembling at some vantage point to await conditions favourable for departure, in the same manner as a human crowd gathers to embark upon a train or a steamship.

More important, perhaps, is the question as to the impulses that prompt resident birds to pack together during the winter months. It cannot be a case of common safety or of common need, since both purposes would surely be better served were the birds content to wander about singly or in small companies. Practical advantages, indeed, there are none; and unless a common attraction to certain areas where food is likely to be found or climatic conditions are favourable constitutes the true explanation, one can only suggest that the social impulse must be strong enough to outweigh the obvious drawbacks arising from excessive competition for commodities that cannot be unlimited. In this respect, perhaps, the mentality of the wild creature most closely approaches that of mankind.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 3.—A MAP FOR CIVILISATION.

AT first glance cartography may seem to have approached nearer finality than any other human study. It may even seem that its completion is purely a matter of organisation and finance. The world holds now no major secrets. Its unknown detail—Matto Grosso, the Antarctic, a few Himalayan and Andean crannies, a rumour in the Cameroons, the New Guinea hinterland—would already be crisscrossed with the tracks of expeditions, if first the war and then financial crisis had not crippled exploration for the last eighteen years. It is true that the basis of cartography over a large part of Asia, Australia, Northern Canada, South America, and even the United States remains unsound. But in Japan, Turkey, Egypt, India, and the European countries there are printed maps that come close to finality in their underlying theory. Potential accuracy already exceeds the limits of reproductive technique. The choice of projections is large—unnecessarily so—and enables the distortion inevitable when a curved surface is reproduced in the flat to be minimised in maps of every scale and intention. It is true that the wrong choice is frequently made and that obsolete projections still survive, especially in atlases, but the finality of technique is there waiting to be applied. In reproduction, again—printing, typography, heliozincography, the choice of conventional signs—the difficulties are economic rather than theoretical. It might be argued, so far as plausibility goes, that cartographical theory, the study of projections, and the technique of reproduction had reached their final stage, that it only remained to finance their application, and that save for periodical revision the surveyors would then have finished the work of their profession.

It would, of course, not be true. Reproduction, especially, is an empirical business, advancing more by trial and error than by syllogisms. If official cartography had the resources to experiment with known possibilities it would undoubtedly create others in the process. But in what other branches of research could this claim of finality be given even a façade of plausibility? Their subject-matters are shifting and unknown, their methodology a battlefield, their results differently interpreted,

their practitioners bitterly hostile, and their whole relevancy liable to be made dubious by the advance of knowledge—just as, for instance, logic had the ground swept from under its feet by the rise of psychology. Cartography is as unalterable in its methods as classical mathematics, its subject-matter is known and cannot be discredited, and its practitioners dislike one another much less cordially than is normal in scientific circles.

The task of cartography, being empiric, was limited. The conception of finality depends, of course, on that. And though the surveyor's task is not actually finished the idea that it might one day be so illustrates the peculiarity of cartography, besides introducing a suggestive general idea. For the subject-matter of every science must be equally limited, though the limits are not at present plain, and equally capable of exhaustion. It is possible—I am assured there are signs of it in the convergence of the various sciences during the last ten years—that we are on the verge of a stage where this final disposal of every scientific problem will emerge as purely a matter of finance and organisation. The common assumption that scientific advance is along an infinite straight line is at any rate untenable. Nor is there in this any cause for legitimate regret. The compilation and interpretation of data and principles is a necessary preliminary to their wholesale application, but must rank historically as a primitive or, at best, a pioneer stage in human history.

This prospect, however, is not an immediate one. Cartography itself, with its limited field, its empirically formalised technique, and its comparatively handsome financial backing is not approaching finality, but entering on a new stage that will test the adaptability of its personnel almost to breaking point. Its scope is on the verge of revolutionary enlargement. What may be called 'secular cartography' has long been making desultory use of maps for statistical purposes. It has lately even begun to use whole atlases in this way. And it is certain that belief in the approaching completion of the cartographer's task was based on purely topographical considerations. Even topographically and by existing standards it is unlikely that the task would be completed in the present century. There are important deficiencies still. But the emergence of statistical cartography into

the limelight will certainly revolutionise reproductive technique, probably involve further research in the theory of projections, and possibly result in a great widening of the scope of the field-surveyor's task.

When the history of statistical and economic maps comes to be written it will be found to begin not with the twentieth-century sales-managers map, nor with the Chamber of Commerce Atlas, nor with any of the meteorological and climatic charts that have existed more or less in their modern form for the last one and a half centuries. It will be found that the mediæval cartographer was just as keenly aware of his statistical opportunities, and able, moreover, to make use of them because his maps were not overcrowded with topographical detail. He marked galleons at sea on trade-routes, angels with distended cheeks puffing out the prevailing winds, and 'here are lions' or 'here is much gold' to illustrate the character of countries and their commercial possibilities. It was only when information began to flow in about the hinterlands that the map ceased to incorporate any but topographical detail and that general information about countries began to be looked upon as a matter for text-books. The map itself became, with the introduction of colour, a more comprehensive and sensitive instrument. Had general information remained at a standstill after Dampier's time it is possible that a map would have been developed by now capable of illustrating not merely the topography but the climate, fauna, flora, and commercial possibilities of countries simultaneously. But information, instead of remaining crude and falling in a very few categories, increased faster than wealth and grew at the same time more subtle and more differentiated in type.

Cartography, therefore, abandoned all attempt to keep pace with it, confined itself to purely topographic considerations, and developed the map as we know it to-day. And it is within these limits that a plausible case may be made out for the belief that cartography has almost exhausted its subject-matter. If the whole world had published one-inch-to-the-mile maps equal in quality to the Scottish third revision one-inches of the Ordnance Survey there might, perhaps, not be much more to do on the purely geographical side. Actually, of course, the sea's bottom remains an unknown hemisphere—the

darkest and largest of continents, virgin ground not only for the hydrographer but for the naturalist, the geologist, the topographer, and the archaeologist. In the technique of reproduction the representation of heights remains a major item only provisionally settled. But apart from these internal deficiencies the whole assumption that maps are a purely geographic instrument is untrue and untenable. In point of fact they have always denoted the qualities of the earth's surface as well as its disposition—the very distinction between land and water, whose representation is the most empirically vital task of the cartographer, is one of quality alone. Then, again, there is no topographical excuse—for topography is purely a matter of dimensions—for distinguishing moorland from forest, or towns from cultivated lands, save in so far as they affect the contours. Maps have always unconsciously given a great deal of information about the countryside. The conclusion is difficult to avoid that they might give a great deal more without introducing undue complexity, if there were not this confusion about their responsibilities in the matter. What I am most concerned to show, however, is that cartography cannot logically dissociate itself from the growing spate of 'secular' maps compiled to illustrate areas considered from some special point of view. No one man knows the variety of uses to which these special maps have been put. No one can set a limit to their usefulness as digests of statistics. From the alert surveyor's point of view they are a portent; they imply nothing less than a revolution in his activities and in the qualifications he will require. Yet lack of imagination has resulted in their being compiled without set rules by a multitude of individual bodies and private persons with nothing more reliable to guide them than the light of reason.

The question is a composite one, for these secular maps, compiled to illustrate some scientific or commercial aspect of a given area, are as often at fault in the information they embody as in their cartographical technique. The necessity of a central clearing-house for statistics which would prevent individuals working in complete ignorance of one another's results is a pressing one, but its discussion has no place here. Nor is there any need to explore the cartographical faults of statistical maps

in much detail. Briefly, the compilation of a statistical map involves (1) choice of projection, (2) choice of scale, (3) choice of conventional signs. As regards the first, Mercator's projection is normally chosen, and its choice is rarely, if ever, justified. Mercator's projection is a mediæval device for representing degrees of longitude at a uniform distance, whether at the poles or the equator. As a result the world is represented as a rectangle, and this opinion about it now commands little support in geographical circles. The representation of, say, ocean currents on a projection of this sort is as misleading as the appearance of a knife-blade half in and half out of a glass of water. Progressive distortion takes place north and south of the equator, and by 60° N. or S. the relationship with reality has become purely formal.

The choice of scales is more a matter of common sense; here the commonest objectionable practice is the choice of scales purely with regard to the size of the paper and not to facilitating calculations of area. Maps intended to give anything more than a visual impression of the data involved and intended for international circulation should, on humanitarian grounds, be composed on a metric scale. With commercial or purely British work this point does not arise, and care should be concentrated instead on seeing that linear and square measurements bear a convenient relationship to one another—e.g. the one-inch-to-the-mile scale which in square measure has one square inch equal to one square mile. If the map is divided into squares by a 'grid' for reference purposes, their size should be chosen to embody these convenient units. An example of the complications caused by neglect of this is to be found in the new fourth revision one-inch Ordnance Survey map which has adopted a 5000-yard grid enclosing 8 square miles, 45 acres, 4 rods, 24 square yards, as against the previous edition of the same maps which used a 2-mile grid enclosing 4 square miles and had the additional advantage of each square representing also a round number of inches instead of two and thirty-seven forty-fourths of an inch. Attempts to gain the convenience of the metric system while keeping to our own linear units, by taking them in sums of 10,000, or 1000 feet or yards, introduce chaos, by mathematical necessity, in square measurements. They

are equally valueless for international purposes and their apparent convenience in terms of the linear unit chosen is more than offset by their failure to avoid having to run the gauntlet of British square measure.

With conventional signs it is again pedantic to pretend that their choice involves anything more than information and common sense. One or other of these desiderata is, however, frequently absent. A large part of the difficulty of teaching children and, until very recently, Oxford undergraduates, the routes followed by St. Paul arose from this lack of informed care in the choice of distinct symbols to represent his different journeys. And these maps are compiled mainly for a careless juvenile audience and have probably been printed more frequently than any other in the world. I have just laid down Mr. Champion's recently published account of the crossing of New Guinea from the Fly to the Sepik rivers—a book whose map is almost a model of its kind both cartographically and in reproduction. Yet the routes of the first and second attempts to cross the hinterland mountain-ranges are both indicated by broken lines so little distinct from one another that they have to be painfully sorted out at every crossing. It is not surprising, if a traveller of considerable ability can do this, that the choice of much more complex systems of symbols by statisticians wishing to illustrate their figures on a map should be frequently ill-advised.

It is probable, therefore, that even if secular maps were to remain at their present level of importance—which is fairly high—a considerable amount of technical skill is needed to standardise their reproduction and technique on any adequate level of competence. Mercator must be eliminated from this field, the geographical publishing firms must be induced to take expert advice on questions of scale and projection and review their selection of blank outline maps in the light of it, and the technique of conventional signs must be extended to embrace other than topographical detail. This process is actually taking place unconsciously. But organisation and the conscious establishment of a new technique would greatly accelerate it, and there are, too, grounds for believing that any *laissez-faire* solution will be partial and unsatisfactory.

For these statistical maps are not exotic requirements confined to a few aspects of human activity and undeserving of particular notice. They are probably the most widely useful type of statistical illustration and constitute, for analytic as opposed to comparative data, the only visually comprehensible method of statement. And it is the analytic and not the comparative statement of data that is the more significant. At the moment we are faced with an international situation that has laid so much stress on comparative statistics that it is almost possible to forget that any other sort exists. But the difference is very much that between a temperature chart and the result of a medical examination—the first has purely a crisis value, the second is a complete survey of a normal condition. At the moment the graph—the comparative statement *par excellence*—has the field almost to itself. We watch the black lines creeping slowly downward, with fitful checks, on all the graphs there are. In decades of enormous progress the position is reversed, and the graph regains its leadership for opposite reasons. But the normal condition of a nation is, within limits, static and the graph or comparative statement loses then most of its value. What matters is the complete state of affairs—a picture of the *status quo*—comparison, if you will, by spatial rather than temporal relationship.

There are maps of the world to show isotherms, isobars, winds, currents, the distribution of various species of animal or plant, production of oil, mines, commercial resources, population, types of vegetation. These are the best-known examples of analytic surveys, although their makers would in many cases be surprised to hear them so described. They have evolved unconsciously as subsidiary to topographical maps, but really embody a revolutionary doctrine. Their actual use already spreads far beyond these obvious purposes, and there is no sign of slackening in its extension. They range from simple palimpsest maps—such as rookeries marked with symbols according to size superimposed on one-inch Ordnance Survey sheets—to elaborate market-research compilations on which the detailed items represent not topographical facts but particular local habits and social peculiarities superimposed on a general coloration and a layer-system

designed to show not height above sea-level, nor the distribution of woodland and pasture, but wealth per head. It is with this last type of map that the future must largely lie. In a civilised or, at any rate, an industrialised country the details of landscape have, after all, very little more than entertainment value. Once the engineering framework of transport, cables, pipelines, and drainage has been constructed topography loses its paramount importance. The centre of interest shifts to the character and disposition of communities; social geography emerges as both of greater practical importance and of more living interest to the citizen.

The tradition, therefore, that regards these social and economic maps as exotic subsidiaries, that deprives them of their necessary specialised technical personnel, that restricts their circulation to a narrow circle and for *ad hoc* purposes, that prevents their standardisation in an authoritative series that would lay bare the economic mechanism of every district, is surely a reactionary and unimaginative one. It is not enough that this information should be compiled privately by, say, a great chocolate maker or an advertising agent or a sociologist or an economist for a given transitory purpose, never collated with other investigations that would make the picture complete, and allowed to lapse. Nothing is more striking to any one in touch with the research side of the distributive trades than the duplication of social surveys. National and local newspapers undertake research in sample areas of the social position, income, and spending habits of their readers for the benefit of their advertisers; their advertisers and the agents who represent them make complete investigations of further areas—numbers of telephones and wireless licences per thousand inhabitants, income levels, age groups, private cars, servants kept, rents paid, proportion of inhabitants belonging to golf and tennis clubs, and so on; social workers, students, philanthropic trusts, large employers, universities, Sir William Beveridge, Professor Bowley—all these, and most of them without any idea of co-ordinating or even publishing their results, undertake valuable investigations that may be repeated, in commercially important areas, some twenty times a year. The process is about as systematic as the pioneer exploitation of central

and western America, with Professor Bowley as Daniel Boone.

These efforts are, of course, in addition to official statistical work which, though published, is not compiled in a generally acceptable form—Board of Trade returns, Labour Exchange analyses, Trade Union reports, local government surveys, Board of Agriculture investigations, de-rating figures, electoral rolls, vestry books, railway freight returns, censuses of production, and so on. The social face of England, in fact, is partially explored by several thousand *ad hoc* bodies every year, who duplicate one another's organisations and results to an unbelievable extent. It is as though every farmer who wished to buy or sell a field had to survey it himself and then employ men to join the triangulation on with that of the continent to establish just what part of England his land fell in. The position is just as uneconomic, just as chaotic and just as fruitful of error. It is, of course, true that in so far as these data are published they can be used by those who know where to find them and whose interest is confined to the elucidation of some particular and limited point. For the general reader, however—even the general reader with an economic and statistical bias—the task of extracting the significance from their whole range is an impossible one. The statistics available are not, in point of fact, fully made use of even by those whom they vitally affect because they are both difficult of access and un-co-ordinated.

A single series of social and economic maps of England would necessarily form a central clearing-house for this multitude of sporadic and partial explorations, make apparent the absurdity of multiple duplications, make readily and visually accessible these unwieldy masses of facts without losing any useful part of their precision, present them as a related whole, thus preventing that overlooking of contradictory factors that vitiates so large a proportion of commercial attempts at market research, lay the foundation stone of an adequate understanding of England's present economic and social structure in a public almost entirely ignorant of it, facilitate legislation, and fulfil, in short, all those functions that made the topographical map an acknowledged necessity in an age whose wealth and entire social structure rested on land.

Now that the emphasis has shifted from land to the degree and character of its development are we to remain content with maps that altogether ignore the change? For recreative purposes and for travel the topographical map retains its value, but this must surely be admitted to be a secondary use. The map, primarily, is a contribution to our understanding of every aspect of an area, and, having failed to represent the most important of these aspects, the modern map has failed in its purpose. I am not urging here anything new or visionary. I have already made it clear that the mediæval cartographer fully recognised his economic and social responsibilities, and that the neglect of them is an innovation. I am suggesting that as significance shifted from topography to economics, from nature to men, the map-makers should have followed it.

The organisation of Roman Britain depended on the clear grasp which all Roman officers had of Britain as a single unit—they planned their communications and their garrisons, as a matter of course, on national lines. It is, even more in a democratic country, possible to introduce measures that envisage the nation as a whole only in so far as there is an instinctive grasp of the factors that inspired them. It would be a brave man who denied that this instinctive understanding—this pictorial comprehension of the social and economic texture of 1932 Britain—was lacking at present equally in politicians, journalists, and the electorate at large. It is on such a soil of public ignorance and private enterprise that chaos and anomalies flourish. When the minor items of political and constitutional forms are forgotten it is this lack of comprehension on the part of responsible people that presents the most disturbing and the most instructive difference between this country and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. A planned economy, which a growing body of responsible opinion is representing as a condition of national survival, can only be introduced into this country on a satisfactory footing by the revival of this visual understanding of Britain as a whole. And the readiest, if not the only means of effecting it, is by this synthesis between maps and statistics.

BASIL D. NICHOLSON.

Art. 4.—THE BRITISH PRESS AND THE UNITED STATES.

The United States in World Affairs: An Account of American Foreign Relations. By Walter Lippmann, in collaboration with William O. Scroggs. Harper's. 1931.

Ἄνδρα · γὰρ · καλῶς
πράσσοντ' · ἀνάγκη · χρηστὰ · κερδαίνειν · ἔτη

SOPHOCLES.

To account for America's prestige—say, from the Roosevelt 'stroke' in Panama in 1903 to the 'One-Third' cut in all the world's armaments which Mr Hoover proposed last June—is a task for the satirist rather than for the grave historian; for the levity of a Lucian or a Juvenal rather than the lofty ethic of a Tacitus or a Thucydides. Yet that sway was a political fact. More or less wobbly lands—Poland and Persia, China, Peru and Ethiopia—had Americans to 'advise' them in finance, engineering, and education. Even Germany called for a 'Dawes' Plan and a 'Young' Plan. At home a very mixed, unmartial people had long laid claim to a nebulous 'sovereignty' over half the globe, virtually from Pole to Pole. And when the White House spoke (even through a Wilson, a Harding or a Coolidge !) all Europe attended—as it did to England in a prouder day, when Castlereagh and Canning set out her policy in both hemispheres: 'Not that the interest of England stands isolated or alone; the situation which she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness. Her prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of surrounding nations, and her stability to the safety of the world.' So said the Canning of 1823. Under his ægis alone, and in that same year, did President Monroe declare his so-called 'Doctrine,' which warned the Powers of Europe to keep out of the Americas. No armed sanction but England's could have backed so blunt a 'Message.' For had not that same Monroe, during 'Mr Madison's War,' beheld a foreign foe burning his helpless Parliament and Palace in sacred Washington itself? For the 'Sovereign States' of 1812 seemed to think the Federal Government no concern of theirs, and were most reluctant even to contribute a runaway rabble for its defence.

The story of these Two Americas seems to go unread. It is not 'colorful' stuff, I must own; the Northern chapters of it are especially drab. And although 'debunkers' have stripped their native heroes in recent years and set events in a saner perspective, it is still hopeless to glean what the French call *la vraie Vérité* by relying solely upon North American historians. Yet in things great and small this confused Utopia has managed to 'put it over' on us, as a glance at our own newspapers will show. Their very make-up and captions are become 'American.' It is Hollywood's movie stars who blaze through our Imperial firmament from London, Eng., to London, Ont., and from Perth, N.B., to Perth, W.A. America's mindless stunts can inspire gay leaders in the 'Times.' Even the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is now vitiated and distorted with American 'values' in biography and history. Jazz music and negroid dances we have all acclaimed; we drench ourselves with cocktails from a Land of Uplift, where alcohol in *any* form glares as a curse and a crime in a special Amendment to the U.S. Constitution of 1787. But then one who prospers must needs be praised, as the Periclean poet reminds us in the lines I quote at the head of this article.

This Britain is dotted with American shrines, from Plymouth to Sulgrave Manor. A statue of George Washington looks mildly up Whitehall from Trafalgar Square, while the patient Lincoln broods by our Empire's Parliament. Then the U.S. Ambassador enjoys unique status among us. He may even decline—as General Dawes did—to wear Court dress when the King-Emperor bids him to a State function in Buckingham Palace. Because they were American, we adopted hideous horn-rimmed goggles. We are glad when Americans beat us—as they nearly always do—in tennis or in golf. Even our Bishops use the American language in their Diocesan Gazettes—('It is up to us,' etc.). Clubs and Unions galore exist—over here—to foster friendship between 'the peoples of the United States and the British Commonwealth, . . . believing that the peace of the world and the progress of mankind can be largely helped by the unity in purpose of the English-speaking democracies.' This is an admirable aim. With one accord the most eminent of British statesmen endorse it. And for the most part Britain's Press,

a corporate force with 29,000,000*l.* of capital behind it, echoes the same creed of Anglo-American amity and co-operation. But what would happen to President Hoover—or to his Democratic rival—if any such ‘plank’ as this had been nailed to the Convention platform in Chicago last July? To ask that question is to answer it—as President Wilson did for Sir William (now Lord) Tyrrell in 1913. ‘A fling at Britain’ is for ever *en règle* over there. Indeed, one President, and he the most ‘imperialist’ of all—James Polk—owed his election to a war cry against England! It is considered indecent to recall these things. They are better hidden, our Press and statesmen think, as in Spain we spread tapestry on the village dung-heap when a Saint’s procession passes by amid music and incense and song.

It is very strange, this lop-sided deference to a daughter-nation who has so often slapped her Motherland’s face, after fighting two Wars with her and threatening her with other Wars at least a dozen times between 1818 and 1919. Who would believe that the last American challenge was flung at Britain’s Prime Minister by President Wilson and his Texan ‘Boss’ (Nos duo turba sumus!) during the most critical stages of the Paris Peace Conference, while a shattered world was being re-shaped after the bloodiest and costliest havoc in human history? Stranger still is the fallacy that it is unwise to refer at all to this long and consistent series of unfriendly acts. Our Press adheres to the eighteenth-century tradition of ‘kinship’ with the Thirteen Colonies of 1773. This nexus is imagined as a sacred thing, a relation *sui generis* among the nations of to-day, and therefore not to be ruffled by any hint of cleavage or deep-seated enmity, whether past, present, or future. But is not this a preposterous tenet? The friendliest of American envoys, from Benjamin Rush to Walter Page, have told us how irritating to their people is that ‘cousinship’ myth which British orators and Pressmen have never ceased to profess and which was long since drowned by the prodigious spate of alien races. Even its expediency was blown away by America’s conduct as a neutral in the Great War, by her harrying of our delegates during the Peace parleys, and by her present insistence on the payment of a cash ‘Debt,’ which is no debt at all, but a sort of estreated bail,

pledged for our Allies in the act of 'making the world safe for Democracy'; these are President Wilson's own words.

So I consider this conciliation ought to cease, as a weakness fraught with harm. It is due to that *Αμαθία*, or defective vision, from which the Greek historian draws so many morals. Psychologically, too, it is unsound in the case of an age-old Power dealing with a mixed people whose political sagacity is still so defective that a vulgar Tammany Boss can sway the key State in a Federation as huge as all Europe. British forbearance has been sadly misconstrued. It has done much to lower us in the eyes of other races; it has certainly fostered the legend of decrepitude and 'down-and-outness' which Mr J. H. Thomas found so rife in our own Dominions. Those House-Wilson demands and threats of 1919 (during the shaping of Peace!) greatly troubled our own naval experts in Paris. And though Wilson had to waive his 'Freedom of the Seas' (i.e. the right to supply any belligerent in any War!), his successor, President Harding, continued the pressure by calling the Disarmament Conference of 1921-1922 in Washington. That was the beginning of mischief, as Earls Jellicoe and Beatty were quick to note when taking stock of our serious naval weakness. Far worse were the abortive palavers at Geneva in 1927. These left Anglo-American 'relations' in a grievous state, with the Press over there full of reckless abuse and recrimination.

What is the root cause of this 'Disarming'-bee in Columbia's bonnet? It goes back from Hoover's day to Jefferson's, and can always be traced to the same desire: to win overseas markets without the burden of a large military establishment. For the genius of the United States runs to 'Big Business' rather than to the arts of War, whether afloat, ashore, or in the air. Irrefutable proof of this came on April 6, 1917, when America 'declared war' upon a mighty Power without so much as a man, a ship, or a gun ready for service in France! Yet for two and a half years she had watched a world in flames, and suffered abject humiliation in the slaying of her citizens, and the scoffs of a foe whom the distracted Wilson scathed as: 'A madman to be curbed!' Last June, at Geneva, Mr Hugh Gibson set out his President's plan for reducing navies and armies wholesale.

It would save the nervous nations no less than \$12,000,000,000 in the next ten years; America herself would be \$2,000,000,000 in pocket. So simple it seemed in that Washington 'atmosphere,' of whose mirage and distortion even Senator Borah complains! Yet the 'Hoover Plan' had a good Press over here, while the Pressmen over there linked it with the 'War Debts'; these could so readily be paid by ship-and-soldier economies! In our chorus of approval of the Business 'Yard-Stick,' nobody gave much heed to the *caveat* of Sir George Pearce, Australia's Minister of Defence. The Ottawa Conference, this guardian of the Commonwealth points out, laid down new bases of Empire commerce, all of it to be carried by seaborne traffic. Therefore the 'Naval' question emerges with new and urgent force. So the time has come, Sir George Pearce insists, when the various Dominions and the Mother Country should review the present strategy of defence—which cannot by any stretch of imagination be called satisfactory for so widely scattered an Empire.

What a talent we have for ignoring unpleasant things! Opening the 'Times' I find a fuss made over picking bluebells, or about throwing unwanted kittens into a dustbin. How many young lives of our million dead in the Great War might have been spared, if we had not persisted in regarding as 'unthinkable' an onslaught which was openly prepared for many years? But once more America presses universal Disarmament, and what she says 'goes,' as the curt vernacular has it. She stands apart in a conscious military weakness, due to a complex of geographical, political, and racial factors, which makes her fate extremely doubtful if she were forced to fight for her life against a military Power. Even when forced to join the Allies in 1917 America would only be known as an 'Associate.' She rejected the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations to conclude a separate peace with the Central Powers in 1921. And then she swung back into the old Utopian 'normalcy' under Warren Harding, at the same time presenting Europe with a bill for some \$22,000,000,000 as the price of her hire in what President Wilson called 'Humanity's War'! Could there be a cruder jar than this to the lofty ethic which America has professed from Washington's

'Farewell Address' to the Acceptance Speech of Mr Hoover as this year's candidate for a second White House term?

Yet our leading editors appear to take America at her own loud valuation, such is the potency of a propaganda pressed upon all the world with unrelenting zeal. She is always 'in the news' and given 'space' above all the rest. Her aims and gestures are held to be those of a Peace-Power free from the crimes of conquest that stain the annals of the warrior races. Here is another delusion. And deference to it has certainly retarded the awakening of the American people to a sense of their duty in the comity of nations. Of late they have feared the onset of a 'united front' on the part of European 'debtors' who may decline to pay in gold, seeing that their goods are shut out by prohibitive tariff walls. On their side, America's Press and politicians affect to pity or despise the Old World races. So does the fog of misunderstanding swirl to and fro in that Hegelian conflict of 'Right against Right' which never can be resolved. It recalls the attitude of China in 1793, when Lord Macartney led a commercial Mission to Peking. For years all such overtures failed; the Chinese could *not* regard Great Britain as an 'equal'! In Canton, Lord Napier's credentials were sent back to him unopened. 'Those Barbarians are like Beasts,' wrote the great Confucian scholar, Sung Tung Po. 'They cannot be swayed by the reasoning principles that rule our own people.' Opposing this, we have Lord Elgin's famous *mot*: 'The Chinese yield nothing to Reason—and everything to Fear!'

Just how this America, as a coastal fringe of wary settlers and immigrants, came to win its freedom with the aid of foreign funds and arms, then to overrun a continent and end by claiming hegemony over the whole Western World—here is a tale in which Guicciardini or Machiavelli would revel, so nicely does it accord with the Florentine gospel of *virtù*. We see this in the ruthless treatment of the Red Indian tribes. We see it in that pounce upon Mexico in 1846, which young Lincoln branded as 'an unholy War.' Above all, we see it in those money deals which, one by one, ousted European rivals from both Oceans—leaving only Great Britain with dominions, colonies, and naval stations in a New World,

where the United States aspired to reign alone and supreme. Jefferson's bargain with Napoleon added nearly a million square miles—at 2½d. an acre! The Floridas were bought from Spain, Alaska from Russia, Panama from Colombia, and the Virgin Isles from Denmark so recently as 1916.

How the Republic of Texas was acquired on the Border and Hawaii in the Pacific are instructive stories. So is America's present hold upon the three 'Republics' of the Caribbean Sea (which affect the strategic canal), and the five Central American States, especially Nicaragua, where a second Canal is projected, and where Presidential elections are 'supervised' by the U.S. Marines! All these 'Sovereign Nations' are in truth but outposts in America's bloodless *Angriffhetze*. Well might Charles E. Hughes, a right able Foreign Minister, remind his juristic hearers that: 'When we have a clear sense of our own interests, we are just as inflexible as others.' I know no such poker-play for security and power as that of the United States between the White House reigns of that 'Peace' fanatic, Thomas Jefferson, and Woodrow Wilson, his disciple. And the game goes on. Suggestions were made in Congress this year that Britain and France should forfeit their West Indian and South American possessions in part payment of the War Debts! This would rid America of an alien naval station on her threshold at Bermuda. Above all, it would mean American ownership of Jamaica, which is viewed as one of the keys of the Interoceanic Canal. Viewing England's 'surrenders'—military, diplomatic, and financial—from those of Burgoyne at Saratoga and Cornwallis at Yorktown, clear up to Mr Baldwin's at Washington in 1922—one sees a run of American luck which is quite uncanny. How long will it last, even with a 3000-mile moat in one sea, and, on the other, 6000 miles between this unmartial immensity and that 'Prussia of the Far East,' as the U.S. Press styles a Japan that now looks like closing John Hay's 'Open Door' in Asia upon an America who has shut out the brainy little yellow men, whilst admitting twelve million negroes to her citizenship?

No Englishman will ever understand the animus against his country, which has persisted in America since the Peace of 1783, and still continues, with the Mahatma

Gandhi and Eamonn de Valera shown as 'martyrs' under Britain's ruthless heel. Our own newspapers rarely refer to all this, though they give far more space to American phases than to those of our great neighbour and natural Ally, France, whose shore is in sight from our Dover cliffs. The bare suggestion of 'War' with the United States is like loud blasphemy in a church. Yet, in fact, that clash has loomed more often than with any other nation during the past hundred years. No sooner was the second War (of 1812) with America over, than Castlereagh himself confessed to the U.S. Minister, Benjamin Rush, that a third War might have broken out 'by holding up a finger!' That was due to lurid events in Andrew Jackson's invasion of Spanish Florida. Over the Maine Boundary, America put an army in the field against us. War hovered yet again in the Oregon dispute. But a list of the wrangles would be tedious, up to the impotent Olney-Cleveland challenge of 1895; this was a 'Monroe Doctrine' point, and concerned some Orinoco swamps between British Guiana and Venezuela.

Most staggering of all, we find Sir Cecil Spring-Rice 'thoroughly alarmed' by a State Department message to Walter Page in London on Sept. 27, 1914. 'One paragraph in particular,' our devoted (and ill-required) Ambassador feared, 'almost amounted to a declaration of War!' And this, when Britain was barely launched upon a struggle for the world's liberty (including America's own) which made even her effort against Napoleon seem as puny child's play! It is beside the point that America was helpless to wage *any* kind of War, even against the chaotic Mexico of 1916, to say nothing of the Germany of 1917, which could defy a world in arms, so formidably was she geared for assault! The point is, that America was at least 'willing to wound'—not, indeed, the lawless Power that was killing her (neutral) citizens, but the Mistress of the Seas, to whom alone, as a loose and belated 'Associate,' she owed her fifteen months of 'golden' immunity from German vengeance.

The Wilson-Bryan threat of 1914 was followed by the reckless Lansing Notes of 1916. This, be it said, was America's 'golden year' of Big Business in billions, largely conducted through what Spring-Rice called 'Germany's back doors in Genoa, Rotterdam, and

Sweden.' And, finally, we have that barrage of War threats over the 'Freedom of the Seas' which America's delegates shot off at our Prime Minister in the momentous Sessions of Peace in Paris in 1919. Once more Mr Wilson and Colonel House—those two ill-fated 'Parti-Potentiaries'—harped upon the War of 1812, and the 'arrogance' of Britain which had caused it. They openly predicted yet another 'clash.' They claimed the right to supply *any* belligerent with food, raw materials, and munitions, thus dragging our War's killing and havoc for the sake of their own export trades. With this outrageous demand did these men block the world's Peace day after day. They even arranged a shattering 'exposure' in Congress, without any regard for the consequence, so that their end was gained!

But the three Prime Ministers soon wore down those reckless arrangements. Clemenceau called Wilson a 'Pro-German' to his face on a fateful day. Baron Sonnino explained to him how nations, like animals, 'had different weapons of defence.' Our Allies could see no evil in British 'navalism.' And in Lloyd George the President's wire-puller had a far tougher mind to deal with than he had in our plaintive Foreign Minister, whose handling of America from the first had been so deplorably weak. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, found 'relief and delight' in the company of Colonel House. 'I greatly miss your presence in London,' the wily Texan is told in a letter from 33, Eccleston Square, on July 14, 1915, 'And I should be much refreshed by a talk with you.' Is it any wonder that our Press took its pro-American cue from such washy sentiments as these?

Our editors were to behold that Texan lodged like a prince in Chesterfield House and his retinue in Claridge's Hotel, while British Ministers and great soldiers and sailors waited in his ante-rooms—like so many restive Johnsons on the pleasure of 'My Lord' of long ago. House's 'Intimate Papers' reveal him as a resolute enemy of England. To Germany he leaned throughout, up to the very signing of the Peace of Versailles, when he could mourn an 'absence of chivalry' towards the most brutal and ruthless killer and wrecker which the modern world had ever known.

Those remarkable 'Papers' are deposited in the

archives of Yale University as 'the raw materials of History.' It is a safe guess that more than one of our statesmen regret the inclusion of their letters in that very 'raw' stuff, in the light of later knowledge of the 'Adventurer.' But how came our Foreign Office, with records going back to Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, to mistake any American President for a full 'principal' in the execution of a Treaty? Years later that great jurist, Lord Phillimore, was to explain how Mr Wilson was only 'a part of the principal.' How the other 'part'—the U.S. Senate—broke their vain and feeble Chief in 1920 is well enough known. Yet our Press, during the Armistice parleys of 1918, saw in the President a heaven-sent saviour of the world. No heed was paid to the clear warnings of Theodore Roosevelt, a witness of unique weight. 'Our Allies and our Enemies (he wrote)—and Mr Wilson himself—should all understand that Mr Wilson has no authority whatever to speak for the American People at this time.'

Again and again Roosevelt tried to impress this point upon our Press: 'Mr Wilson and his "Fourteen Points," and his Four Supplementary Points, and his Five Complementary Points—and all his utterances every-which-way—have ceased to have any shred of right to be expressive of the will of the American People.' No notice was taken of this. The bogus Messiah had his palm-strown entry into London. Can one wonder that his Texan Boss (who fell with him) dwells again and again on the 'slowness and dullness of the British mind'—even on the 'hypocrisy and cant' of our Government and people? Our Prime Minister the Colonel found 'as ignorant as ever of our public men and affairs.' Naturally, therefore, this ingenious American sought to 'put over' America's Peace Trade purpose in the Golden Year of 1916. Dining one night at Lord Reading's with Asquith, Lloyd George, Balfour, and Grey, he tried to depress them all with fearsome tales from Berlin of what the Germans had 'up their sleeve.' . . . 'My whole idea was to make them feel less hopeful!' 'Page is in a blue funk,' this honoured guest of our Government had already noted. 'So also is Sir Edward.' Yet this is the man in whom our Foreign Minister found 'rare qualities of wisdom and sympathy,' so that talks with him 'became not only

friendly, but intimate!' One can but wonder how a Canning or a Cromer would have dealt with so shifty an agent of the enemy in England's gravest crisis.

But House can boast of bossing and bluffing our Government, as well as his own. An alien and a private citizen, he was given a Foreign Office cypher-code. To further a Pan-American Pact, he even tries to manipulate the Lords and Commons! The all-conquering Texan puts his plot to the complaisant 'Sir Edward': 'He enthused over the idea, and asked me to dictate the question I thought should be put to him in Parliament. I did so, while he wrote it down.' And now over to Lord Loreburn, who was to pull yet other wires for a neutral Power who in that Golden Year (1916) actually meditated War upon Great Britain! . . . 'I suggested to Loreburn that he prepare a speech in advance, without saying anything to Grey; so that when an announcement was made in the Commons, he could give it his warm approval in the House of Lords. He was eager to do this.' . . . But next day the gentle 'Sir Edward' told his American Boss that Bonar Law had spoiled it all, since he considered that Great Britain's blessing on that Latin-American deal would be 'somewhat hasty'! And besides, 'the A.B.C. Powers'—! Surely such manœuvres as these in the middle of a universal War call for protest or explanation? Otherwise rising generations of Americans will be fed upon Colonel House's 'raw materials of history.' And how shall they appraise an England of such paltry credulity and subservience?

It is not surprising to find our Press, then as now, following the American lead which our statesmen gave it. On June 1, 1915, I find the editor of 'The Spectator' writing a fulsome letter to Colonel House. . . . 'The thought of dragging our own kith and kin into this hideous struggle is odious.' . . . Alas, our supposed 'kith and kin' were just then inclined to enter the 'hideous struggle'—on the side of our enemies! Or again, here is Mr Sidney Brooks, sent over by Lord Northcliffe for the 'Times' and the 'Daily Mail,' taking tea at Colonel House's ('neutral') flat in Thirty-Fourth Street, New York. So able a reporter will be very useful, America's Boss believes: 'He said, the "Times" was at my disposal, whenever I wished to use it for the purpose of my mission.'

America's mission just then was to break down the Allies' will to War. Wilson's mind was set upon a 'Peace Without Victory.' For this would mean Big Business without any break. No military preparations would be called for in a sprawling continent, where these were all but hopeless. Were not the Grain Belt States 'wondering what it was all about?' And a timely 'mediation' might be made by the President, who thus stood to profit all ways, with the end of the rainbow on the White House and a golden nimbus set for ever on Columbia's brow. Gusts of fate were to blow these dreams vagabond and frustrate, but America set great store by them. The immediate business was to make use of Britain's foremost newspapers, so obligingly offered in a propitious time. So the Texan Boss gives Mr Brooks of the 'Times' and 'Daily Mail' an insight into the President's policy. From the right angle, of course—'without telling him too much, but enough to get favourable cables and articles from his pen.'

It was much the same during the cabals and rows and cross-pullings which marked the Peace Conference in Paris. Here we see Mr Massingham taking his worries to Wilson's Boss at the Hotel Crillon. For a brief while America's delegates held the field. Even Mr Wickham Steed felt a blank when the Texan Adventurer was laid low with a cold: 'Consequently, his guiding influence was absent when it was most sorely needed.' The U.S. Senate would not so much as see or hear that 'guiding influence' when its members sat in judgment on those wilful Paris doings. Nothing would induce Lodge, or Knox, or Borah to call Colonel House during the fateful Treaty Debates. They arraigned their President instead. And Wilson tried to mitigate his doom by presenting the so-called War Debts as 'assets, and not burdens to be borne by our taxpayers.' When will our newspapers realise that America's Chief Executive is no Richelieu or Metternich, but a mediocre and machine-made politician, advised by minds as parochial as his own, and at every turn fettered and hampered by twisty 'checks' of an eighteenth-century constitution of cast-iron rigidity? Both the 'Times' and the 'Manchester Guardian' sent able writers to the Chicago Convention. And what a shock those men must have had as that

uproarious circus spun its childish 'turns' before them! It is high time our editors got a proper appraisal of a continent which is not a 'nation' at all as we know the term. Mixed races and vast spaces, diversity of climates and cleavage of interests, make true American unity impossible; so that fission and secession have loomed again and again, both before and after the Civil War.

Our Press policy of conciliation at any cost derives directly from that of Castlereagh after the War of 1812. That great Minister, driven to death with European problems, hoped that the efflux of time would sweeten Anglo-American relations, and relieve him of such pin-pricks as those which marked the sullen Treaty of Ghent, and its long lattermath of mistrust and gross affronts. His instructions to Stratford Canning—who succeeded Charles Bagot as an 'exile' in the 'bush-town' of Washington—might have been written by Sir John Simon for the present incumbent of the most thorny of all Britain's diplomatic posts. 'The tendency of the American Government'—Castlereagh warns his energetic envoy:

'is rather to contentious discussions. Their Official Notes are generally seasoned to the temper of the People.' . . . 'The ancient relations of the British and American nations, and the jealousies as yet imperfectly allayed, incline the Government of the United States to maintain their pretensions with us—perhaps in deference to those prejudices—in a tone of greater harshness than toward any other Government whatever. The American people are more easily excited against us, and more inclined to strengthen the hands of their Ministers against this, than against any other State.'

As a 'strong' man, Stratford Canning was not happy over there. He had no charming and tactful wife such as Bagot had (she was a niece of our great Wellington) to smooth things over. He finds John Quincy Adams even more anti-English than Spring-Rice found Bryan or Lansing in 1914-1916. So the two men quarrelled bitterly. Stratford Canning pines at last for his own country. And in a letter to his mother he dwells upon the torment of living 'amongst those to whom hatred of that country is at once a passion and a principle.' It has

never varied since. Even Sir Esmé Howard was harassed and carped at when wines and spirits were delivered at the big Embassy in Connecticut Avenue. And snapshots of his 'liquor' were published in the Press!

It is an unaccountable portent, this spurting *Schadenfreude*, which America so often pours upon her Motherland. One cannot but contrast it with the veneration and love which the Iberian Republics show towards the two nations of their source and culture, and language. I open at random the poems of Peru's laureate, José Santos Chocano, to find a passionate oblation of her jungles and peaks in return for the proud flag of Spain, and the dim splendour of its history:

'Y así América dice—

Toma mi vida entera; Oh, madre España;

que yo te ha dado el Sol de mi montaña,

Y tu me has dado el Sol de tu bandera.

Hay en mis venas el arranque hispano

y no es hispano él que el amor concluya:

Tuya fui, tuya soy!

Note the last line of this: 'Thine I was—*And thine I remain!*'

The moral I would stress is the need for a radical change in the pose of our Press towards the United States; a more fitting sense of Britain's ancient dignity and worth, and less subservience and attention to caprice and follies which the European nations can properly assess and despise. A recent French observer, after reviewing the 'Great Gamble' of 1929, and the orgies of crime and corruption which have brought America to her present grievous pass, wrote his verdict in the Paris Press. He finds it unique among all lands, in that 'It passed from obscurity to notoriety and thence into decadence, without ever having known Civilisation!' Again, Colonel House—that apostle who led our own Press and statesmen by the nose—got a nasty jolt when he called at the Quai d'Orsay to see M. Delcassé. The Texan asked De Casenave, of the Press Bureau, what France thought of the United States? 'He said the French people at large thought America had nothing in mind beyond the Dollar!' Equally blunt are the cartoonists and pressmen of Germany, Italy, and Spain. As for our 'Napoleonic'

Stratford Canning—the 'Great Elchi' of Turkey in a more spacious day—his dictum on the United States, although written a hundred years ago, has its full cogency to-day: 'That nothing is to be obtained from the goodwill of foreign nations, and everything from their fears and interests, is a capital article in the creed of this country. One and all, Government and people, bear this in mind.' And from it one of the ablest Ambassadors in our history enters a *caveat* against undue pandering or weak assent to American aims and claims. For such surrender, Stratford Canning says, 'Can have no effect but that of encouraging their boldness without conquering their affections.' Have we not seen this verified in all our overtures and concessions—in the past, as well as in present problems like the War Debts and Tariff barriers, above all, in that tricky naval 'parity' which we should never have broached at all?

I suggest that a stiffer tone in our Press, in consonance with the Press of Europe, would work wonders in the political education of the American masses. For it is they, and not their naïf Bosses, who need enlightenment, not only for our sakes, but also for their own. This process of informing and guiding the American people is at last finding receptive soil; and an excellent specimen of propaganda is the book I have placed at the head of my article. No European could have arrayed events so simply and clearly as have Mr Walter Lippmann and his collaborator. Greatly chastened, Americans now read these facts with new perception of error, and the stir of ideas that would have seemed impious in Prosperity's heyday. Even Britain begins to loom in a new and nobler guise as a friend in need. Only in times of fear have these people damped down their hostility and courted us. The greatest Anglophobe of them all—Thomas Jefferson—could talk of 'a marriage with England' when Napoleon's long arm was paralysing America's trade. And to-day we see State Secretary Stimson inviting our co-operation to curb an invasive Japan, intent upon Asiatic empire to the prejudice of the United States.

Above all, I would see an end made of those kowtowings and stuntings which disfigure our pro-American and 'popular' newspapers. They do but damage our imperial prestige in a striving and competitive time.

As Cicero says: '*Nihil debet esse in philosophia commentitiis fabulis loci.*' As for the ductile 'Sir Edwards' who deck Colonel House's 'raw material' with mourning ethics and vain appeals, they would do well to weigh George Canning's ironic words in 1823. 'The language of modern philosophy,' said our greatest Foreign Minister,

'is widely and diffusively benevolent. It proposes the perfection of our species and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. I hope that my heart beats high for the general interests of humanity: I hope I have as friendly a disposition towards the other nations of the earth as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly. But I am contented to confess that, in the conduct of my political affairs, the great object of my contemplation is the interest of England!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 5.—THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

IN Spenser's letter to 'the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh' which prefaces 'The Faerie Queen' one reads with a slight shock of surprise that, to make his work 'most plausible and pleasing,' he presented it to the world 'coloured with an historical fiction.' Cervantes in the same age was writing about the delights of 'feigned histories.' Historical fiction was beginning to emerge from the chrysalis stages of legend, saga, romance, ballad, and the short secular or ecclesiastical tale in which characters and incidents from old history decorated some jest, enforced some moral—or did both. To mediæval Dans and Unas, Puck had told his stories of ancient days and ancient ways disjointedly, carelessly, inconsequently. His fancies were unfettered by strict fact and unhampered by probabilities and dates.

Before Spenser wrote there had been instances—so rare as to prove a rule—of long historical or semi-historical novels which had something in common with those we know to-day. Certainly one of the most remarkable was 'The Book of the Confession of Asenath' which Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln translated into Latin in the thirteenth century from the third-century Greek. Dr M. R. James has said of this that 'the romance is altogether one of the most successful, from a literary point of view, that the apocryphal literature affords,' and it can make out a good claim to be regarded as one of the earliest historical novels—the principal characters, Joseph, Prime Minister of Egypt, Asenath his wife (the daughter of Potiphar), Pharaoh, Pharaoh's eldest son, who is the villain of the piece, and several of the lesser figures are historic, and imagination is ingeniously combined with accepted fact. But the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth gave us, with so much else, the first English historical novels and the first English historical novelists of any real significance. The suggestion of Professor Saintsbury that 'Scott created the historical novel after some thousand years of unsuccessful attempt' seems to need some qualification in view of the importance of the work of Deloney and Nashe in this field. Two eminent French critics, the late M. Jusserand and M. Abel Chevalley, have done much to give our earliest English historical

novelists a new lease of fame. Thomas Deloney, a silk-weaver of Norwich, who began his literary career as a writer of ballads about murders and historical events, may, I think, fairly be regarded as the father of modern historical fiction in this country. His 'Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthy Yeomen of the West,' a novel of Henry the First's time, and his 'Jack of Newbury,' where we meet Henry the Eighth, Katherine of Aragon, Cardinal Wolsey, Will Summers the Court Jester, and other famous figures of the second Tudor reign, can be read with interest to-day quite apart from their merely chronological importance.

Hitherto, with hardly an exception, the historical novel had been represented by some versed saga of feasting, drinking, fighting, love-making, in which heroes and gods mingled; by ballads like 'The Nut-Brown Maid' or 'Chevy Chace,' or those of Robin Hood and his Merry Men; by tales recited by gleemen or written by scribes (in England almost invariably in rough translation from the French or Italian) where nebulous achievers of marvels, like Charlemagne, Arthur, Roland, had probably little more contact with exact history than their names; and by ecclesiastical homilies which snatched at real figures to cloak them with moral maxims and doctrinal significance in the interest of the Church. Perhaps the most popular of all the mediæval romances in Europe was, through long centuries, 'the most excellent delicious mellifluous and delightful history' (the 'blurb' is no new invention) 'of Perceforest, King of Great Britain,' first printed in 1528, fifteen years before the birth of Deloney, and thirty-nine before that of Nashe. The work of these two writers marked a distinct advance, and far more than an advance, on the medley of rhyme and prose 'coloured with an historical fiction' with which the world had hitherto been familiar. Real characters, not merely labelled puppets, played their parts among obscure everyday folk drawn from living people in Tudor towns and villages; as in his Canterbury Tales Chaucer painted living folk in Plantagenet towns and villages, finding his natural medium, for the most part, in the verse which had hitherto been the chief vehicle of narrative. In a later century he might well have been, as Shakespeare had he lived in the eighteenth or suc-

ceeding centuries might well have been, an historical novelist of the first rank. While Chaucer interspersed his verse with prose, Deloney, the ballad-writer and rhymier turned novelist, dropped now and then into verse—a comparative novelty in England, which, unlike France, was still a little apologetic about the use of prose in narrative, holding to the tradition that verse had invariably the greater power to charm. It is curious to notice the linking of this early modern novelist, Deloney, with a present-day writer, John Buchan. 'The most pleasant and delectable history of Jack of Newbury' takes as its hero 'John Winchcomb, a broad-cloth weaver,' who appears again more than three centuries later in Colonel Buchan's 'The Blanket of the Dark.' Peter Pentecost, looking down on the highway of King Henry the Eighth, Deloney's 'most noble and victorious Prince,' sees

'a great wool-convoy, coming towards him from the Cherwell. He watched the laden horses strain up the slope, eleven of them, each like a monstrous slug buried in its wool-pack. There were five attendants, four on foot, and one riding a slim shaggy grey pony. They might be London bound, or more likely for Newbury, where Jack Winchcombe had his great weaving-mill and the workmen wrought all day in sheds high and dim as a minster—so many workmen that their master twenty years back had led his own battalion of spinners, carders and tuckers to Flodden Field.'

In his novels Deloney turned his attention chiefly to the great crafts and guilds, using these as framework for his shrewd, quietly humorous narratives. It is possible that Nashe was inspired by Deloney to write his 'Unfortunate Traveller,' though it appears to have been intended at first as a parody of the old, once-popular romances of Arthur, and Sir Tristram, and all those

'Furworne tales, that smother'd lay
In chimney corners, smoak'd with winter fires,
To read and rock to sleep our drowsy sires,'

having served their day and generation and prepared the way for the historical fiction of the coming centuries. Nashe's 'The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton,' a picaresque historical novel which was dedicated to Shakespeare's patron, Lord Southampton, has been

described by Jusserand as 'a real novel which was among the least successful and proves to be the most valuable of all his works'—those many works written, as Nashe tells us, 'as fast as his hand could trot.' The story of the rascally young page who is its hero begins in the camp before Tournay and ends with the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Thomas More, John of Leyden, Lord Surrey, Erasmus, Luther, and Francis the First appear in its pages.

I think we may fairly say that with these two Elizabethan novels began, in England, what Mr Arnold Bennett (in one of his mandarinic announcements which, however one may have disagreed with many of his views, one certainly misses as a lively feature of day-by-day criticism) had at least to describe as 'an important *genre*,' and what a sounder and more competent critic, Professor Saintsbury, referred to as 'a good kind, a marvellous good kind.' But he qualified this wisely with the stipulation that it must be really well done. John Buchan, with knowledge born of experience, has said that of all forms of fiction the historical novel is the most difficult to write, and at its best (which we may take his verdict to imply) there is no doubt that success in this 'important *genre*,' this 'marvellous good kind,' is not easily attained. On the other hand, it is the easiest thing in the world to produce the 'tushery' novel, to use a very convenient word under which Stevenson classified his own 'The Black Arrow.' Rudyard Kipling in one of his recent short stories has described a factory in which 'gadzooking, vital-stapping' novels were turned out to the profit of their manufacturer, and there was a Hollywood tale going round a few months back of a film-writer who, on being told that 'Wal, Mary, I guess I've put it up on you this time!' seemed hardly in keeping with a film dealing with Queen Elizabeth and Mary of Scots, brought back his script in triumph with the emendation, 'Wal, Mary, I guess I've put it up on you this time—*forsooth!*'

Even in writing *about* the historical novel, one is faced with innumerable difficulties: of definition, of classification, of selection and rejection. There are nine and sixty ways of defining the word 'historical' alone, and it would seem on reflection that there are at least a hundred and thirty-eight ways of defining the historical novel,

every one of which may be right, yet every one of which, when carefully examined, is as certainly in some respect incomplete and wrong. Writing of history in his introduction to *'I Promessi Sposi'* Alessandro Manzoni describes it vaguely but picturesquely as a mighty warfare against Time in which the years of Time are taken prisoners and the spoils of Time looted, in order that those captive years and their spoils may be set in array before the eyes of other generations. Chesterfield's statement that history is only a confused heap of facts may be contrasted with Macaulay's that facts are the mere dross of history, with Sir Robert Walpole's that 'history must be false,' with Carlyle's that it is 'a distillation of rumours,' and with Dean Inge's more recent verdict that 'falsified history has perhaps had more influence than real history.' One may insist perhaps that falsified history is no real history at all, and that to real history fact is essential. Cervantes has put the matter in a nutshell, when he says that history is 'like sacred writing, because truth is essential to it.' He adds, 'Nevertheless, there are many who think that books may be written and tossed out into the world like fritters.'

The vast numbers of writers who think—and have thought—that books may be written and tossed out into the world like fritters have done the historical novel of the best type an immense disservice. In blending history and imagination a certain amount of licence may be necessary—a certain amount of guessing at truth which cannot be so readily permitted to the sober historian. But verisimilitude must at least be aimed at; background, characters, atmosphere must not do violence to some semblance of probability. There must be both knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the past, and it is here that, with a wider scope and greater freedom, the historical novelist may supplement the work of the actual historian. Both have to deal with periods when, in the words of Friedrich Spielhagen's attempted definition of the historical novel, 'the light of the living generation's memory has ceased to fall in its full force'—supposing the light of that memory to be more than the light of a memory of other memories. In his foreword to Mrs Mitchison's *'The Conquered'* Dr Ernest Barker suggests that an historical novel may be careless as to accurate

detail and yet be true history. In her own foreword to 'The Corn King and the Spring Queen' Mrs Mitchison reminds us that the reconstruction of the past 'is all a game of hide and seek in the dark, and if, in the game, one touches a face or a hand it is all chance.' 'It is very doubtful,' she says, 'whether at a distance of more than two thousand years one can ever get near to the minds, or even to the details of the actions, of the people one is writing about.' Indeed, one may say that when either historian or novelist touches hands and faces of any period anterior to his own it is to some extent by chance and in the dark.

Nashe's picaresque story of Jack Wilton has been compared with the work of Defoe; for other reasons these two writers have not a little in common; and I think the first important figure we encounter in the progress of the historical novel in English from Deloney and Nashe to Sir Walter Scott—the only one of much consequence, though Bunyan has perhaps some slight claim to notice—is the author of 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier.' This certainly seems entitled, like other work by the same extraordinary writer, to be classified as historical fiction. Defoe was so plausible a writer of fiction and so able in blending fiction and fact that his story of the Civil Wars deceived even Lord Chatham. It is strange that within a generation or so of his death what passed for historical fiction was represented almost exclusively by Horace Walpole's 'Castle of Otranto' and the wildly impossible and unconvincing novels of the Gothic School. Even in the amazing popularity of these romances, which used sham history as a background for tales of colossal helmets, vast gauntleted hands, statues bleeding at the nose, gigantic swords, haunted mansions, impossible ardours, horrors and despairs, one recognises a groping public demand that had yet to be satisfied—but was very soon to be satisfied. 'The Castle of Otranto' is no more Italy of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as it professed to be, than Mrs Radcliffe's 'Mysteries of Udolpho' is the France of Henry the Third's time, but at least she made some effort to explain her mysteries—sometimes defeating her own ends in doing so—and, if Gray is to be believed, was successful in sending Cambridge dons and undergraduates shivering to bed.

Walpole, immensely proud of his own achievement and contemptuous of his imitators and rivals, explained that 'The Castle of Otranto' had come to him in a dream—'a very natural dream for a head like mine, filled with Gothic story.' A good many novelists seem to have had similar nightmares since the Abbé Prévost (author of that curious pseudo-historical novel 'Falkland,' in which two natural sons of Oliver Cromwell have adventures in France, in America, and, of all places in the world, in the Island of St Helena) wrote, in 1729, his '*Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité*.' It is a dismal enough tale of terror in an Italian mansion, with torches, black-cloth hangings, and a golden casket containing a dead heart. Colman summed up this school in half a dozen lines :

'A novel now is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant hovel,
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armour and a phantom all in white—
And there's a novel !'

The faces one touched in the dark were not human faces but gargoyles and masks and grotesques, and it is difficult to realise how far removed from actual life were the majority of what professed to be historical novels before Sir Walter Scott sent the nightmare phantoms packing before the torch of his common-sense genius. We may dismiss with a passing word those few writers, chiefly women, of less extravagant but not very exhilarating fiction immediately preceding his own ; such writers as Clara Reeve, who dealt with the Wars of the Roses in her 'Old English Baron,' Sophia Lee, and Jane Porter, whose novels are still read. Scott, as was inevitable, was influenced for a time by the Gothic School. He spoke of 'the wild interest' of 'The Castle of Otranto,' and did not altogether escape the extravagances of the Spanish, German, and Italian novelists of his youth. The influence of Goethe's '*Götz von Berlichingen*,' which he translated, certainly contributed useful material to the fabric of 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Anne of Geierstein,' 'The Legend of Montrose,' 'The Abbot,' and 'Peveril of the Peak.' It was Scott's intention to follow up 'Quentin Durward' with a German novel. He was

Vol. 259.—No. 514. R

only seventeen when a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Henry Mackenzie (to whom he afterwards dedicated 'Waverley') first interested him in the German romantics.

Fortunately Scott's shrewd humour and common sense acted as touchstones to the works he found in fashion. He took what he needed (sometimes, perhaps, a little more than he needed), but put aside the extravagances, impossibilities, and absurdities of the pseudo-historical novel of his time. John Murray, in sending his wife a copy of 'Waverley,' wrote, 'It is excellent. No dark passages, no secret chambers, no wind howling in long passages.' The use of dark passages, secret chambers, howling winds, long galleries in historical fiction is doubtless quite legitimate, and Scott himself made use of them, but with restraint, and not as accessories to incredible horrors and silly mysteries. He sums up the whole school in a passage which shows the sanity of his approach to sham antiquities trying to pass themselves off as real :

'We strolled through a variety of castles, each of which was regularly called 'Il Castello'; heard various ejaculations of 'Santa Maria' and 'Diavolo'; read by a decaying lamp in a tapestried chamber dozens of legends as stupid as the main history; examined such suites of deserted apartments as might fit up a reasonable barracks; and saw as many glimmering lights as would make a respectable illumination.'

When the success of Byron led Scott to abandon verse for historical fiction, he found himself without any serious rivals. In a phrase of Lord Morley's, he had in a supreme degree that great gift, 'the genius of history'; faces and hands touched in the dark were real, living; the old years were taken captive. 'Low in their uncomplaining places' had lain so long the dead whom no man knew; he made them live again, those lost men and women of old years. One need not be at pains to defend his many limitations, his many faults, his frequent anachronisms and inaccuracies, his not infrequent dullness, his occasionally stilted dialogue. It is impossible to study the history of historical fiction, I think, without being forced to admit that Scott's position as the Master of all those who, since his day, have essayed this difficult form is unassailable. Dr Johnson compared a great writer's fame to a shuttle-

cock which is now tossed high in air, now falls almost to the ground, and will fall altogether if it be no longer struck. The fame of Sir Walter Scott has suffered many buffetings, many tossings, many reverses. That he is still, in this centenary year, attacked and defended so frequently and so hotly is surely an indication that he still lives and is likely to live.

It seems to me that too little has been said, in estimating Scott's importance as a novelist, of the influence he has exerted on the work of subsequent writers, not only English but foreign. In a recent estimate of Scott's novels, Mr Robert Lynd asks the question, 'Is he the greatest writer of his kind who ever lived?' and goes on to say, 'Dumas is, surely, his only rival, and there is no need to set the one above the other. Scott infects his readers with a larger humanity, therefore we may consider him the greater writer.' But without the example and inspiration of Scott, it seems more than possible that 'The Three Musketeers' and all the prodigious output of Dumas (aided or unaided by his collaborators) would never have been undertaken. Dumas was Scott's disciple—and his greatest disciple. Goethe is reported to have said—perhaps not quite seriously—that he had not followed up his historical drama which Scott translated, 'Götz von Berlichingen,' because German history was so void of interest. But no doubt Dumas was quite serious when, in reply to Lassaigne, who told him that France was waiting for the historical novel, he expostulated, 'But the history of France is so dull.' It was 'Ivanhoe,' and especially the scene in the Saxon hall, that converted him and made him resolve to make French history the setting for works similar to those of the Scottish writer. 'Little by little,' Dumas tells us, 'the clouds that had veiled my sight began to lift. I saw open before me more extended horizons than any that had appeared to me.' Thus the influence of Dumas on subsequent historical fiction cannot be dissociated from the influence of Scott. France also had been waiting for the historical novelist—of her own race, using her own history. The old romances of chivalry had been followed by the pastoral romances in which characters from history had often been introduced under other names and in ages long preceding their actual date—as, for

instance, in Honoré D'Urfé's '*Astrée*,' where characters of Henry of Navarre's court were set down in the fifth and sixth centuries. Then came a rather curious craze for historical romances made up chiefly of anecdotes, mainly imaginary, of the courts and times of French sovereigns from the Merovingians downwards. Mademoiselle de Scudéry's '*Artamène, or the Grand Cyrus*' was remarkable rather for its inordinate length than anything else; this novel, the actual hero of which is the great Condé, runs into about 1,800,000 words! A book of far greater importance and merit was Madame de la Fayette's '*Princesse de Clèves*,' though even she, following prevailing fashions, carried back her historic characters into another century than her own, and under other names. Lassaigne was perfectly right. France was still waiting for the historical novel. It came to her through Dumas, who drew his first inspiration from Scott, and through Victor Hugo, also Scott's admirer and disciple.

In Italy Alessandro Manzoni wrote, in '*I Promessi Sposi*,' a novel which stands, both as an historical picture and for the purity of its language, at the head of all similar fiction in a country where hitherto, owing perhaps to its chequered and disturbed history and the absence of any outstanding national, apart from local, heroic figure, very little of any great importance had been written. In parts, especially in the descriptions of the plague, this remarkable story of seventeenth-century Milan and Venice, which introduces us to the love of Lorenzo and Lucia, the villainy of Don Rodrigo, and the unhappy predicament of the priest, Don Abbondio, is perhaps over-documented; but this is a fault on the right side when we remember the vagaries of Metastasio's historical dramas and the much earlier absurdities of Ser Giovanni's '*Il Pecorone*,' where '*Taul, King of England*,' is vanquished by William the Conqueror, and our first two Henries are confused not only with one another but with the heir of Louis le Gros. Dunlop's '*History of Fiction*' names over a score of German novelists—and that is many years ago—who were influenced by Scott. It seems to have escaped the notice of the many critics of Feuchtwanger's '*Jew Süss*' that one of the most powerful scenes, the death of the young daughter of Jew Süss, is almost an exact reproduction (but with a tragic ending) of the famous

episode in 'Ivanhoe' of the beautiful young Jewess, Rebecca, and the Templar.

Balzac shows the influence of Scott in several of his books, Gorki was, we know, indirectly influenced by him, and in our own literature George Gissing has told us that he proposed to study 'Redgauntlet' in order to get hints for his own books on modern city life. It would be difficult to find many important novelists since Scott's time who have not been, consciously or unconsciously, in his debt. 'Esmond,' perhaps greater than any individual historical novel of Scott's, used certain incidents in 'Woodstock' and certain characters under different names. Lytton as a boy was carried away by the Waverley novels; Stevenson was indebted to them and to the works of Dumas. The tale of Tod Lapraik in 'Catriona' would surely never have been written but for 'Wandering Willie's Tale' in 'Redgauntlet,' in which, by the way, Steenie Steenson's chief creditor is Laurie Lapraik, 'a sly tod!' Maurice Hewlett, perhaps the most important of our later historical novelists, said once that there had been no really great novelist since Scott and Dumas except Stendhal. A sweeping statement, not, perhaps, meant too seriously, but suggesting the position Scott and his great disciple held in the estimation of a most competent worker in the same field.

It may be said also to Scott's credit that he did more than any other novelist, with the possible exception of Charles Dickens, to make the world of fiction safe for respectable (if unheroic) folk to enter and dwell in. A generation or less before 'Waverley' appeared, Blair wrote contemptuously of 'a very insignificant class of writings known by the name of romances and novels.' The historical novel seems always to have been regarded with suspicion and disapproval. It is said that when Mahomet was giving his Koran to the world he was seriously disconcerted by the success of a book of romances—an early omnibus book of short historical novels—brought from Persia in the pack of an Arabian merchant. These tales of the heroes of Persian legendary history threatened to become serious rivals to the legends and stories of the Koran. The Archangel Gabriel came, in a vision, to the rescue, and saved the situation by declaring that these imported romances were most pernicious and

displeasing to God ; he warned all true believers to shun them like the plague and read the Koran instead. Gabriel, if his services were still available, would be a godsend to certain publishers and book societies of to-day !

The mediæval Church tried, frequently and not very successfully, to induce the reading or hearing public to take spiritual powder with the secular jam. How ingeniously a story might be twisted at its end into a sermon is shown throughout such collections as the *Gesta Romanorum*. One of the best examples is the story of the three gifts King Darius left to his youngest son ; at the end the modern reader (the 'My beloved' still of the monkish story-teller and homilist) finds to his amazement that in this story of a king, a queen, a prince, and a concubine, the king represents Christ, the queen-mother the Church, the concubine the flesh, and so forth. St Francis did not like books at all, and was especially antipathetic to the historical novel of his day ; at least he was honest and gave a reason—if a strange one for a man of peace. 'Charles the Emperor, Roland and Oliver, and all the Paladins and strong men, being mighty in war, chasing the infidels with much travail and sweat to the death, had over them notable victory, and at the last did themselves die in battle, but now there are many who would fain receive honours and human praise for the mere telling of the things which these others did.'

In many a Victorian household where fiction was looked upon with suspicion Scott was on the family bookshelf with Bunyan, with Milton, with Manton's many-volumed sermons, with Tennyson and 'Good Words.' In the century that has followed his death there is scarcely a country in the world, scarcely a high-road or a by-road of history or a character known to fame, which the tellers 'of the things which these others did' have not made their province, their thoroughfare, or their ensamples. In such works of reference as Dr Baker's 'Guide to the Best Fiction' and Mr Jonathan Nield's 'Guide to the Best Historical Novels' it is amazing to find how wide a field even a necessarily limited selection may cover—and how great a diversity. Few of the more important novelists have not essayed, at some time or other, and with greater or less success, this 'most difficult form.' Dickens gave us 'A Tale of Two Cities' and

'Barnaby Rudge,' the former at least a remarkable *tour de force*, even if he was mistaken in thinking, as in the glow of composition he did, that this would be his finest achievement. Anthony Trollope wrote quite a passable historical novel in 'La Vendée.' George Eliot made of 'Romola' a greater success financially and in reputation than the novel quite merited. Charles Reade gave us a masterpiece in 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' however much we may be amused or irritated by his typographical hysterias. Shorthouse made a fine novel, even if much of it was mere mosaic, in 'John Inglesant'; Charles Kingsley, with all his prejudices and limitations, wrote in 'Westward Ho!' a book which had in it the elements of greatness; Walter Pater, whatever fault modern criticism may find with him, gave us a thing of enduring marbled beauty in 'Marius the Epicurean'; and 'Lorna Doone' suffers little handicap from the blank verse in which much of it is written, or from the fortunate accident which gave it its initial success. Of the later nineteenth-century writers in England possibly Maurice Hewlett may, in the tossings of the shuttlecock, last as long as any. It seems to me that Stanley Weyman has not yet been sufficiently appreciated, and that Stevenson's future fame may rest rather on his historical novels and tales than with any of his other work. Thomas Hardy, Conrad (whose incomplete 'Suspense' promised a glorious Napoleonic novel), and, not least, Rudyard Kipling, each had the magic power

'To see what he should see, and hear what he should hear,
Though it should have happened three thousand year'

which is indispensable to any historical writer whose work has in it the stuff of endurance.

While the Great War and its memories dwarfed the excitements and adventures of all earlier annals, the historical novel, a Cinderella of fiction, now by the kitchen hearth and now in the golden and crystal coach, fell for a time on indifferent days. The amazing success of 'Jew Süss' held out some promise of delivery; but the German influence, as in the early nineteenth century when Scott, Charles Lamb, and other writers saw its dangers, was not an unmixed benefit. The sordid, the morbid, the sadistic, are not after all the last or only words about the lost

years. Fortunately English fiction, like English politics, makes its compromises and selects what it needs. But more than any other form, historical fiction is liable to suffer from the hasty enthusiasm and gushing incompetence of criticism; naturally, perhaps, since competent criticism demands in the critic something of the making of the poet, the historian, and the diviner of hidden springs of past happenings and endeavours.

When, if ever, universal education brings more in its train than a smattering of knowledge, and is able not only to create or awake but to sustain a real sympathy with and understanding of that Past which, as Sir Henry Newbolt has said in 'The Old Country,' is every man's fatherland, the historical novel may come into its own. Checked by recorded and ascertained fact, at its best it should be an essential part of every course in history. This is beginning to be realised, and much useful work, often of necessity abruptly interrupted, is being done in the schools and universities. The days of Wardour Street have drawn, or are fast drawing, to a close. How far we have advanced from the 'gadzoeking, vital-stapping' school may be seen in such books, by still living writers, as Mrs Mitchison's 'The Conquered,' Masefield's 'Captain Margaret,' Kipling's 'Puck of Pook's Hill' and 'Rewards and Fairies,' Quiller-Couch's 'Hetty Wesley,' Ford Madox Ford's 'The Fifth Queen,' Miss H. F. M. Prescott's 'The Unhurrying Chase,' Sigrid Undset's 'Kristin Lavransdatter'—certainly one of the most remarkable reconstructions of the Middle Ages—Mrs Garnett's 'The Infamous John Friend,' Miss D. K. Broster's 'Flight of the Heron' and 'Ships in the Bay,' John Travers' (Mrs Bell's) 'The Foreigner,' Marjorie Bowen's 'The Golden Roof,' Wallace Nichols' 'Torryzany,' H. C. Bailey's 'Mr Cardonnel,' and Willa Cather's recent delightful story of old Quebec, 'Shadows on the Rock.' Many others of equal distinction might be named. 'In books,' Carlyle has said, 'lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has already vanished like a dream.' To be an echo of that voice, a guardian of the remembrances of that dream, is certainly the aim of many who are working to-day to make Professor Saintsbury's 'marvellous good kind' worthy of its great ancestry.

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

Art. 6.—SCOTTISH FAMILY LIFE IN THE SEVENTIES.

1. *Evening Memories*. By The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. Alex. Maclehose, 1932.
2. *Memories of the Months*. By the same Author. New edition revised. Alex. Maclehose, 1931.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL tells us that in an old volume of the 'Quarterly Review' he read that 'Autobiographers are never impartial; they make themselves several inches taller and many degrees comelier than ever they were: but we know this, and discount it.' In the altogether charming book of *Memories* which Sir Herbert has lately given to the world he has done neither; he has recorded the events of a long life without dissembling anything. He tells us frankly of the mistakes of his youth, of an idle boyhood and a more or less wasted young manhood—of a life which only matured when he had reached something approaching middle age. Then there was a change which is not clearly accounted for, but which appears to have been due to an awakening spirit of responsibility—the responsibility of one who inherited a large property and a name which he felt must be upheld. A truly conservative and creditable regeneration; and the interesting thing about Maxwell's life is that with his acceptance of these responsibilities he seemed to attain to powers of expression in the written word and to an appreciation of classical literature that one would never have expected from one who had, according to his own account, never successfully passed the simplest examination at the first attempt.

For those who can look back—not as far as Sir Herbert, indeed—but into the Victorian life in Scotland of which he writes, there are two things that strike the mind very forcibly; firstly, the immense stress laid on family tradition and family connections, and secondly (for in reality I rather think it comes secondly, though this would not have been acknowledged) the great stress likewise laid on Religion. The Maxwell family had a peculiar religion of their own which meant much to them, for they were what is usually called Irvingites or followers of the Rev. Edward Irving, that remarkable man, once Mrs Carlyle's tutor and admirer, who seceded from the Church of Scotland and formed what is properly termed

the Catholic Apostolic Church. From this Church it was a real pain to Sir Herbert to resign his connection in later life.

In the case of the family to which the present writer belongs the religious side predominated, though the pride of family, so characteristic of the Scot, was also continually present, even though there was no inherited title or large family property to uphold. In some degree or other it is found in every decent-living Scot, be he rich or poor, who has an ancestry of which he is proud. The country is small and people are inter-connected, and this conduces to a mild and innocent, but rather pungent, snobbishness which has its good side along with a slight degree of absurdity. Scott understood, described, and suffered from it most thoroughly. I know that the next generation will look at our lives from a very different angle. I see my grand-nephews and nieces playing about in the same spots and walking over the same moors and hills as we did, but I am quite aware that their reactions are absolutely different from ours, and that hardly anything is the same to them as to us, though they look so identical. When one tells the well-worn tale of 'when I was a little girl' one seems to be speaking of a prehistoric state. And yet they are interested (for children are honest critics) and perhaps others may be so still, even if the tale is prosaic, if not egotistical.

Like Sir Herbert's, one's earliest recollection seems centred on hot summer's days and bright frosty ones, the latter less distinctly. The rest is somewhat blurred. And in the ultra-religious atmosphere in which my brothers and I were brought up, Sunday occupied a place quite inconsistent with its rights as the mere seventh part of the week. This was so with not a few of our fellow-countrymen. On Sunday we were allowed to have eggs instead of porridge for breakfast, and that was a joy in itself. Then after a reading of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in the delightful old illuminated edition which we adored because of the pictures of Apollyon and the dragon, we were dressed and crowded into that most desirable type of carriage, a barouche, our father sitting beside the driver on the dickey and two boys behind in the rumble. The great springs gave it a swaying motion, and at the corners we children had to be held tightly in. If rain descended, the

big hood was drawn forward, and a curious flap came down in front, and the children who were displaced had a royal time crowded below amongst their elders' feet. Fifty minutes were allowed for the drive of three and a half miles, because the horses, Black Hawk and Jenny Lind, had to be unyoked and stabled, and John, in his blue coat and silver buttons, had duly to take his place in the kirk. I can to this day see before me the golden stooks of corn on 'Stookie Sunday'—no Sabbath harvesting then, whatever the weather—and hear the curious creak of the rope as the time for Service approached and the beadle pulled the bell. Then there was the precentor in the little pulpit in front wearing the discarded minister's gown, wielding his tuning fork and placing on the stand or lyre before him the names of the psalm tunes that were to be sung. They were not very numerous, and I liked the sad 'Martyrdom' the best, because it was the one to which we babes had always been put to sleep by our nurse.

But the main feature was the arrival of the great lady of the place, Mrs Graeme Oliphant of Gask, who carried with her Jacobite traditions, for in her early married life her home was also the home of Lady Nairne, herself an Oliphant and the author of many Jacobite and other songs such as are sung to this day, though we may be Jacobites no longer. 'The Land o' the Leal' and 'The Auld Hoose' and 'Caller Herring' are perhaps the best known. 'The Auld Hoose' tells us how :

'The leddy too, sae genty
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.'

And the lock of hair, the table at which he sat and the 'bonnet' he wore used to be shown to us children with all the solemnity that they deserved.

Henrietta Oliphant, a dear friend of our mother, represented Victorianism in its most perfect form. About the same age as the great Queen, she was like her in appearance, though more rosy in complexion and with an air of cheerfulness and rural prosperity which the Queen had not, and this was combined with a pleasant Scottish mode of speech. She was narrow in her outlook if you like ; nothing would induce her to receive a stranger on

the Sabbath day, though he might be a near relative come from afar, and she had a very limited circle in which she 'visited,' to which the well born alone were admitted. When School Boards were established in 1872 she joined, indeed, but resigned her office directly she found that the meeting was not to be opened with prayer. On the other hand, she was kindness itself, especially to the poor and to us children, and we have the happiest recollections of her peacocks and other pets. Her entry into church was a sort of floating motion, her crinolined skirts swaying in the breeze. The original of the round bonnet that framed her jolly red face was made in Paris during her honeymoon in the forties, and it and her loose lace-trimmed jacket were 'repeated' by a local dressmaker and modiste in Perth, changing in colour from black to white according to the season of the year. As soon as mid-October or mid-May came round the colour altered, and at the same time fires were put off or on in her big empty house, all with the regularity of a clock. After the service she swayed out of her cloth-covered pew (black during her period of mourning) and we all met at the church door, and, being cousins as she explained (even if to the *n*th degree), she entertained a non-kissing family by soundly and openly embracing my father, to whom she was devoted. Then *her* John, a real tyrant, was summoned with the phaeton and ponies, and she drove off gloriously with her long parasol whip—a whip that was never allowed to touch her beloved steeds, so that it was only useful to shade the sunlight, which it very ineffectually did.

It all seemed delightful: the snuff mull that went round, the conversation lozenges, the bunches of sweet apple ringie that the women carried—all anti-soporifics, as was the holly in some cases used by the precentor judiciously placed near his chin! The drawback was the immense length of sermons (two in winter, when both 'diets of worship' were run into one), the vast number of 'heads,' and the long prayers. How we rejoiced when, in the prayers, the stage was reached at which the minister exclaimed, 'And now, O Lord, what wait we for?' for this betokened its approaching end, which one could not but think might be welcomed on both sides. The only drawback was that we were to be questioned afterwards, just as John and his fellow-servants were on their

part catechised in the 'Prayer Room' at Gask, and had to keep something in mind to say.

The ministers formed so large a part of our childish life that I cannot help bringing one of them to mind—one who belonged to a 'Secession' from the Church of Scotland called the 'Relief' kirk (relief from what I know not), whom we all loved and whose ministrations we often attended. It was hard for this gentle, poetic spirit to set forth the doctrines he had to preach, and when he had before him the anxious and nervous father taking the vows for his child and called upon him to state his belief as to whither the wicked were bound, his voice sank to a whisper when he euphemistically referred to 'The Other Place.' He had to reprove the evil-doers from the pulpit when he was first called to the ministry, but this so upset him that he was allowed to carry on the disciplinary action in the privacy of the Session—before office-bearers alone. The fate of the sinners was somewhat mitigated by a good tea prepared for mothers and infants by the kind minister's wife in the manse. The putative fathers, I imagine, slinked off.

This minister was a true lover of nature, and was never happier than when wandering in the hills: and as he had a slight impediment in his speech he practised his sermons (for 'paper' was not allowed in the pulpit) in preaching to the cattle. Never had he a more attentive audience, he used to say. Indeed, he was a true St Francis, for he could bring a flock of wheeling crows together round him. But he was careful to take these walks in full clerical attire, for a predecessor had been called seriously to task and nearly deposed for being seen on a hot day walking without his coat! His love of music was, however, a sad temptation, and he overcame his people's objections to his worldly fiddle (a valuable Amati violin, sold after his death for 400*l.*) only by strategy. He invited his office-bearers to his house, suggesting to them that before finally abjuring the instrument they might hear him play one or two tunes. They came, and this time he took his 'cello and solemnly and softly played over some of the Psalms. The deputation was entranced, returned to their fellows to tell them that his was 'no squee-kin' wee feedle, but a grand muckle deep reelegious-like feedle that played oot the Psalms o' David!' So all was well, and my mother

and he worked through the best of Beethoven's Sonatas and Symphonies, she playing the piano. I, however, was disappointed, for he had an organ—an automatic organ—and, being still young, I missed the monkey, without which no organ was to my mind complete.

The less interesting part of the year for us children was spent in Edinburgh. We lived in one of these spacious Adams' houses in Charlotte Square, where everything was sacrificed to the huge 'public rooms.' There was no bathroom or hot-water circulation, and the unfortunate maids had to carry water and heavy trays of nursery dinners up three long flights of stairs. As to the servants themselves, they can never have had hot baths, for they slept up yet another flight, and would never have carried water there. How they endured it I cannot think: the butler's room opened off the servants' hall in the basement, and had no opening except a small window giving on it. There was a 'housekeeper's room,' where the linen was kept, and it had some moderately comfortable horse-hair chairs, but the rest were of wood. Our beloved nurse never had any holidays or days out—I imagine she would have spurned the idea; and I cannot remember the under-nurse, who was usually English, so that our Scottish accent might be somewhat mitigated, having any either. The younger servants slept two in a bed or three in a room. And the strange thing was that though the cook and the head nurse never received more than 25*l.*, paid half-yearly (as were all the wages), they helped their parents and saved so much money that they left (they were cousins and retired together) several hundred pounds to their Church. Also the household must have been a happy one, for the members of it seldom left unless to marry. The young girls received 8*l.* or 9*l.* yearly: the housemaid 17*l.* or 18*l.*: the butler, I think, 50*l.* or 60*l.* The accounts are a wonderful study in these days.

Dinner parties were vast and lengthy. In preparation a cook was got in who was supposed to be a *cordon bleu*, and her masterpiece in sweets was a Nesselrode. I am not certain when 'Diner à la Russe' was introduced, for it was there before I came down to see, but it was criticised as being 'Dinner behind our Backs,' with flowers instead of food to look at. Both food and animals had names connected with the Crimean War or Russian politics.

One of our ponies was called Mallikoff, and we had a 'Raglan Chair' for out-of-doors. And in some cases the daughters of our military friends were 'dated' by being called Alma and so on. It is a mercy that we have not perpetuated this custom of war names. The associations of the Great War are hardly more tragic than those of the Crimean, so that why this was done I cannot think.

The personnel of the party (which numbered at least 18) was mainly made up of legal celebrities and retired General Officers, who now that peace reigned had given their minds to religion. There were then distinguished judges in Edinburgh, but some of them, alas, were not distinctly religious men. There were, however, one or two religious peers who had made their homes in Edinburgh. After dinner young ladies with white camellias in their hair came in armed with rolls of music. We watched all these joys through the banisters, and imagined that the conversation was a peculiar sound made by those who went into 'polite society' and not real words, and certainly that was the effect when listened to from on high. The trying part was when we children were dressed to go down to dessert, the boys in their dress kilts and I in white muslin, with a frock so low on my shoulders that it threatened all the time to descend. Late dinners have saved children from these trials.

Our great delight was to visit our relatives in London. There was first the excitement of the train journey in the 'Limited Mail,' for which places had to be taken beforehand. The seats pulled out and made comfortable beds for us children. I cannot remember the luggage being put on the top of the carriage, but perhaps I ought to do so. The boys sometimes travelled second or third class, but that cannot have been much of a pleasure, as the third class anyhow had no cushions, had seats open behind, and one lamp of oil ingeniously placed between two compartments, which shook with every motion of the train. We left Edinburgh in the afternoon and reached London about the uncomfortable hour of 4 a.m.—I suppose because we carried the mails. What impressed one most on reaching London was its extreme ugliness, after the beautiful squares and streets of West End Edinburgh. We passed from Euston through mean streets, through Seven Dials, which we were always told,

and with reason, was a sink of iniquity, and it was a real relief to get to the respectability of Onslow Square, the abode of our kind aunts, who were always ready to receive us, however outlandish the hour at which we arrived. The alternative was an uncle in Queen Anne Street, but that was not so popular, for the house had no garden. The aunts had a phaeton driven by a virtuous coachman who preached on Sundays—'Me and Radstock' he used to say, referring to the Lord Radstock of the day—and this phaeton took us to all sorts of places of interest and to hear great preachers like Mr Spurgeon, the beauty of whose voice even then impressed me. There was the Crystal Palace to be visited and 'Pepper's Ghost' at the Polytechnic. I think we loved the 'growlers' too, with the straw on the floor, in which we kicked, and the very often drunken driver with his queer caped coat. I don't think we were allowed to go in hansoms, and certainly not in omnibuses. What a difference sixty years has made in the behaviour of the poorer people and in their condition! One remembers so well the street fights when one passed through the slums—for slums indeed they were; and the poor men who would run after the cabs for miles in the hope of being employed to disload and carry the heavy boxes, then considered necessary, upstairs. Surely those heavy boxes that strained the unlucky porters' arms and shoulders will never reappear, however fashion in dress may change! There was no compensation for injuries then, nor health insurance. Every week my mother had her pensioners, Matty, Mrs More, and so on, who received their half-crowns and a bit of anything that was going. Those were all the old-age pensions that existed. The children were often in rags and barefoot and incredibly rough, throwing stones at passing carriages as well as carrying on a sort of derisive cheering. And when I first went with an aunt to visit a hospital the nurses of male patients were men, and rats ran freely over the beds. The odd thing was that the men did not apparently greatly object! Our Social Services, and, above all, our Education, have been worth while.

One of the small ameliorations of the lot of the well-to-do has been the establishment of tea-shops. When sightseeing our nurse never took us to have any food excepting at Beadell's, in Vere Street, a shop we loved,

because there was there a certain sort of ginger biscuit which I have never seen anywhere else. What all the masses of people who pour into tea and luncheon shops now would think of a London only providing public houses for entertainment I cannot think. Did they carry sandwiches? I do not know. We are a more luxurious people, as the tea trays in the public offices tell us, and probably the advent of women workers has had its influence. Supper was still an institution. In Edinburgh my elder brother and I used to lie awake and listen in our night nursery for the fish-wife calling 'Caller 'Ou.' She had come from Newhaven with her creel of oysters, suspended by a strap across her forehead, in order to supply suppers to the good people of Edinburgh. To us it seemed the depths of night: I suppose it was about nine o'clock.

My father died before I was grown up. He had a prosperous business as a Writer to the Signet, conducted almost entirely amongst relatives near and distant who owned landed property and who got him to manage it. I always believed that clients and relatives were synonymous terms. He died just as things were about to go wrong with land in the later seventies, and he had such a belief in its permanency and in its being a safe investment that I think the change would have broken his heart. Sir Herbert Maxwell describes it well, and as a landlord suffered acutely from it. We visited our relatives sometimes, particularly two old ladies who lived at North Berwick at a house called St Anne's, by the sea; but on the whole we preferred our own home, and as soon as practicable after my father's death my mother made our country house her permanent one; but that brings us nearly to the eighties.

My mother's views on education were those that governed our education, and she cared very much for its being such as would tend to make us upright and honourable, as her letters to our instructors show. My father was concerned with the religious side; like the Irvingites, he paid tithes, and he had some contacts similar to those described by Sir Herbert Maxwell. He preached on Sunday evenings in country hamlets when asked to do so, usually riding to the scene of action. But he left our care in the main to my mother, teaching us only a great love of animals, specially of our dogs and ponies, and of a

simple life. My mother had much more ambitious views in one sense, for she wanted us to excel, was concerned if the boys did not keep a good place in class, and was covered with shame when Richard—never an athlete—failed to run a mile race to the end! She was fond of riding, and could not bear careless driving. She had inherited from her father, who had been a Fellow of Oriel and Secretary of Presentations to his uncle, Lord Eldon, a dislike to the Church of England, which he had left in disgust at the way in which Church Livings were dispensed, and a whole-hearted distrust of Public Schools and English Universities. Hence the boys were sent to a Day School, the Edinburgh Academy, and subsequently to Edinburgh University, in the hope that their faith might be kept pure. Boys of their class were still sent to Day Schools in Scotland, but almost invariably to Oxford or Cambridge thereafter, and no doubt the form of education they received was a loss to them in some ways. The most brilliant of the four died, alas, before he was seventeen; he would have distinguished himself in learning and music, whatever education he received. In order that we might not suffer educationally by home study, we had a tutor, who taught me also, for my mother had suffered much under governesses, and did not believe in them. He played a great part in our lives, and even now I cannot bear to think of the leaps he took over chasms made by the burns in the hills, and he induced us all more or less to take part in these dangerous feats. We were all, boys and girl alike, punished by painful ‘palmies,’ and to this I ascribe the fact that from ten years old onwards spelling has never troubled me!

My father was a Whig—that most conservative form of politicians—and I rather think he even voted for Sir William Stirling Maxwell, a Tory. The county in those days was intensely Tory so far as the ‘county people’ were concerned; but the working people were only awaiting the time when they were to show that they still remembered the oppression of the great Dundas, Lord Melville. I remember in 1880 how they carried banners which had been used in the fiercer time of the Reform Bill of 1832, and how they chanted, ‘We’re proud of our Veterans, though they’re few, they fought for our rights in the year ’32.’ But by that time my father was dead,

and my brother was beginning to plant his steps on the Radical ladder, and we were hence to be taboo to the county magnates. The power held by the large landed proprietor was immense, almost incredible now, and though we had, of course, many friends and relatives on both sides of politics, the division was very clearly marked. Later on it was accentuated when my brother got into Parliament and the Irish question loomed. It seems odd to think of the indignation of a Tory peeress and kinswoman on my mother's asking 'that Radical young man, Alfred Milner,' to meet her at dinner! Another friend asked if she might be allowed to hide in the bushes to see what the young Radicals and Home Rulers were like without her father's knowledge! We gradually cast in our lot with a very delightful company of clever young people, with George Meredith and other men of letters of an older date, to give the literary flavour. I am afraid the acute religious atmosphere did not long survive my father's death, but we never played cards nor danced on any day, and Sunday was scrupulously observed almost as in the days of our childhood, when walking-out, piano-playing, bathing, whistling, and secular books were all forbidden. I sometimes wonder what people like Jim Stephen (J. K. S.)—that brilliant young prodigy whose life was so short and whose upbringing was so different—thought of it all.

We lived not very far from a small railway station on what used to be called the Scottish Central Railway, and the officials there, station-master and porter, were our special friends and allies. The signalling was done by a set of levers at the end of the platform, and the boys were allowed to help in working them. At one fateful time there was racing between the North British and Caledonian trains, and as there was in those days, of course, no block system, three minutes were always allowed for one train to get ahead of another. In the excitement of the race the signals were not carefully respected, and then the station-master used to wave a red handkerchief to betoken caution. The mails were collected and given off by a clever arrangement of nets while the train was going. David Graham, the porter for very many years, was devoted to his work, and when the time came for him to retire it was renouncing his fustian and buttons—the

insignia of his office—that he minded most. He kept his eye on our visitors, and severely reproached us if any old friends were long in coming. I cannot forget his open-mouthed astonishment at hearing George Meredith's outpourings in his best declamatory style and apparently directed to himself, during a long hour's wait for the train. The porter at the neighbouring station, Dunblane, who called out in stentorian voice, 'Change for Doune and Callander' in the midst of a sermon, was a similar character. A fiddler made his living by playing in the local trains, and when this porter came to die he sent for his old friend to play once more his favourite air, 'The Land o' the Leal,' before he passed to that Land himself. All these old characters, 'Jimmy the Post,' who did any carpenter work that was needed and was regaled with beer while nominally depositing our letters, Tommy Rossie the cripple 'daftie,' and the others crowd into one's mind as figures gone, never to return in a rationalised age. One good thing is that there is much less intemperance now. In former days, every one who came to the house on business, even the elders of the Church, were given a glass of whisky, and the dances and other parties almost always ended in drunkenness, as too often did the funerals and weddings. All that is altered for the better, and without prohibitive legislation. The young people still learn to dance, and dance reels 'Rory O'More,' 'Strip the Willow,' 'The Flowers of Edinburgh,' and all the rest in barns and elsewhere, and with the same gusto as before, but the dances are decorously conducted and the refreshments take the form of tea and lemonade. In old days this would have been thought impossibly flat. Cleanliness has also increased beyond measure. The reason that made travelling third class or in other public conveyances disagreeable and unusual to the well-to-do was the habit of spitting, combined with lack of cleanliness and insobriety on the part of the passengers. Even the country doctor could not understand why his patients hankered after a bath, and when there was a question of buying a toothbrush we were urged to take a few home and see which suited best!

It is difficult for me to know what caused my elder brother to enter into the political arena on the Liberal side. I cannot help thinking that the nurse, Betsy

Ferguson, who was so much to us, had something to do with it, rather than my mother. She constantly spoke of the hardships of the workers, which she knew well, as her father had been a woodman, and owing to an accident died young, leaving her mother to bring up a large family alone. She never let us complain of our food or leave food on our plates, and from our childhood she interested us in public questions and set high ideals of service before us. She had had little education herself, but valued education above all things. Her letters are still preserved, and are models of composition. I remember in the nursery quite hot discussions on how the National Debt could be paid off—a National Debt of a very different sort from the present! At the same time, she had grave distrust of the effect of the new compulsory and free educational system, like so many others. However it was, my elder brother became a Liberal, and was befriended in the matter by our kinsman, Lord Camperdown, then on that side of politics, who put him up for Brooks's as a young Whig directly he settled in London. His first political speech I remember so well. It was in Auchterarder, the little town near which we lived, and was to be a denunciation of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. As we drove to the meeting the prospective orator warned us that he would probably break down, so we were prepared for the worst. However, we found a hall well filled, and a friendly chairman introduced the young speaker and decried the members of the present Government as 'nothing better than sappers and miners.' There were 'a few ladies in the gallery,' as was customary in old days; we acted as claqueuses to the best of our ability and all went well, the spokesman never halting. One or two years after that came the formation of the '80 Club and all sorts of political activities, till he was formally invited to stand for the Western Division of the county at the age of 28.

The tendency is thus to creep into the next decade, which was so full of interest and excitement, but that I must not do, for I am writing of my childhood. In 1879 I went abroad to finish my education. My Barrister brother was 'called' and the Physiologist went to work at Oxford. Only the youngest remained in Scotland, to carry on his father's business and become Crown Agent. The world changed after the Gladstone reign, though it

was not till 1885 that the Electorate was increased and my eldest brother entered Parliament as Member for East Lothian, a position which he held for 25 years and until he was raised to the peerage. Forms have changed, conditions have altered, but I do not think traditional Scotland is very different from what it was in the days of Scott. The call of the land has a very real meaning to the true Scotsman, and he seldom fails to respond to it in one form or other. There may be a Revolution before us, but it will have deeply set roots to dislodge in a country in which, owing to the higher standard of education, there has never been the acute class distinction that exists elsewhere. And so far as can be seen the rising standards mercifully make these distinctions less every year.

ELIZABETH S. HALDANE.

Art. 7.—DISARMAMENT: THE NAVAL ASPECT.

THE first session of the Disarmament Conference ended on July 23. During the interval until the second session opens, next January or early in February, there will be time for the naval Powers to consider what is to be their attitude towards the proposals for the further reduction of fleets put forward by Mr Hoover, and also towards the alternative suggestions with the same object which have been made by the British Government. It is, moreover, an opportune moment for all who care for the welfare of this country and of the Empire to take stock of our naval position, and satisfy themselves that our birthright is not being sacrificed on the high altar of pacificism or squandered in 'gestures' offered up to an unappreciative god of internationalism.

There seems to have been such a plethora of conversations, conferences, pacts, treaties, and agreements relating to the limitation of navies during the past ten years that many people are, probably, rather bewildered as to what has actually been done, and scarcely realise the extent to which we have committed ourselves. Yet even the most casual student of naval affairs must feel somewhat uneasy when he realises that the one thing which emerges clearly from all the babel of talk and the mass of papers is the fact that the arm which is more important to us than any other has been steadily whittled away, until to-day it is not only actually, but also relatively, weaker than it has ever been since the foundation of the Empire. And now it is proposed to reduce the Navy still further. Even our own Government has 'cordially welcomed the declaration of the American President,' and while drawing attention to 'the contributions to disarmament on the largest scale' which we have already made in respect to our 'strongest arm,' offers 'a further contribution as part of a general world settlement.' What does all this imply? What have other naval Powers done? What are they prepared to do? Have we already gone too far in surrendering what is vital to imperial security in the vain hope that other nations will disarm in proportion? Are we thereby losing our prestige, and therefore our influence in the councils of the world?

274 DISARMAMENT: THE NAVAL ASPECT

Such are some of the questions which very many thinking people in this country must be asking to-day.

In order to get the right perspective let us go back a decade and see how we came to be embroiled in a system whereby we are no longer able to build whatever navy we consider necessary. In February 1922 we became a party to the Washington Treaty. At that time we were still the greatest naval Power; the following table shows the comparative numbers of the various units in the five principal navies immediately previous to the Treaty taking effect:

THE FIVE NAVIES IN 1922.

	Battleships.	Battle Cruisers.	Cruisers.	Aircraft Carriers.	Destroyers.	Submarines.	Building.
British Empire	32	10	54	4	200	89	4 battle cruisers. 10 light cruisers. 2 carriers. 8 destroyers. 8 submarines.
United States.	33	—	30	1	278 *	103	7 battleships. 6 battle cruisers. 10 light cruisers. 1 carrier. 40 destroyers. 46 submarines.
Japan	17	3	12	—	84	23	3 battleships. 2 battle cruisers. 8 light cruisers. 1 carrier. 10 destroyers. 15 submarines.
France	7	—	15	1	71 †	48	6 light cruisers. 1 carrier. 25 destroyers. 17 submarines.
Italy	6	—	13	—	60 ‡	65	15 destroyers. 3 submarines.

* Fifty-two of these were already obsolete.

† Also fifty-eight small torpedo-boats.

‡ Also eighty-six small torpedo-boats.

We were, however, feeling the financial strain produced by the War, and the maintenance of a fleet at anything like its war strength was both impracticable and un-

justifiable. The United States, on the other hand, were immensely wealthy and ardently desirous of taking their place as a naval Power second to none. They had begun to challenge us to a competition into which we were not in a position to enter. Japan, too, found it imperative to economise, but she could not ignore the impending huge increase of naval force on the other side of the Pacific. France and Italy were equally anxious to reduce expenditure to the utmost consistent with national security and prestige. It was in these circumstances that the five nations came to what appeared to be a common-sense agreement to limit the total tonnage of the largest warships each was to maintain and to accept a relative strength of approximately 5 : 5 : 3 : 2 : 2 respectively in capital ships, together with certain restrictions as regards displacements and armaments. This agreement put an end to the threatening competition in the number and size of battleships, battle cruisers, and aircraft carriers, and it prohibited the acquisition by any of the five contracting Powers of any warships of over 10,000 tons beyond the tonnage allotted to each of them. It also limited the size of cruisers to 10,000 tons, and that of their guns to 8-inch, but it did not restrict the number of this class of warship or of lesser types that each might possess.

Following on the Washington Treaty, a number of capital ships projected or in various stages of construction were cancelled or scrapped by Britain, the United States, and Japan. In due course, and strictly in accordance with the programme, we built the 'Nelson' and 'Rodney'—battleships of the maximum permissible dimensions and armament, the United States having meanwhile completed two vessels of the 'West Virginia' class. Since that time, if we exclude Germany's so-called pocket-battleships, no capital ship has been built by any nation. To that extent, therefore, the Washington Treaty was a substantial success in reducing naval expenditure; incidentally, too, no nation has built up to the full allowance of aircraft carriers. A less successful result was that produced by limiting the size of cruisers, because since the Treaty each of the five contracting Powers has built a number of ships of the maximum size and armament permissible. The effect has really been to introduce

a new type of cruiser which, from the British point of view at any rate, is unnecessarily large for fleet work, while its costliness has prejudiced the maintenance of a sufficient number of cruisers for the protection of trade. This, in turn, has been detrimental to what may be comprehensively termed imperial sea insurance. The United States still maintain that this large type of cruiser is necessary to compensate them for lack of naval bases.

These, in brief, were the causes and effects of the Washington Agreement. Five years later, in 1927, an attempt was made at Geneva to secure further limitations of naval armaments; but this Conference proved abortive. By then the word 'parity' had become sacred in American ears, and we were unable to accept their cruiser proposals, while Japan, France, and Italy were also out of harmony with the United States, ourselves, or each other. Then came the London Naval Conference of 1930, prior to which the ground was carefully prepared by Mr Ramsay MacDonald's private and personal conversations in America with Mr Hoover. The result of this Conference was a five-party agreement to build no more capital ships until 1937, except that France and Italy may, if they wish, utilise the replacement tonnage to which they were entitled, but did not avail themselves, in 1927 and 1929. Restrictions regarding the armament of small aircraft carriers, the equipment of ships other than carriers with landing on or flying off platforms, the maximum size and armament of submarines, and various less important points were also agreed upon. In these respects the London Treaty may be regarded as innocuous from the British point of view; but a three-party agreement on certain other matters requires more detailed examination. To begin with, in company with the United States and Japan, we have further reduced our capital ships, with the following results:

CAPITAL SHIP STRENGTH

As agreed to under:	British Empire.	United States.	Japan.	France.	Italy.
Washington Treaty .	20	19	10	9	4
London Treaty . .	15	15	9	9	4

The relative loss in our capital ship strength is mainly seen in comparison with France and Italy, but the margin of our superiority over those Powers is still greater than appears on paper, because their battleships are old and of a type which is decidedly inferior to any of our capital ships. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that our main fleet has three potential battle grounds—Home Waters, the Mediterranean, and the Eastern Seas. This reduced number of capital ships means that any concentration in one of these areas leaves the other two greatly, if not entirely, depleted of them. Actually our battleships are divided between Home Waters and the Mediterranean and we have nothing bigger than some 10,000-ton cruisers in the Far East. Owing to our good relations with Japan, this does not call for any particular anxiety at present, but for other reasons the situation cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory. France is laying down a new 25,000-ton battleship; Germany will soon have two, and eventually four, 10,000-ton armoured ships so fast and so powerful that only our battle cruisers would be able to catch and kill them.* Any idea of our sending a battle fleet across the Atlantic to fight the American battle fleet, or of the latter coming to fight in British waters, is ludicrous—not merely on diplomatic, economic, or sentimental grounds, but for material reasons. Nevertheless, in this, as in other naval questions, we must keep careful watch on the European situation, while not neglecting our responsibilities in the Far East.

The really serious, not to say dangerous, effect of the three-party section of the London Naval Treaty is that we have, for the first time, tied our hands in regard to the *number* of cruisers and destroyers we may possess. As regards cruisers, only units carrying guns of more than 6.1-inch calibre are specifically limited in number—the United States to eighteen; British Empire to fifteen; Japan to twelve; but the permissible total tonnage of smaller cruisers is also limited to such an extent that, if the vessels in this quota are to be adequate in size, we cannot have more than fifty cruisers, great and small. Previous to this Treaty it had been the accepted policy that the minimum number of cruisers essential for our

* Our three battle cruisers count as part of our quota of capital ships, and not as cruisers.

peace-time requirements was seventy. In 1914, on the outbreak of the War, we had a hundred and eight cruisers, and even that number proved inadequate. True, in the event of hostilities we could build more ships, but in the late War, with the shipbuilding organisation at the height of efficiency and working at full pressure, a standard type cruiser took a year or more to complete. To-day, however, the question is not what our cruiser strength should be in war; there is a definite peace-time standard below which we cannot fall if the Navy is to perform its police duties efficiently and meet those ever-recurring emergencies with which it, and it alone, can deal promptly and effectively. For us, more than for any other nation, cruisers are a vital form of insurance—insurance against aggression, piracy, and the many other peace-time perils to our sea trade, and against the risks to which British communities comparatively isolated by the great waters are liable; insurance, too, against loss of national prestige in its widest ramifications; and insurance, ultimately, against irretrievable disaster in the first few weeks of war. We have lowered our premium from that which had been officially stated to be the minimum for safety by nearly 30 per cent., and the only risk which has been reduced is the risk of war; yet if war should come the conflagration would be worse and the danger of starvation to Britain herself greater than ever before. In spite of this, as has been shown, we should have less than 50 per cent. of the cruiser strength which proved barely adequate in the last war. Altogether this is a form of disarmament which does not appear to be sound. It is false economy and a grave menace to our national and commercial security. So much for the present position regarding cruisers; it is important to keep these facts in mind when we come to deal with the Hoover proposals.

Next to the cruiser, the destroyer, quite apart from its value as an essential unit of the main fleet, is the most necessary type of vessel for police work in peace time and for shepherding merchant shipping in war. In many respects it is a small cruiser, and frequently has to be called upon to perform what are really cruiser duties. It came into being as an antidote to the torpedo-boat, and still retains its functions as an auxiliary to the battle fleet for countering torpedo attack, both from surface

craft and from submarines. It also provides the main torpedo offensive in a fleet action. But, as a type, it has grown in importance during and since the last war, because it has proved to be the backbone of the anti-submarine flotillas, even as the battleship is the backbone of the whole naval organisation. Again, the three-party London Treaty limits both the total tonnage and the size of this type of warship. A destroyer is now defined as a surface vessel of war displacing not more than 1850 tons, and whose gun armament does not exceed 5.1-inch calibre; but in this category not more than 16 per cent. of the total tonnage may be vessels of over 1500 tons displacement. These rules are binding on Britain, the United States, and Japan, but other nations are not limited either in the number or size of the destroyers they may construct. The largest British destroyers, known as flotilla leaders, are craft of only 1530 tons, armed with five 4.7-inch guns; the latest type now under construction displace only 1375 tons and carry four 4.7-inch guns. France, on the other hand, has twenty-four destroyers built or building, of over 2400 tons, carrying five 5.5-inch guns, and six more only slightly smaller and less powerful completed. Italy has a class of fifteen destroyers each larger and carrying more guns than any of our destroyers. In other words, as a late First Lord has admitted in answer to a question in the House, any vessels we may build of the size and power of the French and Italian destroyers must come out of our small quota of cruisers. We are, perhaps, less concerned about our submarine allowance, but it is worth noting that we have agreed to equality in tonnage of these craft not only with the United States, but also with Japan, while all other nations except Germany are still free to build as many submarines as they please. France and Italy have agreed to restrict the size of individual units to 2000 tons, but that is all.

Such is a general survey of the steps leading up to the London Naval Treaty and of the naval position as it is to-day. Now let us examine the Hoover Declaration and the latest proposals of our own Government. The suggestions of the American President for substantial reductions in World armaments are, so far as they apply to navies, fairly simple. He advocates:

- (a) A reduction in the total tonnage of capital ships by one-third.
- (b) A reduction in the total tonnage of aircraft carriers and destroyers by one-fourth.
- (c) A reduction of 25 per cent. of the total cruiser tonnage of the United States and Great Britain, calculated on the London Treaty tonnage of the latter, i.e. 339,000 tons. But the United States and Britain to have 150,000, and Japan 90,000 tons of 8-inch cruisers.
- (d) A reduction in the total tonnage of submarines by one-third, and no nation to retain a submarine tonnage exceeding 35,000 tons or more than forty submarines, and no unit to exceed 1200 tons.

It will be noted that, except in the case of submarines, there is no proposal to reduce the size of individual units.

The declaration of British Disarmament Policy presented to Parliament, and published simultaneously in Geneva, on July 7, opens with a glowing tribute to the Hoover Declaration; but this can only be regarded as a diplomatic introduction to the fundamental differences disclosed when it comes to actual details. In a few words, America desires to bring about a reduction in the total tonnage of navies by decreasing the number, but not the size, of the various types of warships. Britain is prepared to go even further in reducing total tonnage, but proposes to achieve that result by lowering the displacement and the calibre of the gun armaments of the heavier classes; our world-wide commitments do not permit of such drastic reductions in numbers as Mr Hoover suggests. Take capital ships to begin with: Mr Hoover would reduce the existing fifteen of his country and Britain to ten, and those of Japan to six; but each unit would still displace 35,000 tons and carry an armament of 16-inch guns. The British proposal is that future capital ships should displace no more than 22,000 tons, and carry guns of not more than 11-inch calibre. On this basis the British proposal would effect a reduction in capital ship tonnage alone of 195,000 tons compared with the 175,000 tons reduction of the American scheme. If this cannot be agreed to it is still urged that the displacement be limited to 25,000 tons and the armament to 12-inch guns.

In either case there would be a substantial saving in initial cost, upkeep, personnel, ammunition, stores, and docks.

There is a certain limitation in size and power below which it is not possible to build a vessel with the requisite characteristics of a capital ship. Without these characteristics she would cease to fulfil her functions, and the whole naval organisation would suffer from having a weak backbone.* The type of capital ship suggested in the British declaration is, however, entirely adequate, and if Japan will agree to such limitations in size there can be no justification for the United States refusing to do so; France and Italy will almost certainly agree. Our requirements as regards numbers have already been dealt with, and the existing fifteen appears to be the irreducible minimum. The proportion of this number now kept in reserve might, however, be increased and the consequent saving be devoted to keeping more small ships in commission, and to an increase in fuel expenditure which would enable the fleet as a whole to spend more time at sea and away from the stagnation of Home Ports.

A further economy would eventually be effected by agreement to the British proposal that, in future, aircraft carriers should not displace more than 22,000 tons, and that their gun armament should not exceed 6·1-inch calibre. Under the Washington agreement carriers may displace 27,000 tons and carry 8-inch guns, while each Power may have not more than two of these ships of as great a displacement as 33,000 tons. Actually, no British carrier exceeds 22,600 tons or carries guns of greater than 6-inch calibre; but the United States have the huge 'Lexington' and 'Saratoga' of 33,000 tons armed with 8-inch guns, and Japan has two ships of nearly 27,000 tons, also with an 8-inch armament. Numerically we are best off in this class of warship, as we possess five modern carriers; the United States and Japan have three, and the French two; Italy has only one small seaplane transport. On the other hand, the United States has a vastly greater number of aircraft, and her naval air arm does not suffer from the disadvantage under which ours

* See 'The Predominant Surface Ship'—'Quarterly Review' for April 1930.

labours of being subject to the divided control of two Ministries.

Then we come to the most crucial question of all—cruisers. That we should subscribe to the American plan and reduce our already diminished number is unthinkable; but here again the British Government has suggested a practical means for effecting very considerable economy. Instead of the existing 10,000-ton and 8-inch gun limitations, they propose a maximum displacement of 7000 tons and armament of 6.1-inch calibre. As regards numbers, the British Declaration emphasises that our responsibilities may 'call for the presence of ships simultaneously in parts of the world far removed from one another'; that our cruiser strength has been cut down from one hundred and eight before the War to fifty-two; and that hereafter 'cruiser numbers will require special consideration.' This pronouncement is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it has the defect of diplomatic vagueness. By all means let us reduce the size of the largest cruiser type by mutual agreement between the Powers, but let us regain our freedom to build as many ships of this class as we require. Apart from the quota of cruisers which should form a standing part of the main fleet, our cruiser requirements are dictated mainly by the geographical disposition of British interests—in foreign countries as well as in the Empire overseas. Our cruiser squadrons are, for the most part, scattered all over the world. The fact that we possess more cruisers than any other nation threatens nobody, and they render service to shipping and communities without discrimination of nationality. In the near future we should revert to our standard of seventy units, but they can well be of the smaller type proposed, provided the other naval Powers agree to the same limitations in size.

The most unsatisfactory part of the British Declaration is that relating to destroyers. It proposes that, dependent on the abolition of submarines, destroyer tonnage should be reduced by approximately one-third. The potential number of enemy submarines certainly has considerable bearing on our destroyer needs, but even if submarines were universally abolished we could not safely reduce our present destroyer tonnage to such an extent

as that proposed. Again it is a question of numbers, and with our depleted cruiser strength and our increased dependence on seaborne trade and supplies we require more rather than fewer destroyers. The discrepancy between the size of our destroyers and those of the principal Continental navies has already been mentioned. It would be better, therefore, if the British Government were to try and secure agreement to reduce the size of this, as of other types of warships, while regaining a free hand as regards numbers.

In the matter of submarines, Mr Hoover's suggestion is, probably, more practical than the British proposal to 'scrap the lot.' Rightly or wrongly, the lesser naval Powers, not excluding Japan, have almost without exception come to regard the submarine as an effective and economical form of defence, and British arguments to the contrary are looked upon as hypocritical, and our desire to see under-water craft abolished as self-interested. Under these circumstances the repeated advocacy by Britain of this form of disarmament seems to be undignified and disingenuous, and the Government would be well advised to accept the submarine as a logical form of defence and as a weapon which is as legitimate as the battleship. From a humanitarian point of view it is certainly more capable of control than the aeroplane. Endeavours to limit the size of the submarine to something considerably less than the 2000 tons maximum of the London Treaty are entirely commendable; but the British suggestion that, as an alternative to their total abolition, submarines should be limited in displacement to 250 tons is certain to be regarded by the majority of smaller Powers as unreasonable, if not farcical.

A particularly weak point in the American Declaration is the proposal that the French and Italian strengths in cruisers and destroyers shall be calculated as though they had joined the Treaty of London on a basis approximating the so-called accord of March 3, 1931. This so-called 'accord' completely failed within a few weeks of being announced, and in reality provides no basis whatever on which to work. As has already been mentioned, France and Italy have never agreed to any limitations to the number of cruisers, destroyers, or submarines they may build. As regards size, they have

only subscribed to the Washington Treaty which limits cruisers to 10,000 tons, and to that part of the London Treaty which limits submarines to 2000 tons. There is no limit to the size of the destroyers they may build, and they have failed so far to come to any agreement between themselves as to their relative needs for sea security.

Mr Hoover's Declaration also includes proposals for the reduction of land and air forces. These do not come within the scope of this article ; but it may be remarked that numerically the British Army is already reduced to a police force, while our Air Force has been even more dangerously depleted than our Navy. Nevertheless, when the Disarmament Commission meets again it is to be hoped that their efforts will be directed to reducing the armies and air arms of those Powers which are still a menace to the peace and economic recovery of the world. So far the only effective steps taken towards the reduction of armaments have been those relating to navies, and what has been achieved has been mainly in the direction of huge reductions in the British Navy without anything approaching the same sacrifices by other Powers. With foreign armies we are not so greatly concerned, but we have everything to gain by securing such a readjustment of air armaments as will secure for us not less than 'parity' with the chief Continental air Power, without increased expenditure. All the more is this so because—and it should never be forgotten—the air is now England's greatest source of weakness, while the sea remains her greatest security, and in her Navy still resides her main strength.

Art. 8.—DISARMAMENT: THE ARMY AND THE AIR FORCE.

MOST people, not blinded by their enthusiasms, realise the immense difficulty of the task imposed on the Disarmament Conference, and the immensity of the task is even more apparent to the professional than to the layman. It is probable that the questions affecting the limitations of land armaments will prove even more difficult of solution than the naval side of the problem. The number of nations involved, the great difference of conditions affecting their security, and the varying degrees of importance that weapons of different classes assume in each case, add to the complexity of the problem.

In some cases security depends on the mobility and counter-offensive power of the defensive force; in others numerical strength must be relied on, and only in certain cases are fortifications either a financially possible or strategically advisable means of providing security. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the prospects of the Conference achieving any great measure of agreement are still much in doubt. The optimism which the apparent unanimity displayed in the opening speeches at the Conference gave rise to has, I am afraid, died out and been replaced by an uninterested pessimism. President Hoover's proposals caused optimism and interest to flicker up again, but the resolution passed by the Conference before it adjourned did little to nourish the flame. As, however, the Conference is still alive, and has taken the wise step of reducing itself temporarily to more workable dimensions, some results of importance may still be secured even if they fall short of what was hoped for.

It may be of interest to review the work of the Conference up to date as affecting land warfare and to examine the ideas which hold the field—those which are most likely to secure a sufficient measure of agreement for adoption, and in particular, how they are likely to affect ourselves. So far as armies are concerned we may take an unprejudiced view, for our own has already been cut down voluntarily to a bare minimum on the numerical standard; and on the budgetary side expenditure is below what is essential to recover ground lost on purely defensive work, such as coast defences and in other

directions. Our statesmen of all parties agree on this, and nothing that has been suggested at Geneva indicates that there will be a demand for further reduction on our part. The nature of our armaments may require certain modifications to comply with limitations suggested, but that is all. The decisions of the Conference on the air question affect us much more deeply, though their effect may be less towards a reduction of numerical strength than to a complete change of outlook in the uses for which the Air Force is trained and equipped. Air strategy, if the Conference confirms its decisions, tentatively arrived at, will, as at present conceived, be a thing of the past.

To turn now more directly to the work of the Conference. It had two objectives: reduction of armaments as a guarantee of security and peace—to European nations the main objective. Secondly, the reduction of the financial burden of armaments to assist the economic recovery of the world. To the United States this perhaps appeared the primary objective. Although these objectives are closely allied, in certain respects they conflict. Reduction in expenditure may affect security to a very different degree in each case, and reduction in the power of armies may entail increased expenditure on other security guarantees. Three main avenues of approach to the problem of disarmament have been under consideration—quantitative, qualitative, and budgetary. Of these three the budgetary approach appeared to furnish a simple way of attacking the two objectives simultaneously; but, unfortunately, budgetary reduction, as is now generally accepted, does not by itself provide a satisfactory solution. Under it evasion of agreements would be more difficult to check, and a stable common measure difficult to determine. Budgetary control may, however, afford an extra guarantee of stability once relativity is established on a numerical basis.

The preparatory Commission decided that the quantitative avenue offered the most hopeful line, and its work to a large extent turned on the question as to how the quantitative measure could be applied. The different value to be assigned to partially trained men of the militia type and men trained and serving had, for example, to be determined. The assessment of the value

of trained reserves remains an insoluble problem. The draft convention which the preparatory Commission drew up, though it left specific numbers to be filled in, did imply a quantitative solution. The draft convention was, however, accepted only as a basis of discussion, and when the Conference opened at Geneva it soon became apparent that the qualitative avenue attracted special attention.

The Conference opened, as it will be remembered, with an exchange of views, and in the speeches then made a striking unanimity was shown in the desire to abolish or impose limitations on the use of certain weapons which were considered to be of a specially offensive nature, that is to say, to confer special advantages to the attack. France and her group, following her theory that peace must be guaranteed by the League of Nations, did not advocate the actual abolition of ultra-powerful offensive weapons, but proposed that they should be held at the disposal of the League. As there is a tendency to look on France as the great obstacle to disarmament, it should be admitted that she has at all times been ready to carry disarmament much further than she has yet done, if effective guarantees of her security were forthcoming. She will not surrender the position of security she acquired under the Treaty of Versailles for any economic considerations, and her attitude is understandable. The French proposals clearly had no prospect of acceptance at Geneva and the Conference decided to pursue the line of thought expressed by the majority. Committees of experts were called on to define what were essentially offensive weapons and to suggest the qualitative limitations which should be imposed on them. The experts did little beyond confirming their reputation for capacity of disagreement and a good deal of time was wasted.

The third stage of the Conference took the form of conversations between the chief Powers in an endeavour to find some common measure of agreement on a qualitative standard. Tanks, heavy artillery, and bombing aeroplanes formed the chief subjects for discussion, but the politicians got little further than the experts and the Conference showed signs of approaching dissolution. It was saved from that immediate fate by President Hoover's proposals, which contained, at least, a concrete plan

embodying views which in principle had been accepted by the majority. The proposals were a straw to the drowning man and it was grasped at. Expressions of welcome to the proposals were freely given, but they are far from having received complete acceptance. Our own representatives, while expressing agreement on certain points, reserved decision on others for fuller consideration. Other Powers, while welcoming the proposals in general terms, made more far-reaching reservations. The fate of the Conference still trembled in the balance, but at the eleventh hour it was decided to adopt a resolution which embodied tentative decisions on points on which a large measure of agreement had been reached, and laid down a programme for further procedure.

As President Hoover's proposals expressed many of the ideas which have found support, and as they will influence the further work of the Conference, they merit examination in some detail. The President begins by defining his objective, which is clearly in the main economic. To reduce 'the overwhelming burden of armament which now lies upon the toilers of the world,' and thus expedite economic recovery. To 'make head-way against mutual fear and friction arising out of war armament which kill human confidence.' He continues, 'We can still remain practical in maintaining adequate self-defence among all nations.' He then lays down five principles:

First: 'The Briand-Kellogg Pact to which we are all signatories can only mean that the nations of the world have agreed that they will use their arms solely for defence.' This principle does not necessarily imply the idea, which few soldiers would accept, that aggression should be met purely by resistance. The offensive is often the best form of defence.

Second: 'This reduction should be carried out not only by broad general cuts in armament, but by increasing the comparative power of defence through decreases in the power of attack.' This principle, at first sight, appears to be merely the acceptance of both the quantitative and qualitative avenues. It implies, however, the attainment of the economic objective by the quantitative avenue and the security objective by the qualitative. The implication of this principle, which has

practically been accepted by the Conference in its resolution, will be discussed more fully later.

Third: 'The armaments of the world have grown up in mutual relation to each other, and, speaking generally, such relativity should be preserved in making reductions.' This, frankly, is a somewhat amazing statement, and surely begs the whole question. Germany most certainly does not accept the proposition that her present 'relativity' with France is natural or should be preserved.

Fourth: 'The reductions must be real and positive. They must effect economic relief.' Again, the economic objective.

Fifth: 'There are three problems to deal with: land forces, air forces, and naval forces. These are all interconnected. No part of the proposals which I make can be disassociated one from the other.' It is perhaps a little difficult to assign a precise meaning to this principle. It is understood that it was intended to convey an assurance that the great naval Powers were also ready to reduce their armaments and that no invidious distinctions would be drawn.

Based on these five principles, the President advances the general proposition that the arms of the world should be reduced by nearly one-third and makes concrete proposals as to the method of applying the general proposition. As regards land forces these detailed proposals would fall far short of achieving a one-third reduction and would certainly not comply with his third principle, the preservation of existing relativity. The proposals are both qualitative and quantitative in nature. On the qualitative side, to comply with the principle of strengthening the defence at the expense of the attack, he proposes the abolition of all tanks, all chemical warfare, and all large mobile guns. The last item would 'not prevent the establishment or increase of fixed fortifications of any character for the defence of frontiers and sea coasts.'

These proposals followed very much the lines on which the general Conference had been working, and they do nothing to get over the difficulties the Conference encountered in finding a precise and acceptable definition of what constitutes a tank and what limitations should be placed on the calibre of guns. Should the term tanks, for example, cover all forms of armoured fighting vehicles,

as the poorer nations which rely for security on manpower armies, and who fear a sudden onslaught from their better equipped neighbours, claim? Or should it cover only the heavy types, somewhat similar to those used in the War and now no longer in existence, designed to break through thoroughly organised trench systems? The French, at least, and the Americans themselves to some degree, adopt the latter definition.

So far as chemical warfare is concerned the proposals merely confirm previous agreements.

On the quantitative side the President's proposals are more original, and, although they fall far short of achieving a one-third all-round reduction, many form a factor in determining numerical reductions. The suggestion is that all armies should be considered as composed of a 'police component' and a 'defence component'; although, of course, the police component would not be a separate organisation but would be armed and available for all duties. Arguing, however, from the fact that Germany, with a population of 65 millions, was, under the Treaty of Versailles, allowed a force of 100,000 men for the maintenance of internal order, the President proposes that the police component of other armies should be fixed at a similar ratio to population. Numbers in excess of that ratio would then represent the defence component. This defence component the President suggests should be cut down by one-third.

This is, of course, a very different proposition from reducing armies by one-third. For example, our own army would suffer no reduction. Even including the personnel of the Navy and Royal Air Force we do not at present quite fill the permitted police component, and the army in India (which it will be remembered is treated at Geneva as a separate unit) falls short of the permitted strength by over half a million of men. Many complications would arise in applying the rule, especially in the case of nations with colonial possessions. At best it is little more than a method to be considered with others in arriving at some quantitative settlement. It does, however, go far to prove the justice of our contention that we have already, voluntarily, carried out a maximum measure of disarmament in our land forces, more especially if it is recognised that our home army is to a large extent

a recruiting, training, and reserve force for our army in India. As regards air forces, Mr Hoover proposes to abolish all bombing planes and to prohibit bombardment from the air.

In commenting on the President's proposals our representatives were cautious, suspending judgment on the quantitative side and on the qualitative putting in a plea for the retention of the lighter types (below 20 tons) of armoured fighting vehicles, which they did not consider to be specifically offensive weapons but a compensation for lack of numbers. They drew attention to the large reductions which we have voluntarily carried out in the strength of the army * as compared with our pre-war establishments, and stated that if tanks were completely abolished, in view of our world-wide responsibilities, an increase in numbers would become necessary. As regards air-bombing, total prohibition of attacks on the civilian population was agreed to, but bombing of military targets under limits to be laid down was advocated. Attention was drawn to the reductions made since the war in our Air Force as compared with those of other Powers, in spite of the special use we make of the air arm in maintaining order in undeveloped regions and mandated territories. On the whole, our Government found itself largely in accord with the President's views, and associated itself with the principle that the power of defence might be strengthened by the prohibition of specifically offensive weapons.

Let us turn to the resolution adopted by the Conference on July 22 to see how far it indicates progress up to date and what remains to be done. The resolution adopted unanimously the following principles :—

' 1. That substantial reduction of world armaments shall be effected to be applied by a general convention alike to land, naval, and air armaments.

* It was stated :—'If we take account of the whole British Army, including not only British troops in Great Britain and her Colonies, but also those maintained in India, the personnel has been reduced, as compared with the year before the War, from 259,000 to 207,000, and this has been effected by the disbandment of 9 regiments of cavalry, 61 batteries and companies of artillery, 21 battalions of infantry, and other units.' This is really an under-statement, as the strength of the Territorial army and of reserves has also been greatly reduced.

' 2. That a primary objective shall be to reduce the means of attack.'

The second principle indicates some progress, but the soldier may question whether it is in the right direction. The resolution then 'noting that agreement has been reached on a certain number of important points, decides without prejudice to more far-reaching agreements hereafter, to record forthwith the following concrete measures of disarmament which should form part of the general convention to be concluded.' This phraseology veils the undoubted fact that unanimous agreement has not been reached, and that the decision cannot be taken as final. The concrete measures, however, are, as regards land armaments: (a) That the calibre and number of heavy guns, under the separate headings of coastal guns, permanent frontier or fortress defence guns, and mobile heavy guns, should be limited to figures to be fixed hereafter. And also that methods should be established to prevent rapid transformation of immobile into mobile guns. We have ourselves suggested 6.1 inches as the maximum calibre of guns other than coast defence, where the calibre to be fixed must depend on the limitations applied to naval guns. Some other countries have suggested much higher limits. (b) 'That the maximum unit tonnage of tanks shall be limited.' Again no figure is fixed; we have suggested 20 tons, and it is probable that somewhere between 20 to 30 tons is likely to be accepted. No tanks of post-war design of that tonnage actually exist except a few experimental machines, and our army is unaffected.

As regards air forces, decisions are more important, and here a very high percentage of real agreement exists. Air attack against the civilian population is absolutely prohibited, and 'the High Contracting Parties agree *as between themselves* that all bombardment from the air shall be abolished subject to measures to be adopted' to render the rule effective. This means: (a) The use of air-bombing in police operations such as have been conducted in Iraq and the N.W. frontier of India will probably be still permissible. (b) That the rule will only come into force if agreement is reached on satisfactory means of preventing the misuse of either military or civil aircraft.

There is actually a good deal of divergence of opinion on the methods to be adopted in controlling the misuse of civil aircraft. An interesting point is, that civil air lines can be operated on two distinct systems. Either by a minimum number of machines used intensively, or by a large number of machines used sparingly. Under the first system machines have a short life and there is no reserve, under the latter the life of the machines is longer and there are always a number in reserve which presents possibilities of misuse. International control of air lines which has been advocated could insist on the first system as well as regulating the characteristics of machines used. International control is not, however, acceptable to all nations; ourselves in particular. Other decisions of a general nature which affect land warfare are: The total prohibition of chemical, bacteriological and incendiary warfare. And the resolve to set up a permanent Disarmament Commission for purposes of supervision with the fullest powers—an important decision.

So much for what the Conference has accomplished up to date—rather meagre results for six months' work. It has now adjourned to a date not later than four months after Sept. 19, and has delegated to the Bureau assisted by certain committees an immense task to carry through in those four months. The Bureau, be it remembered, is merely a smaller edition of the General Conference, not a committee of technical experts. The Bureau is required to present to the General Conference when it reassembles:

(a) Draft texts on the questions already decided in principle.

(b) Its conclusions on reduction of effectives, taking into consideration President Hoover's proposals and the actual conditions affecting each country.

(c) A plan for budgetary control suitable to the special conditions of each State, and which will provide financial relief, prevent quantitative and qualitative reductions being neutralised by increase or improvements in authorised armaments, etc.

(d) Proposals for regulations to govern trade in and private and State manufacture of arms.

(e) Draft rules of international law to prevent violation of prohibitions and measures for dealing with infringements. It has also to co-ordinate the negotiations respecting naval armaments within the framework of the general convention.

It requires a good deal of optimism to expect the Bureau to accomplish this task, knowing the extent of divergence of views and interests. Certainly if the Bureau cannot reach agreement there is no hope of the full Conference doing so. Will the question of relativity, so lightly dismissed by President Hoover, but which is now more urgently than ever being pressed by Germany, prove an insuperable obstacle? Can a solution be reached without giving to France the international guarantees of her security she asks for if she is to reduce her armed strength, and without restoring to Germany a status approaching equality with other nations? These are political questions, and what concerns the soldier more directly are the views on warfare which have been expressed by implication at Geneva. To him it would seem that the politicians have been over-impressed by some of the events and developments of the War and by the steps which France has taken since the War to protect her new frontiers.

It has been assumed, apparently, that nations will defend their frontiers with fortified systems of the Hindenburg Line type; and the attack has been visualised as an attempt to break through such lines with the aid of super-powerful weapons. An over-estimate both of the possibilities of fortification and of the importance of the super-powerful weapons has resulted from this assumption. Too hard-and-fast a distinction has been drawn between attack and defence and the extent to which successful defence depends on the power of counter-attack in various forms is ignored. This is the more strange when one recalls that France was saved in 1914 by the counter-attack of the Marne, a counter-attack which failed to produce immediately decisive results, partly owing to the inferiority of the Allies in the heavier natures of artillery. Germany was able to consolidate her gains by exploiting the powers of defence, and it was the original defender who had to establish superiority in power of attack in order to bring the counter-attack, initiated in 1914, to a successful conclusion in 1918.

How far is it a practical possibility to defend frontiers with great belts of entrenchments such as grew up in the course of the War? Those systems depended for their efficacy on the huge numbers available to hold them, and

there was no limit to the money that could be spent on their construction and equipment. How can these conditions be reconciled with disarmament unless the frontier to be defended is very short or, to a large extent, protected by natural obstacles? France, it is true, has constructed a system of the sort, but it has entailed capital expenditure and the maintenance of an army of a size which could not be contemplated by other nations. Nor can it be assumed that it is the intention of France to fight out a war of defence in the works she has constructed. They provide a defensive screen which would cover her mobilisation and enable her to deploy her army in a position which would go far to ensure that the war would not be fought on the soil of France.

Other nations, such as Poland, must depend to a much greater extent on the result of mobile operations, and the whole tendency of the limitation of the size of armies will be to increase the importance of mobility as opposed to weight of metal. Fortifications will no doubt be used to provide pivots of manœuvre and to act as deterrents on certain avenues of attack. Their existence might impose on the assailant the advisability of possessing something in the nature of a siege train; but on the whole the part that is likely to be played by the super-heavy weapons in the mobile phases of a war is likely to be small. If stabilisation sets in, then it is the defender who is likely to stand in most need of them, to assist his counter-attack.

Again, what the defence fears most are the inherent advantages possessed by the original attack such as the initiative, power of concentrated effort, and surprise. These advantages cannot be subjected to restrictions, and may even be increased if evasion of restrictions is added to surprise. They must be met by mobility and counter-offensive action. Passive defence, which entails dispersion and the attempt to be strong everywhere, plays into the hands of the assailant and can only lead to demands for greater numerical strength in the defence.

On the whole, the proposal to add to the power of defence by restricting 'specifically offensive' weapons is unlikely to attain its object and may in the long run prove detrimental to the interests of the defender. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said for placing

a limit on the extreme development of heavy and expensive weapons purely in the interests of economy and to check wasteful competitive expenditure. Qualitative disarmament should not, however, be pushed too far. Power of offensive action is not only required by the defender, it is also required to enable nations to render mutual assistance and to deal with the problem of the possible law breaker.

The *fait accompli* gambit, which shows signs of becoming increasingly popular, will not be held in check if the risks it involves to the offender are further reduced. The League of Nations has already experienced the difficulty of countering the gambit, and France's attitude turns largely on her insistence on maintaining sufficient strength to counter it herself if the League cannot.

Of the concrete measures of disarmament which the Conference seems likely to produce, much the most important (apart from the prohibition of chemical warfare already accepted) is the abolition of air-bombing. The proposal commands very general support, and if the abolition can be made proof against evasion it will probably come into force. There can be little doubt that the prohibition of bombing would add to the sense of security. Air-bombing is not only essentially an offensive operation against which it is difficult to provide adequate defence, but it also goes to strengthen the inherent strategical advantages of the attack.

It is a weapon of surprise in itself, and it enables the effects of surprise and initiative, which the aggressor can exploit, to be maintained; whether it is used to disturb the mobilisation plans of the defence by interrupting train movements or to hinder the production of war material by attacking factories. The Conference is probably more influenced by its humanitarian fears for the civil population and the danger of the misuse of the weapon than by the purely military side of the question. It can, however, be with confidence asserted that air-bombing definitely confers advantages on the attack, and as a counter-attacking weapon its value depends largely on a policy of reprisals. We as a country would stand to gain by prohibition, as we should recover much of our position of insular security, and we should be relieved of a considerable danger to our naval bases and lines of sea communications.

We should be glad to retain the right to employ bombing for police operations in uncivilised countries where in certain cases it is very valuable. But that is not a consideration of vital importance to our national security. Military opinion is satisfied that fixed defences, especially when coupled with air observation, still provide an adequate deterrent against naval attack of coastal defences, and the proposal, which has been mooted, to substitute air defence had in any case many objections. It may lapse without risk. The danger of the misuse of civil aircraft can probably never be entirely eliminated, but defence against aircraft of that type presents a much easier problem both to the fighting machine and to the anti-aircraft gunner than does the specially constructed bombing aeroplane. The anti-aircraft gun must in any case be retained to check the inquisitiveness of reconnaissance aeroplanes, and this form of defence has made great advances since the War.

It is easy to criticise the work of the Conference, but was it set a problem possible of solution? A soldier can only summarise the aspects of the problem which he recognises: Should not the question of relativity have been tackled before that of disarmament? The relativity established for naval armaments, however unsatisfactory it may be, has, at least, provided a key to the problem of naval disarmament. The standard set for land disarmament at Versailles is admittedly too low to be accepted for general adoption. Until it is known to what extent and for how long this standard will be maintained for the vanquished nations it is difficult to see how other nations can gauge their requirements. Armies, in addition to providing an internal 'police component' and an individual 'defence component,' also form part of the international police force, and as such must retain offensive power. Under existing conditions France maintains an army not merely for defence, but to enable her to enforce the Versailles conditions. Her geographical position and political developments have imposed on her too large a share of international police duties. Should she not be relieved of some of her responsibility? Her responsibilities would be lessened if the temptation to Germany to evade restrictions were reduced by making them less rigorous.

The reductions of our own Army, far from giving a lead to France in disarmament, have tended to lessen the value of our Locarno engagements. Armies are maintained not to provoke war but to prevent it by constituting a danger to the aggressor; power of resistance is not sufficient. This implies the maintenance of armies at a reasonable size. If the standard is set too low the temptations to an aggressive nation are increased and evasions of agreed standards are easier. The standard should be sufficiently high to make evasion both costly and easy to detect. Agreement on relativity in itself would constitute a check on excessive armaments and competition in armaments, which would be reinforced by the desire for economy.

Should we not make security our primary objective and treat economic recovery as a consequence of security rather than as an objective to be attained by curtailment of expenditure? Is it not the feeling of fear and distrust rather than the actual expenditure on armaments which is the obstacle to economic recovery? Pre-war expenditure on armaments did not prevent the growth of trade. Expenditure on armaments makes the taxpayer groan and enlists his support against excessive expenditure; but does it to any great extent affect the international financial position? The Disarmament Conference is neither empowered nor would it be a suitable body to revise the terms of the Versailles Treaty. But as the Treaty has given France time to consolidate her defences is it too much to hope that she will agree to some alteration in its terms which would place the whole question of armaments on a more permanently stable basis? To leave Germany in her present position and to expect France to reduce her strength would merely reduce the element of stability which France now provides and would give satisfaction to neither country. The Treaty will presumably sooner or later come up for revision, and existing financial stringency would tend to keep such demands for re-armament as would arise out of revision at a moderate level. The precipitate action of Germany in claiming rights she does not possess has, however, complicated the situation, already sufficiently difficult, to an extent impossible to foresee.

C. W. GWYNN.

Art. 9.—THE CARE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1. *MS. Notes on Westminster Abbey*. By W. R. Lethaby. Now in the possession of the writer of this article.
2. *Repair of Ancient Buildings*. By A. R. Powys. Dent, 1929.
3. *Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen*. By W. R. Lethaby. Duckworth, 1906.
4. *Westminster Abbey Re-examined*. By W. R. Lethaby. Duckworth, 1925.

And other books and papers.

THE recent architectural history of Westminster Abbey is but little known; for, although of great variety and interest, it has so far attained only an obscure corner in literature. This is in some degree due to the natural inclination of students to concentrate upon the medieval features of the building; but, in larger measure, perhaps, to the fact that recent contributions to the history of the fabric have mainly emanated from the pen of the late W. R. Lethaby. What has been done during the past twenty-five years is mainly his work; but references to it in his well-known writings are few and modest. Nevertheless, the records of his work, and of that which was done by his predecessors, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, form a fascinating and instructive chapter.

The present condition of the church and its contents, and the form of much of its external detail are the outcome of works carried out within living memory. The care of the Abbey is an endless and difficult task; and, at this moment, when much work is in progress, and more remains to be undertaken, the policy pursued and its results are of interest. Their study constitutes a lesson from which our own and future generations may profit. The present mode of procedure is based on the traditions created by Lethaby, during his term of office—1906 to 1928—as Surveyor to the Fabric. The proper point at which to begin this study would seem to be the north front of the transept, which is at present undergoing very necessary treatment. This front, in the words of Lethaby, 'was the principal façade of the church as rebuilt by Henry III, and here—because it fell within the limits

of the first work,* and from its position in regard to the Palace—were placed the great portals.' The central porch still forms the main entrance, and the north side of the church, owing to its being the largest frontage of which an unobstructed view is possible, is the most familiar aspect of the building. The design was derived from the cathedrals of Amiens and Rheims, to which prototypes several important features of Westminster may be traced. The transept was probably the first part of the church to be begun, for it stood clear to the north of the older building, and there would be no need to wait for the latter to be demolished. The front as we now see it was entirely renewed by Scott and Pearson between 1875 and 1892.† The former died in 1878, after having begun the restoration of the great porches. These had not kept their original form, having been altered about 1680, when a large Galilee, built in 1361, was removed, and again, early in the eighteenth century, by Sir Christopher Wren. As Scott found them, the outer arch of the central porch was of ogee form, and, instead of the existing gables, the space between the porches was closed by a wall surmounted by a parapet. In 1871 Scott began his search for traces of the original design, and found evidence for the gables, and for the sloping stone roofs as they now appear.

After Scott's death, the work of restoring the higher stages was delayed, until Pearson, on March 8, 1882, after a careful examination of the fabric, made a special report to the Dean and Chapter. He said, 'I found the masonry in many places in a far worse condition than I had anticipated. Indeed,' he added, 'the condition is such as to demand immediate restoration.' It was soon decided to proceed with the work. The scaffolding was erected in September 1884; but a difficulty arose as to funds, and nearly two years later an appeal was made to Parliament. In a letter to Mr Fowler, by whom it was quoted in the House of Commons, Dean Bradley wrote: 'This is no question of beautifying the exterior, but is simply to prevent it from coming down, and it is for that,

* That is the work done between 1245 and 1254.

† Sir Gilbert Scott was surveyor from 1849 to 1878; Pearson succeeded him and held office until his death in 1897.

and nothing else, that the funds are required.'* The result was the Westminster Abbey Act, 1886, which permitted the ecclesiastical commissioners to lend to the Dean and Chapter sums not exceeding ten thousand pounds in all. Another two years went by, and a further Act was passed, whereby the commissioners were authorised 'to make a grant of the whole of the said sum of ten thousand pounds.' This Act was passed on June 28, 1888, and the work went forward with energy. When the hoarding was removed in 1892 it was seen that the whole of the front had been renewed.

Some notes on the old and new work, made by Lethaby, who became Surveyor to the Fabric in 1906, are of much interest. They were written about twenty years earlier, during the progress of the restoration. Until Pearson's day, the transept had remained much as it was left by Wren. The following are Lethaby's chief comments :

'Under Wren everything was more or less chipped about, and cased up in thin ashlar ; much of it but a few inches thick. It was a sort of skin hung on to the original structure. The windows under the arches (of the first stage above the porches) were not disturbed, and a great part of the old stone is still in situ. The statues are new. The old arches had been cased over. Beneath the casings, the springers and some arch stones were found, and the old springers are still in use. The passage (i.e. the arcade below the rose) is now at the old level, and the openings through the buttresses are old. The diapering of the spandrels is "sham antique."'

The arcade was none of it old. The bases had been raised some two feet above the old level (by Wren), also the caps and arches : the levels of the old caps, bases, and strings were found on the sides of the old buttresses. The passage is now at its original level, the openings through the great buttresses pass under Purbeck slabs—original—which give the width of the buttresses. Thirteenth-century tracery had remained in the high gable. It included sex-foiled circles, two of which were pierced and glazed to give light to the roof above the transept vault ; as rebuilt by Pearson, they are blind. The arcaded passage had been twice renewed : once about 1680, when a classic arcade was inserted (Wren called it the little Doric

* 'The Times,' June 17, 1886.

passage), and again by Wren, who restored the Gothic forms. The two front buttresses divide the arcade into three sections, and when Wren rebuilt it he gave it eleven arches; five in the middle division, and three on each flank. As a matter of historic interest, Lethaby proved that originally there were only four in the centre and two on each side.* This was the arrangement shown by Hollar, who drew the front in 1654, and on a seal made by Thomas Symon in 1649.†

An attempt was made to deny the conclusions which Lethaby had reached; but, although the case for the opposition was far from strong, one feature of the argument is of interest. It well illustrates Lethaby's attitude towards restoration, and how he was liable to be misunderstood. Lethaby was alleged to have condemned Pearson's restoration 'on the grounds that it was not in accordance with the original design.'‡ Nothing could be further from the fact. Lethaby's disapproval would not have been in the least assuaged had he had reason to believe that Pearson's work was a correct imitation of the original. What he deplored was that, instead of the work being confined to such as was necessary to 'prevent it (the front) from coming down,' much that might have been preserved had been destroyed. One feature was the beautiful gable tracery. In referring to the front as Wren left it, he said, 'The smile of the old work shone as it were through an ungraceful veil, and the whole front still preserved a certain lightness and spring. To trace the evidence and to imagine the old features was a problem of fascinating interest.'§ Continuing, in reference to the whole of the new work, he said, 'But let me not be misunderstood. Now it is done, don't alter it; I would not meddle with even the restorations of a restorer.' On the same page he added:

'The gallery under the Rose has been restored, in respect of the number of bays, in accordance with Wren's work. I have nothing to say against this; indeed continuity is what we should advocate in opposition to all chopping and change. It

* See 'Westminster Abbey Re-examined,' pp. 65 *et seq.*

† Westminster Abbey Muniment 43166.

‡ A letter addressed to the Editor of 'The Builder.'

§ 'Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen,' p. 69.

must be pointed out, however, as we are trying to arrive at original forms, that before Wren's time there were four bays in the centre and two in each of the flanks.'

The object of Lethaby's inquiry is clearly stated; the fact that Pearson's restoration differed from what he concluded to have originally existed was immaterial. Nevertheless, Pearson and those who shared his views were perfectly sincere. They believed the new front to be an accurate and beautiful work of art. The Gothic revival had reached its apogee, and its disciples imagined that they had mastered the secrets of the medieval builder. This trend of thought, which was common in the nineteenth century, and still in some measure persists, has led to the destruction of probably three-quarters of the beauty that formerly belonged to our medieval buildings. It has done infinitely more damage than neglect and deliberate vandalism.

Lethaby worked hard to correct the error, and with a considerable measure of success. He applied his clear mind unselfishly and untiringly to the study of the old building art. In his numerous writings he demonstrated the truth in a new and interesting way, and convincingly proved the futility of restoration and imitation. He made a systematic inquiry into the building practice of earlier times, and investigated the careers of the master craftsmen. It is not fully understood, even by his most zealous disciples, how much accumulated knowledge he threw into what he wrote concerning Westminster Abbey. His books and essays were the outcome of ceaseless inquiry into the nature of the building crafts, as practised throughout the ages in all the western world. Some indication of the width of his research is to be found in his books 'Architecture,' and 'Medieval Art.' His deep understanding is further apparent in the essay on architecture which he contributed to 'The Legacy of the Middle Ages.' Lethaby's teaching has changed the whole outlook of the student upon the building art of the past, and the care of its monuments. He gave to the world an intimate knowledge of medieval craftsmen which has introduced a fascinating, human element into the study of their works. This attracted others into the field, and his pioneer work has been the basis of much further research. Those responsible for drastic restorations of

old buildings have frequently confessed to disappointment with the result, but rarely have they truly repented. They have usually consoled themselves with the belief that they would do better next time. Lethaby did much to prove the fallacy of such optimism. To-day, even those who still undertake drastic restoration, or build in imitation of medieval work, recognise the difference between what they produce and the genuine article.

In the years immediately prior to Lethaby's appointment as Surveyor to the Fabric, great works had been carried out, others recommended, and some were in progress. Pearson, in March 1882, had estimated that the external repairs and restorations then necessary would cost 49,000*l*. This proved to be a modest calculation, and did not take into account work on the scale of that eventually executed. In 1904 the greater part of the fabric still awaited attention, and was causing much anxiety. On May 5 of that year, the late J. T. Micklethwaite, who was then surveyor, rendered a special report to the Dean and Chapter, supplementing previous memoranda on the subject.

'I have had,' he wrote, 'to call attention to the ruinous state of much of the outside stonework of the building. And in later years I have had to add that the decay is now going on so much more quickly than the repair, that unless a remedy be found the state of things will soon become very serious.'

He pointed out that the trouble was chiefly surface decay, and that timely treatment would banish any fear for the safety of the fabric. 'The church,' he added, 'stands on a good bottom of firm sand, and has excellent concrete foundations, the like of which I do not know in any other medieval work.' With reference to previous restorations, Micklethwaite said, 'I was shocked to find evidence of decay beginning on much of the work done within my own memory, some of it being only a few years old.' This was the work of Scott and Pearson. They both used Chilmark stone, which had already proved to be an unfortunate choice. The south transept, which had been restored by Scott, and had had its rose window renewed in 1902, would still require ten or twelve thousand pounds to put it in order. Altogether, excluding the chapel of Henry VII and the cloister, Micklethwaite

thought that any appeal for funds should be for at least 60,000*l*. Independent opinion was then asked, and on March 16, 1905, a further report was submitted by Mr W. D. Caröe. He estimated the cost of repairing the church at 65,344*l*. The renovation of Henry VII's chapel would involve an extra 10,780*l*., and a further sum, the amount of which would depend upon what was done, would be needed for the cloister. The recent history of the cloister is particularly interesting. Edward Blore, who was surveyor from 1827 to 1849, began the renewal of its outer tracery, and the work was continued by Scott. The latter's successor found the task of repairing the vaults still before him.

In writing of his work at the Abbey, Scott said 'the most satisfactory has been the hardening of the decayed internal surfaces with shellac dissolved in spirits of wine.'* He used this preparation on the beautiful entrance to the chapter house, and in many places within the church. Scott died on March 27, 1878, and about four months after his decease scaffolding was erected in the west walk of the cloister for the purpose of treating the vault with the above-mentioned preparation. A strong protest, however, was made in the 'Athenæum' for August 17. It was pointed out that the process had proved disastrous, and that the result was not preservation, but destruction.

'The ancient and genuine surface seems to have gone out of mind—in fact, it goes away in baskets full of greyish-brown powder, vanishing before the workmen's ruthless tools. The new surface absorbs the lac, the spirit vehicle evaporates, leaving a shiny, horny, hard brownness as we see wherever the experiment has been tried; in a little while damp pierces the varnish and causes the stone below to exfoliate in flakes, confounding and confusing the last traces of ancient art. This destruction may be seen in the cloisters at the entrance to the chapter house.'

As a result of this protest the work was suspended, and before the end of the month the scaffolding was removed. For some time the cloister seems to have been left alone. Pearson, in 1882, reported that it required restoration; but added that 'this work need not be undertaken until after the Abbey itself has been put into

* 'Recollections,' p. 287.

substantial repair.' Micklethwaite referred to the sad condition of the cloister in 1898, and again in 1904, but recommended conservative treatment. 'If it can be saved,' he suggested, 'and the remnant that remains be preserved, it seems better to do that than to put in its place something new with only an architectural interest.' Mr Carøe was equally anxious that the detail should be preserved, although he rather despaired of its achievement. 'To leave the cloisters in their present condition means their ultimate destruction at a date which cannot be very far distant.' He felt that 'a decision as to the best means of dealing with them must be a matter of extreme difficulty,' and with some hesitation suggested three possible courses. The first was the renewal of all decayed work; but he only recommended this as a last resource. The second was the removal of crumbling surfaces and an experimental attempt at chemical preservation. This, as he frankly pointed out, would involve the loss of detail, and 'a vast change in the aspect of the cloister.' The third proposal was the glazing of the openings and a heating scheme; though for this he had but slight enthusiasm.

There is little doubt that the eventual saviour of the cloister was Lethaby. On June 11, 1902, he had read a paper on 'Westminster Abbey and its Restoration' to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. At that time restoration was in progress at the west front, and the rose window of the south transept was renewed. 'If,' said Lethaby,

'instead of theory, learning, and caprice this energy in pulling down and setting up—if, instead of all this, there had been steadily carried on during the last century a system of patching, staying, and repairs—a sort of building dentistry, how different it would have been with Westminster. Even yet, if we could arrest the process of so-called improvement which is slowly creeping over the whole building in a sort of deadly paralysis, and substitute mere daily carefulness, much might be handed on for other ages.'

Four years later, owing to the death of J. T. Micklethwaite, the post of Surveyor to the Fabric became vacant. Lethaby had just published his book, 'Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen,' and was

widely spoken of as an excellent candidate for the post. But modesty deterred him from allowing his name to be put forward, and only the determination of his friends persuaded him. In due course he was invited to take the office, and his first official visit to the Abbey was paid on Dec. 12, 1906. Referring to a note of that date, respecting work on the west clerestory of the north transept, and the north side of the choir, he adds, in parenthesis, 'It was arranged that, after the choir bays (already stripped for casing) we should repair in detail, without any attempt at making the details more sham correct.' This simple sentence is the only published record of the beginning of the 'daily carefulness' and conservative repair in which he believed. The big schemes in connection with the cloister were shelved, and limewash has arrested its decay. This treatment has made it a clean and pleasant place. A note from my own Westminster diary, dated April 20, 1925, may here be of interest. 'Examined the vaulting of the cloister roof outside the chapter house entrance. This is being cleaned, and the boss shows considerable traces of gilding. The hollows of the rib mouldings have traces of red.' The cloister was, originally, brilliantly painted. Fragments of colour remain on the arches of the chapter house entrance, and there are written records of paintings on the cloister walls. Limewash has also stayed the decay of the beautiful entrance to the church, usually known as the eastern processional door, at the corner of the east and north cloister walks. It should be emphasised that Lethaby never attempted to alter previous restorations. He believed that what had already been done to an old building should not be undone. When modern renovations required repair his aim was to avoid further destruction of original features and to make no change in the newer work.

A vigorous protest was made in the form of an essay in the middle of the nineteenth century against the work then proceeding at the Abbey. Its author was E. L. Garbett, and the following is one of its most significant passages: 'To falsify or add to them (i.e. such buildings as the Abbey) is forgery; it is a perpetuated lie and a falsification of the world's knowledge.' He regarded a restoration as something which 'pretends in the eyes of

posterity to be what it is not.' These extracts embody the precise creed of those who now oppose the re-editing of medieval buildings ; but in 1851 it had few adherents. To-day it is supported by a large and growing section of the public, and Lethaby was one of the most powerful influences in the movement. During the nineteenth century, whenever a church or cathedral was repaired, a drastic and very often costly scheme of restoration was usually adopted. Those responsible genuinely believed that they were pursuing the best policy, and all are not yet disillusioned. The alternative, as Lethaby frequently remarked, is too simple for some people to believe ; although, indeed, simplicity could also be a little startling to those whose opinions in such matters were orthodox. The 'protective coat of limewash,' which Lethaby recommended for the *exterior*,* was unlikely to find favour with people who had been busily removing the wash from the *interior*. But the idea was destined to gain ground.

Limewash had, as Lethaby showed, been used to protect exterior masonry throughout the Middle Ages, and the custom was still maintained in out-of-the-way places. The accounts for the rebuilding of the Abbey church, in the thirteenth century, record the name of Adam Dealbator, the chief of the whiteners, who worked on the building in 1253.

'The custom of limewashing obtains all over Europe and the east. In a book on Palestine, the author says of whitewashing sepulchres : "I have been in places where it is repeated very often ; the graves are kept clean and white as snow." This habit, thus maintained from the days of Christ, must be still far more ancient. Whitewashing was done by Roman builders. Vitruvius tells that plastering might be made to adhere better to walls if they were first limewashed. In Greece even the great temples, when built of soft stone, received a white coating on the surface.' †

In the country districts of England, he added that whitewashing seemed to be 'a part of spring festival observances.' We may also quote the testimony of Dr G. G. Coulton : 'Constantly in building accounts we find a

* 'Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen,' p. 372.

† An address given by W. R. Lethaby to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in 1930.

final entry, " item, for so many loads of lime " to wash the building over. It was not only that whitewash is one of the most valuable preservatives of stonework, but men loved it for itself; it made their work look fresh and new.'

At Westminster the virtue of limewash is now recognised, and one of the more recently treated buildings is the exterior of the south wall of the cloister. This formed the north wall of the destroyed refectory, and is of particular interest. This wall, which dates from the end of the eleventh century, stands to its full height, and is divided horizontally by a string-course. Its lower stage retains a contemporary wall arcade, of which the arches are of one plain order springing from cushion capitals. The upper stage was repaired and altered in the fourteenth century, and has a range of beautiful two-light windows of that period. Both the windows and the arches of the arcade were built up at some uncertain date. The wall was repaired in 1912, and in 1930 the wall arcade was opened out, and the whole given a coat of limewash. The filling of the windows has not been touched, as it serves to protect the original tracery, which remains embedded in it, from wind erosion. When the wall was dirty, this fine tracery was hardly noticeable; but since the masonry has been cleaned and limewashed, it stands out clearly. Above the windows is a row of large corbels which terminate in shield-bearing angels. These carried the timber roof. In 1912 a number of stones were found still bearing the eleventh-century masons' marks; these marks were similar to some found at Westminster Hall.

The repair of Henry VII's chapel, 'the beauty and curious contrived work whereof passeth my skill at large to set down so curious and full of exquisite art it is both within and without,'* has been in progress for ten years. Work on the last stage began in April, and should be finished by the time this article is in print. The roof of the chapel was repaired in 1793, at a cost of about 2000*l.*; but the first big restoration began in 1807. James Wyatt was then Surveyor; Jeremiah Glanville, Clerk of Works, and Thomas Gayfere, Master Mason. The proposed renovation was dealt with by a House of Commons Committee, before whom Gayfere appeared as a witness.

* Harleian MS. 570 at British Museum.

He was asked, 'Is the masonry so totally decayed externally that the whole must have new ashlar?' 'Certainly not,' he replied, 'as many parts of the present work, particularly on the north side, are nearly perfect.' The Committee ordered restoration to a substantial state 'without removing the parts which were not decayed, and without reworking any of the old surfaces.' These orders, however, in the words of Neale, were 'fortunately counteracted by the firmness of the Dean,' who gave orders to proceed 'in the manner originally designed, unless stopped by an injunction from the House of Commons. The Commons, who had already granted 3000*l.* towards the work, forgave the disregard of their instructions, and, in 1810, voted a further sum of 1500*l.* Thus, as William Morris put it, 'Mr Wyatt managed to take all the romance out of the exterior of this most romantic work of the Middle Ages.' James Wyatt died in 1813, and is buried in the south transept. The restoration was continued by his son Benjamin, and completed in 1822.

Sixty years later the chapel was again in need of attention. In his report of March 8, 1882, Pearson said, 'The stonework of the clerestory of Henry the seventh's chapel and of the flying buttresses over its aisles, and of their pinnacles, is very much decayed, and requires repair. In some instances the decayed surface may be cleaned off, and the decay arrested by some external application.' Such seems invariably to be the fate of unprotected stonework. No immediate action was taken, and in 1905 Mr Carøe reported that, 'The Bath stone in this (chapel), although it has stood remarkably well (Mr Carøe was comparing it with the Chilmark stone used in more recent renovations), has begun to perish in some parts very considerably.' He estimated the cost of repair at 10,730*l.* Lethaby noted, in 1917, that 'the external stonework of Henry VII's chapel is in many places in very bad condition. Carved portions frequently fall off. Several large turrets are very badly decayed.' He calculated that the necessary repairs would cost about 12,000*l.* The work has now been done, and finished with a coat of tinted limewash, which will certainly ensure for it a longer life than was enjoyed by the restoration of Wyatt.

Neither the cleaning nor the limewashing of old masonry has yet won general approbation. There remain many who love the 'old grey stone,' although the object of their admiration may usually be more accurately described as very dirty old stone. They fear that the appearance of the whitewash, or even of clean white stone, will be offensive. When the chantry of Henry V was treated, there were some at the Abbey who thought the effect rather glaring. But, as Lethaby had promised, the wash soon toned down, and the fine sculptures of the chantry may now be clearly seen and their beauty enjoyed.

The most fascinating work carried out within the church by Lethaby was the cleaning of the medieval paintings and monuments. The three canopied tombs, dating from the period 1290 to 1325, which close the north arcade of the presbytery, have been treated with the very best results. Cleaning has revealed the delicately drawn patterns which adorn the vaults of the canopies, the columns, and the edges of the gables. The shields which hang between the heads of the weeper niches have their charges painted on gesso grounds. Many may now be recognised, and they are obviously the work of a heraldic artist of the highest skill. On the opposite side of the presbytery are the wooden sedilia which were made in 1308. There are four seats, beneath architectural canopies, and the rear panel of each was painted back and front. On the altar side, the first and third panels from the east have the figures of two kings. They are works of art of exceptional quality, and since cleaning they are in remarkable condition. The colours are rich and fresh. Among the remaining examples of English painting of the period these two figures are unique. The paintings in the second and fourth panels no longer exist, save a fragment of a vestment in the second, which indicates that it originally contained the figure of a bishop. On the backs of the panels, facing the south ambulatory, the Annunciation and St Edward the Confessor are depicted. These are not in such good condition as the two kings, but cleaning has revealed sufficient to enable Mr E. W. Tristram to make a reconstruction of them in water colour, and this is now exhibited near by. All the principal medieval tombs and paintings have now been cleaned, and their value to the student has been immeasur-

ably increased. Every effort is being made to reclean the monuments at intervals, in order to prevent the interesting painted detail from being again obscured. The majority of these works are fully discussed in Lethaby's books on the Abbey, and in the paper that he read to the British Academy in 1927.

In the care of the fabric of the church, and of its medieval details and furnishings, the methods inaugurated by Lethaby are still continued. Works are in progress both within and without the building. The most important of these is certainly that of repairing the north transept front. Although its fascia was renewed only forty years ago, this front was in urgent need of attention. The Chilmark stone used by Pearson was a very unfortunate choice. Parts of the front, especially certain of the arch orders, had very seriously decayed, and the state of affairs brooked no delay. It may be hoped that while the scaffolding is in place an attempt will be made to treat the glass of the north rose. This glass is of early eighteenth-century date, and when Pearson renewed the window he cut the glass to fit his own smaller lights. It has also been coated over with a disfiguring varnish, but if this could be removed it would be a great improvement.

Repairs at the Abbey are carried out as far as possible without the use of new stone. This is confined to such cases as render it necessary in the interests of stability, and that which has proved best suited to Westminster conditions is Portland. The introduction of new stone into old buildings has several serious disadvantages, and these are well explained in Mr Powys's valuable book.

'The disadvantages of using new stone are (a) less of the original work is preserved; (b) the removal of the old stone to make way for the new may loosen or damage those adjoining; (c) the new stone makes an unpleasant patch, more unpleasant because often more noticeable than that made by other materials; (d) stone is not a plastic material, and cannot conveniently be modelled to conform to the irregularities of the surface on either hand; (e) a new stone cannot be so tightly set in a wall as one that was laid in position during building, and thus it may throw on to the adjoining stones a greater pressure than they can bear without fracture.' [P. 74.]

Lethaby secured the general acceptance of his principles with regard to the preservation of the fabric of

the Abbey; but in respect of proposals which did not interfere with original features his advice was sometimes set aside. He was unable to approve of the 'Gothic' glass which has been inserted in a number of the windows on the north side of the nave. This glass is scholarly work as far as the design is concerned, and the glass itself is of excellent quality; but, in the words of Garbett, 'it pretends to be what it is not.' It is made in imitation of medieval work, and cannot be regarded as artistically genuine. Lethaby realised that its insertion did not involve damage to the old fabric, and therefore did not press his protest. Such proposals as that of a new aisle on the north side of the nave, which was revived in 1927, and the sacristy scheme, announced in February 1928, were to him unthinkable. The need to provide space for more monuments did not, in Lethaby's opinion, justify interference with the old building, and he believed that the accommodation required by the sacrist might be arranged without a new erection on the north. Lethaby had for some months felt that his period of usefulness at the Abbey was drawing to a close, and there had been rumours of his intended resignation. It has occasionally been suggested that the big schemes above mentioned did not influence Lethaby, but this is not the fact. His chief source of pride was the new work which he 'had not done,' or, it might be added, allowed to be done. It would have been a mistake for him to retain office when his advice on the more important proposals was no longer acceptable. An architect of eminence, but whose principles were the reverse of Lethaby's, had been asked to design the new sacristy, and the publication of the scheme was as much a surprise to the surveyor as to the public. He forthwith resigned, and his resignation was announced in the newspapers on July 30, 1928. Those who knew Lethaby, and understood something of his great love for the Abbey, appreciate the sorrow with which he parted from his charge. Not until two years had passed did he again visit the church. It is of interest that, prior to his retirement, he had been engaged upon a book, or series of articles, dealing with the paintings at the Abbey, of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and with certain little-known parts of the monastic buildings. The drafts and notes of these are among the collection now in my

possession. He left the fabric of the Abbey in far better condition than he found it, and, in leaving, he might once more have thought of the words of John Carter, which he quoted at the conclusion of 'Westminster Abbey Re-examined': 'Again farewell; and may these essays have some influence over thy future welfare; then shall I think my labours well bestowed, and my happy spirit, when disrobed of mortal clay, will ever dwell a guardian genius to protect and guard thy architectural glories to time immemorial.' This wish may surely be said to be in course of fulfilment. A simply inscribed stone to Lethaby's memory has been placed in the west cloister walk. He rests in a quiet country churchyard.

The splendid success of Lethaby's methods cannot fail to be a perpetual inspiration to his successors in the care of the fabric, and the good work will not cease. The further it extends over the church the more impressive it becomes. Those who visit the Abbey to-day, and see the careful work of cleaning and repair which is in progress, may remember the man who began it. They may recall a line worthy to be spoken of all truly great ones now gone; of men whose lives were given in service towards some lasting good: 'Still from the grave their voice is heard.'

J. G. NOPPEN.

Art. 10.—SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

1. *Samuel Richardson*. 1689–1761. *Imprimeur de Londres*. Par Paul Dottin. Paris: Perrin, 1931.
2. *Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps*. Par Abel Chevalley. Oxford University Press, 1921.
3. *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*. By Samuel Richardson. Everyman's Library. Four Vols. Dent, 1932.

CERTAINLY the man who discovered the novel did a remarkable thing. He opened a sluice-gate in the reservoir of human invention and since then its bounty has descended with increasing volume till nowadays one might as well try to count the splashes on a London pavement when it rains. So it is not surprising that, nearly two hundred years later, a French professor of literature should devote nearly five hundred pages to chronicling the Discoverer's unremarkable existence. Yet the merit of M. Dottin's book is that he makes us perceive the significance of its unremarkability. For such an achievement such a nature and such an environment were indispensable. Story-telling is as old an accomplishment as humanity possesses, but it has two founts of inspiration—the marvellous and the commonplace. The latter, as we all know, is by far the more profitable; but we did not know it till Richardson gave the demonstration. Yet probably he did, to begin with, only what mankind, and more particularly womankind, had been doing since they were created; that is to say, he made up stories for his own delectation; but—having in his unlikely person a real spark of the divine afflatus—he was prompted to tell them to other people. He did it to amuse his schoolfellows, quite probably in the first instance to avoid being licked, for he was the kind of boy who gets bullied. So, but not for the same reason, did quite a different kind of boy, Walter Scott. But the boy Wattie made up interminable stories about damsels in distress and unconquerable knights-errant; Samuel, in a short jacket, related the edifying history of Tommy Pots, a virtuous serving-man who was a good example to his rich and beautiful mistress till she married him.

Now these two men between them are primarily
Vol. 259.—No. 514. x

responsible for the fame of the English novel. Richardson first made it a literary influence pervading all cultivated Europe; his great contemporaries, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne (all of whom he heartily detested and disapproved) only extended what he had done. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' came after his death—perhaps the only great work of fiction other than his own by a contemporary that might have pleased him. But there followed, as M. Chevalley shows in his book, 'Le Roman Anglais,' a period in which this literary form slumped back into disrepute, till Scott lifted it out of the gutter. He made, of course, something very unlike to Richardson's creation—as unlike as the two men were. Scott's imagination never ceased to be dominated by the knight-errant, and Richardson never got far away from Tommy Pots. Yet it was not by his knights-errant that Scott succeeded: his feet always had to be solidly established on common earth; and his early use of the epistolary device is a technical acknowledgment of indebtedness to the Discoverer. But essentially, in one respect that for a century was held to be important, he went back to Richardson's standards. Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne had been in their different ways indecent, and Sterne, at least, deliberately traded on the appeal to prurience. Scott would have none of this. He was, in fact, a good deal severer in practice than Richardson, for he avoided rigorously all scenes that tended to be what he called 'luscious.' A good many passages in 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa' would have seemed to him likely to inflame the youthful imagination. Richardson's answer would have been that the moral lesson must be rubbed in; for he was convinced that he had a mission to reform the world by presenting both admirable and shocking examples. Scott, more modest, confined himself to avoiding whatever he thought might do harm.

But the truth is that Scott had no propensity to lusciousness; his imagination ran riot in a world of hard knocks and humorous encounters; whereas Richardson, as his works make plain, had only one object of contemplation, sex in all its workings. These were the only adventures that interested him; but it is an ample theme. Falling in love and falling out of love; marrying and giving in marriage; the trials of a suitor, the trials

of a wife; these since we have records of literature have enthralled the world, of both sexes—though the masculine has always demanded a certain admixture of fighting with the love-making. Romances had catered for this interest, with tales of high and difficult wooing; it was left for Richardson to see that the desire for marvels is less than the desire for gossip, and that gossip, though it has a deal to say about getting on in the world or falling into financial difficulties, is never so enthralling as when it has to do with sex. Will she accept him? Will he propose? Are they married?—these are questions perpetually and passionately arising out of the eternal pre-occupation which was never stronger in any human being than in the elderly, little, fat, roundabout, invalidish London citizen, who became famous at the age of fifty by the exercise of a talent which no one suspected. This was the gift of impersonation, essential to the successful story-teller; and in the kind of story-teller that Richardson set out to be, there were new requirements. Mankind wanted tales of adventure and heroic action; had wanted them since the time of Homer, who, by general consent, contrived to make heroes speak and act in character. Yet since heroes are uncommon cattle, and moreover when represented were often moving in remote and unfamiliar scenes, the public could only appraise the performance by its notion of what a hero is like. But when a story-teller undertakes to gratify that other appetite, the sublimated taste for gossip, by providing stories about people of his own time, he must achieve a more difficult verisimilitude, since everybody is a judge by experience of what he impersonates. If he can so manage the business that when we hear a tale told the characters in it grow familiar, that it is as if an actual acquaintance took part in the action, great is the reward; but great the difficulty. Richardson shirked none of it. He would have no narration except by one of the actors. Every word spoken must be spoken in character. His personages must display themselves and recount their own actions, their experiences and their emotions while still closely under the impact of reality. 'Writing of, and in the midst of, *present* distresses, how *much more* lively, and affecting for that reason, must her style be; her mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty

(the events then hidden in the womb of fate) *than* the dry narrative unanimated style of persons relating difficulties and dangers surmounted.' So Mr Belford, when about to peruse Clarissa's papers, put it to Lovelace: but the novelist is pleading his own cause. The epistolary method was to him the liveliest and the best. It is true he had made no trial of any other, since first he stumbled into this way of narration.

In a certain sense, though a very unusual one, his whole life had been an apprenticeship to literature. He was the son of a London master-carpenter who in 1688 emigrated to some little unnamed town in Derbyshire, where Samuel was born, reared, and went to the grammar school; where, as has been said, he invented stories for his schoolfellows, and where also at his mother's house he read aloud edifying books to the young women who came to do their sewing in company. He read with so much unction, he commented with such discernment on the matter of his reading, that the young women, one after another, came asking that he should write letters for them to their sweethearts. Such has always been the legend and M. Dottin upholds the truth of it, observing that De Quincey, and even in a later day Thomas Hardy, were charged with the same delicate office.—One would be inclined to think that M. Dottin is wrong in concluding that these were probably very simple notes. Pedantry develops early in the young and it is possible that Samuel was even more priggish at thirteen than at fifty.—Then the family moved back to London and there was more schooling—we do not know where—and thoughts of the Church for this infant prodigy. But money was short and Samuel had to decide upon a trade. The choice was significant: he apprenticed himself to a master-printer at the age of seventeen, and from 1706 to 1713 he was bound to serve John Wilde of Aldersgate Street.

He was a model apprentice and model young man: never went to a house of ill fame nor kept company with any but virtuous women; and at nights he read passionately, observing two scruples for which Sir Charles Grandison would have applauded him. He never sat up so long that he could not be fresh in the morning to give his employer full measure of good service; and

he paid for his own candles, thinking that those which Mr Wilde provided were merely meant to go to bed by.

Moreover, somewhere and somehow, during his apprenticeship or in the six years of his working as journeyman printer, he had the luck to meet a gentleman who was a great traveller and wanted a correspondent to keep him abreast of London news during his excursions—repaying the good office with letters of his own. It was in this way that Samuel first heard of a great squire who, after failing to make a pretty housemaid his mistress, had married her and lived happily ever after. So, at least, Richardson told Aaron Hill in 1741; but M. Dottin is a little doubtful about the perfect authenticity of this story; for the novelist, when he wrote that letter, was still anxious to make the world, and perhaps even himself, believe that 'Pamela' was not fiction but a piece of social history. There is also some mystery about the rich traveller and correspondent; and possibly there never was no such person. But according to the story this exercise in correspondence set the young man writing on his own account, and very likely he kept a journal. At least, that insatiable writer, *Clarissa*, did so, in the days before *Lovelace* dawned on her horizon; and Samuel probably assigned to his heroine this trait in his own formation. He composed essays in the manner that was then in vogue, for the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' were at the height of their fame; and when he himself was illustrious, he gave it as his opinion that Addison should rank with Shakespeare as a creator. Whether in these early forgotten attempts he tried his hand at making a character live, we can only guess; but it is important to remember this step towards the novel of manners. Defoe, as M. Chevalley points out, had brought prose narration to a new perfection—but without the display of character. Addison and Steele, on the other hand, were producing admirable characterisation without a sustained story. It is not in the least probable that the young printer put these two things together consciously: that is not how literary growth takes place. But certainly he was not at all interested in stories that were mere narrative; he wanted character and he wanted emotion; he wanted edification, which in some of Defoe's prose narrative was

singularly lacking. And, whether for narrative or for characterisation, there was a demand for presentment of contemporary life through prose fiction. Now, a printer's office was the very place in which to realise what the public wanted.

By 1719 Richardson was a master-printer on his own account and, by 1721, he was solidly established through marriage to the daughter of his late employer. By 1724 he had moved into better premises in what is now Salisbury Square, but was then Salisbury Court. He got plenty of work, he continued to write, and in a business sense all went well; but his children died off as fast as they were born—six of them in nine years and his wife died with the sixth. Then he remarried in 1732, again with a printer's daughter, and by 1740 he had lost two more sons, but had four daughters living. Thus, twenty years of prosperous business affairs, and unprosperous paternity. But by the beginning of 1740 he had begotten a new daughter, of a much more vigorous strain.

Richardson was now in his forty-ninth year, a successful and respected man in his own way of business, who lived, moved, and had his being east of Temple Bar. Yet outside that boundary the prosperous citizen had formed relations of acquaintanceship, notably with Onslow who in 1728 became Speaker of the House of Commons; and through his influence Richardson secured the contract for official printing of parliamentary papers. Moreover, since the week-end habit was already fully established (as Horace Walpole's letters repeatedly testify) he had provided himself and his family with a suitable lodgment out of town: sharing the big house 'North End,' close to Hammersmith, with its proprietor, Mr Vanderplank. He shared the garden also, for he loved to prune his roses; and, in the fashion of the day, he built himself a grotto where he could meditate at leisure, and, moreover, carry on those parts of his work which were not simply a printer's. For he had become in his degree a man of letters, and when there was a proposal to bring out the papers of Sir Thomas Roe, who was Ambassador at Constantinople between 1621 and 1628, the manuscripts were brought to him, and he induced the newly founded Society for the Encouragement of Learning to finance the publication. Carte and Anderson

were appointed editors, but the printer had a full share in the task of selection and arrangement, and, above all, showed his sense of what such a publication ought to contain by providing a thorough index. This conviction remained so strong with him that his own novels are probably the only works of fiction furnished with such an apparatus. The reasons for this are touched with that aura of solemn absurdity which radiates from Richardson; he thought it well that people should easily turn up the appropriate advice. Yet let us give credit where it is due. Conscientious provision of indexes has been a characteristic of British book-making, just as the lack of it has been a mark of French work. Richardson would have been glad to recognise that M. Dottin—despite the tone of Gallic persiflage which runs through his narrative and commentary—has conformed in this important matter to his subject's example.

While Roe's papers were still in preparation, one of the bookselling publishers, Osborne of Paternoster Row, bethought him of a new edition of *Æsop's Fables*, in which the moral reflections added by the translator L'Estrange should be amplified and, as it were, brought up to date. The task was confided to Richardson—one step more to authorship. The next thing that happened was that Osborne, joining forces with Rivington, proposed an entirely original work: a collection of letters dealing with circumstances of ordinary life, designed for the example and instruction of ordinary people. Richardson undertook it and finished it. But he never signed this work, nor did he complete it out of hand; for in the course of its composition he had come on an idea. He had sketched out the letters from an imaginary father to a daughter whose master had made attempts on her virtue. Then it struck him that the theme might lend itself to enlargement. Romances were full of the adventures of fair ladies of high degree in jeopardy from would-be despoilers. Were there not many people who would be much more interested in the much likelier perils of a servant girl? He flung himself into it. It is reported that his own copy of the published work had a note in his handwriting to say that he began to write on Nov. 10, 1739, and finished it on the 10th of January following. M. Dottin is incredulous. He does not believe that a busy

man could have written 250,000 words in sixty-two days—an average of four thousand words a day. With great respect, we do not share this incredulity. Nearly everybody who has written, and above all has written fiction, will remember days when the pen ran unceasingly and the count of pages multiplied. Scott constantly wrote a chapter of the *Waverleys* in a morning—not a shorter allowance than 4000 words—and that after novel writing had become part of the routine of life. ‘*Guy Mannering*’ in the early days was written at a speed not less than Richardson claimed to have accomplished; yet Scott had always other occupations that tempted him as much as the exercise of his pen. Richardson was a glutton for writing. People cavil at *Clarissa*’s devotion to her pen, but there is no doubt that if Richardson had been in *Clarissa*’s body and circumstances, he would have written rather more than less than she is represented as doing. No doubt he was a busy man, and had other affairs to attend to than writing during those two months in a cold winter; but he never at any time gave himself more than six hours sleep—from eleven to five; and even setting apart twelve hours for meals and business, that left him six in which to pour out the stuff with which his brain was bursting.

For here is what had happened. Almost fifty years had gone by, in an existence without adventure, without emotional outlet, and suddenly this fat little man found himself opening the door of a theatre in which life could be lived with extravagant completeness, although at second hand. He could be a hero to his heart’s content. More than that, he could be a heroine; and it was the female rôle that tempted him—for in that rôle he could get closest to the very palpitations of the pursued in that eternal chase about which human imagination was so incessantly preoccupied. And since in that chase victory was not always to the strong—or rather, since moral fortitude might in certain happy conditions obtain a dazzling prize—the whole cycle of alarms, onslaughts, temptations, snares, quick doubling escapes, and obdurate resistance, might be followed breathlessly. There was no question of seeing the story through the eyes of the agonised father, himself a mere spectator; Richardson, with one leap, plunged himself into the petticoats of a girl of sixteen.

There is no mistaking the success of this amazing impersonation. We may think the story absurd and incredible—though up to a point it is likely enough in broad outline; but we cannot but feel that from the first there is a live creature talking. No matter how stilted the sentiments, they are uttered in a living voice, and never one instant does the masculine note come through. The world expected then, and continued to expect for another hundred years, that what was written in a letter should be expressed with a certain deliberation; Pamela had learnt to write letters nicely, that was part of the example she set; and sentiments were then appropriately introduced into letters. It was an age that loved sentiments and was just beginning to bring the word 'sentimental' into fashion (Sterne's critics, some of them, asked what exactly it meant); well, here were sentiments appropriately arising out of incidents vividly sketched—and, which was new, these incidents were all strung together into a continuous narrative about events of ordinary life. That was *The Novel*; and people went wild over it: but it was not the newly discovered form that captivated them. It was the story-teller's impassioned sincerity, his power to make all so real to himself that his thrill was transmitted; it was his breathless preoccupation with every turn and twist of the love-chase, and his profusion of detail. Gossip demands to know not simply what he or she said in a conversation, but how they looked, in what tone it was uttered; and these touches Richardson never fails to supply. He has no humour, but he has the completest imagination; and when he recounts exactly what Pamela was wearing, or how she arranged the bundles of her baggage (when the move from 'B. Hall' was projected) we have the feeling that no consultation was needed for all these ultra-feminine details. Still, he may have had it, for consultation was his method. The project was a secret at first, but when he read over some of the opening, he could not resist calling in his wife and a friend who was then living with them; and their applause was the first that he received. After that, night by night, the two came into his writing room to ask for a reading of the newly written pages. Yet it is not certain that Richardson's extremely well-regulated family would have permitted themselves to make suggestions.

When he was famous, however, less subordinate admirers had that privilege, and he utilised their counsel.

'Pamela' came out anonymously with a preface explaining that this edifying correspondence was authentic and that happily it did not contain a single passage shocking to the most virtuous. A couple of letters, one signed by a Mr Freval, a professional literary hack, the other anonymous, were printed after this introduction, the purport of both being that such a mine of profitable treasure should not be withheld from the world. In short, Richardson, the business man, neglected nothing to promote the sale of what Richardson the artist had accomplished; but so far was he from expecting what followed that he parted with two-thirds of the copyright for twenty pounds. What did follow was a blaze of glory; letters pouring in from admirers—not all feminine admirers; but for the rest of his life Richardson was to swim like a dumpy goldfish in warm pools of female adoration. Another type of suffrage which he valued hardly less came from the clergy (the tea-table clergy). They preached about Pamela, and he repaid some of them at least by bringing out their works of edification on favourable terms. But the world at large was talking Pamela, and a waxwork proprietor exhibited scenes from her life with more than a hundred figures in the appropriate settings. There was dramatisation, translation into several languages: and, of course, edition after edition, with gradual suppression of the prefatory puffs.

There was also the counterblast: hostile criticism: parodies—anti-Pamelas—two of them; and they sold. But these are only remembered by students like M. Dottin. Not so with the work of another assailant. We are, indeed, not obliged to read 'Apology for the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews,' which Henry Fielding published early in 1741, without an idea that he was attacking Richardson. The pseudonym attached, 'Mr Conny Keyber,' suggests to M. Dottin that he wanted to fix Dr Conyers Middleton and Colley Cibber—both of whom he disliked—with some complicity. We may content ourselves with studying M. Dottin's résumé of this caricature, which is mighty gross. But none who has any pretension to knowledge can ignore the book which Fielding published next year, 'The History of Joseph Andrews.' Here the intention

was not to caricature but to parody, and Pamela's brother, the footman proof against seduction, makes a comic counterpart to Pamela's own adventure. But very soon Fielding forgot about Richardson and went off with his own invention, delighting in the company of Parson Adams—a clergyman so little after the Richardsonian pattern. Still, Fielding and we are indebted to Richardson for more than the stimulus which set Fielding at work. 'Pamela' had made the novel popular and respected. Writers knew now what could be done with a tale of common life, in which the presentation of character made a rival attraction to the evolution of a plot. One need hardly say that Richardson took no pleasure in such reflections, if he made them. He thought Fielding's work most damnable, and the worst of it was that Sarah Fielding, the sinner's sister, was a true believer in Pamela, a friend of Richardson's and herself a novelist whom Richardson delighted to honour.

Meanwhile the sense of proprietorship led Pamela's creator artistically astray. Rival booksellers had conceived the plan of commissioning certain literary hacks to provide a sequel, showing the heroine established in society. Richardson was furious, but his protestations averted nothing, so he set out to make his own continuation, which illustrated Pamela's excellence as a mother to her own infant, her tenderness to her husband's illegitimate child, and her success in dealing with the threatened infidelities of Mr B. At the end of 1742 his work appeared as the 'Third and Fourth Volumes of Pamela,' and this time there was no mystery as to the authorship. The tale had the title-page, 'Printed for Samuel Richardson.' But the pretence that the whole was a selection from authentic papers still had to be maintained; 'Six ladies from Berkshire' wrote to know whether this story concerned real persons, which they took leave to doubt, for the two ladies of quality who had begun as serving-maids refused to admit that it was their history. Now in Richardson's opinion a definite avowal that the whole was invented would have checked its sales. The public had bought it largely, as to-day it buys newspapers with the story of a *cause célèbre*. He was a pioneer who could not own up to the road on which he was leading; and so he put his correspondents off

with an evasive answer. Transparent invention was well enough for the shameless author of 'Joseph Andrews,' who had no purpose of edification: but would Pamela's views on the management of babies or of husbands carry the same weight if the public was told plump out that no such virtuous lady had ever really existed? Indeed, the pretext of documentation was never formally abandoned by Richardson. When the next novel came out it was theoretically based on a bequeathed correspondence.

But before that several years had elapsed; 'Tom Jones' had followed 'Joseph Andrews' during the long period in which 'Clarissa' was in writing. Richardson set to work in the summer of 1744, and the first volume did not appear in 1748; for this time there had been much consultation. Aaron Hill, a poet of some repute and a scholar, who had long been a client and correspondent of the printer, was invited to criticise the first draft of this vastly more ambitious undertaking. 'Pamela' had grown out of a series of letters designed for the edification of simple and not well-educated people: this time, edification was to be furnished by the trials of a rich, well-born and highly educated young lady. Again the whole story was to be a love-chase, but this time neither quarry nor pursuer was to be so ordinary in type as were Pamela and her Mr B. The villain and the hero were again to be one and the same man (for Mr B. is Pamela's hero); but this time he was to be truly heroic in his villainy. And this time the author, who had before contented himself with living in the person of the pursued, would be pursuer as well. For the supreme merit of 'Clarissa' lies in this that Richardson, who is Clarissa utterly and completely, is Lovelace also with the same passionate incarnation. What wild work must have gone on in that little bourgeois imagination during the five years that this novel was in progress! 'Pamela' had shown how completely he was under the obsession of sex, yet only in one aspect of it; he only suggests on occasion the tempestuous manifestations of masculine desire, and the interest concentrates on the fright they occasion. But in 'Clarissa' we are admitted to the mind of a professional seducer, provided with every imaginable equipment, who devotes the whole of his existence to the destruction of female virtue.

Richardson's imagination always keeps a certain reticence and the seducer whom he invents, whom he chooses spiritually to enter into, cares little for the grosser pleasures. The essence of the sport for him is subjugation; Lovelace does not deal in adultery (except as an occasional diversion); his desire is always to be the first possessor. Into this character the staid citizen enters with such intensity that the book, formless though it is, has a complete unity from its singleness of pre-occupation. A volume is spent in describing the circumstances under which the virtuous *Clarissa* is tricked into the appearance of elopement with this known libertine; and however improbable the broad lines of this invention—for the violence with which her parents and relations seek to force their daughter into an unnecessary marriage is not credible—yet the working-out is most skilful, and before the fatal step is taken we are thoroughly acquainted with *Clarissa* and her confidant, *Miss Howe*. *Lovelace* during all this time has been little more than a figure seen in the background; but, once he is away with his prey, Richardson's imagination is as fully devoted to him as to *Clarissa*; and we are made to feel that if the struggle went on merely between the two, she would be the winner, and the marriage for which she is ready would be the result—whatever the later consequences. It nearly comes to that, while she lives in a decent farmhouse, among honest people, though under his protection; but when he gets her to London, into a disguised brothel, there are too many incarnations of his past about him prompting him to live up to his reputation. For the seducer that Richardson has invented is actuated almost entirely by masculine vanity (that was a part of humanity to which the staid printer had full emotional access): and he is quite content to defer sensual gratification for the intellectual pleasure of subjugating a will. In the end, he fails; he has to admit defeat on his chosen field; and rather than give in completely, he lets himself be pushed into the violation of a drugged body. Let us do Richardson justice. He was a real artist. He did not shrink from a catastrophe that he knew would horrify, and even scandalise. When *Walter Scott* wrote his only novel of contemporary life, '*St Ronan's Well*,' he let himself be talked by *Ballantyne* out of his

original purpose to represent Clare Mowbray as the victim of seduction, and substituted against his judgment the fiction of a false marriage. But Richardson, so easily shockable, was determined to carry out his whole conception. Pamela had talked incessantly about her 'virtue,' as if it were a physical attribute. This book was not to be open to any such reproach. Clarissa physically violated was to consider herself ruined and disgraced; she was to accept this punishment of her first rash step; but she was to make it perfectly clear that her essential chastity was untouched, and her will unsubdued. The first stage in Lovelace's defeat comes when he admits this.

In this masterpiece of alternate impersonation, both the personages carry their characteristics to the point of improbability, yet both are so passionately endowed with life that they remain human. Behind them is a whole gallery of subordinate impersonations, both male and female, well enough done. Lovelace's secondary male, the confidant Belford, is something of a lay figure: but Clarissa's Miss Howe is thoroughly and likeably alive, although her humour of unreasonable snappishness is tiresomely exaggerated. It is not simply a play of two parts, but its protagonists stand out in all ways conspicuous; with this difference. Clarissa is portrayed with adoration: portrayed is too remote a word: she is modelled and built up with adoring touches, more from within than from without. But the seducer is created with gusto. If one wishes to show how surprisingly vigorous writing could flow from the pen of this elderly, virtuous valetudinarian, one would always quote a letter written in the character of Lovelace. Here is an example:

'A strutting rascal of a cock have I beheld chuck, chuck, chucking his mistress to him, when he has found a single barley-corn, taking it up with his bill, and letting it drop five or six times, still repeating his chucking invitation: and when two or three of his feathered ladies strive who shall be the first for it [*O Jack! a cock is a grand signor of a bird!*] he directs the bill of the foremost to it; and when she has got the dirty pearl, he struts over her with an erected crest, and with an exulting chuck-a-chuck-aw-aw-aw, circling round her with dropt wings, sweeping the dust in humble courtship: while

the obliged she, half-shy, half-willing, by her cowering tail, prepared wings, yet seemingly affrighted eyes, and contracted neck, lets one see that she knows the barley-corn was not all he called her for.'

Richardson was not an observant student of nature; but how closely he had studied love-making in the farmyard!

No doubt it is not easy to go through with 'Clarissa,' especially as two volumes are needed to wind up the story after her death; there are deathbeds galore, notably that of Mrs Sinclair, the old dragon of a brothel keeper—and how Richardson came to draw that figure, worthy of Hogarth at his strongest, must be a kind of mystery. No such speculations haunt us in Sir Charles Grandison. Everything there is demure and sedate. Sir Charles, though tedious, is not merely a faultless monster; but Richardson, in patterning him out, had none of the fervour that he knew when he begat Lovelace; nor does Harriet, whose virtue is never in danger, create about her that atmosphere of excitement which is inevitable when for innumerable pages (whether in 'Pamela' or 'Clarissa') we are strung up to the possibility of beholding a rape. Gossip still has its central theme: Which will he marry? But there is never (after the first brush with a wicked baronet) any suggestion of the more stimulating subjects.

Let us leave it at that. M. Dottin has made us read Richardson once again; he has let us into all the secrets of the little man's existence; we are informed of what almost amounted to his amour with a lady of quality; for Lady Bradshaigh, when she consented at last to call on the man with whom she had been corresponding for months about his books, gave herself all the airs of going to an assignation. It is well to quote the self-portrait which he drew to guide her to a meeting with him in the Mall; there is no better example of his descriptive talent.

'Short; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; and about 5 foot 5 inches; fair wig, lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors or startings and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as

passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced and ruddy-cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger' [his true age sixty]; 'a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be if he have hopes of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her hair and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as *so* and *so*, and then passes on to the next object he meets; only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece, in the one light or the other.'

Was he really five foot five, or did he add an inch or so? There is some reason to think that Lady Bradshaigh liked him better on paper than in the flesh; for although their friendship lasted, there were long months when she was in London and never called.

He was doubtless a very good man. But he had Goldsmith in his printer's shop as a reader for some time when things were at their worst, and never found out that Goldsmith needed help and was worth helping. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he would not have thought help wasted on one so repeatedly prodigal and sinful. He did Johnson, in that great man's necessities, a good turn more than once; but he did not do them so as to earn Johnson's gratitude. M. Dottin has not made us like him; and we are left rather with the feeling that M. Dottin thought it would be no use to try.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

Art. 11.—THE CREATION OF PEACE.

The Causes of War. Economic, Industrial, Racial, Religious, Scientific, and Political. By Sir Arthur Salter and Other Writers. With Introduction by Ruth Cranston. Edited by Arthur Porritt. Macmillan, 1932.

THE above-named book is brief in its contents but of high significance, inasmuch as it illustrates the continuous and even fevered anxieties of those who think with any steadfastness about the dangers through war that threaten without ceasing the welfare and, indeed, the very existence of our civilisation. In 1928 a privately appointed 'World Conference for International Peace through Religion' began its discussions at Geneva and set itself, first, to discover the causes of war and the tendencies that make for war; and then, by means of three separate Commissions, to estimate the religious and spiritual forces in the world, through the workings of which war might be abolished and permanent peace ensured. A towering task, especially for private persons to undertake; the most lofty of ambitions, yet right enough, if the instrument to be used can be equal to the occasion; and a task, it is to be hoped, not altogether as impossible as to the first glance it appears. This series of essays constitutes the Report of the first of those Commissions.

But before considering its purpose and conclusions we are entitled to examine and criticise the volume as a literary offering, expressive of its theme; and, frankly, it might have been better done. Its methods and form are in several ways wanting, and, like many works of the kind produced by a team of writers, it is ill-balanced, the lengths of the contributions varying greatly and not relatively to their importance; and there are inevitable gaps, with a little over-lapping, and, naturally, some differences of ideas and ideals between the nine contributors, even on the main subject to which they are harnessed. To take two passing examples of the editorial inadequacy which really does matter in a book of this class and serious appeal. Sir Arthur Thomson's study of 'Science and War,' which, remembering all that is implied

THE CREATION OF PEACE

in its title and authorship, should be of the profoundest significance to this inquiry, occupies only five brief pages, containing altogether not more than fifteen hundred words ; whereas Mr G. A. Johnson, in thirty-seven pages, wanders far from the real subject with his examination of 'Industrial and Labour Influences.' Overlooking Mr A. Yusuf Ali's reminder that 'War is a matter between organised States and not between communities or sections of communities within a single political State,' Mr Johnson spends his expert knowledge and large proportion of pages on industrial unrest and other discordant effects of the factory system, such as overcrowding in towns and slums and the consequent discontents leading to disputes strikes, and, it may be, rioting—all, of course, unhappy and violent, injurious in some measure to the State that suffers them and to the general world, but having nothing really to do with war as in this book it is regarded. Without further reference to the small and possibly expectable defects of a composite work of this character we pass to some consideration of its general purposes and conclusions.

There is no measuring the need of the Earth for the ease and security of peace after Armageddon. As Miss Ruth Cranston, the Secretary of the Commission, says in her incisive introduction, 'What people want is peace, not in the static but in the positive sense, freedom, security to develop their individual powers, and a more satisfying life generally.' Yet the habit and fear of war and its abiding expectation haunt mankind like a foul and indispensible darkness ; and not even the World War, with its apparently illimitable consequences of national and international debt, want, and widespread social and economic unsettlement, as now too well we know it, can blot out the possibility of a new conflagration raging at some time in the future, while the present conditions suggest its being almost certain to happen again as soon as the means to do ill deeds are restored and a bad spirit of self-confidence is renewed among the discontented nations. So rapidly can humanity forget. For already, as is easily to be seen, the effects of the dreadful struggle, which ended only fourteen years ago, have grown blurred, become transformed, or been forgotten. The innumerable memorials erected to the

honour of the dead eloquently remind us of the heroism and devotion which exalt a cause, and thereby strengthen the glamour, while tending to obliterate recollections of the humiliations and heavy deprivations so widely suffered. The meannesses of spirit, actual in every wartime, are overlooked; the suspicions and superstitions of spying and treachery, worse than absurd in the retrospect—those mysterious flickering lights which spelt evil communications to an invisible enemy; those prepared floors of concrete which, seen with sane eyes, if ever they were seen at all, could only have meant a preposterous waste of money and effort when regarded as parts of a military design—all are elements in a lowering and poisonous atmosphere, bound to recur as soon as any new war is declared. There is no getting away from those consequences of deathful anger and hatred when the time comes; yet, meanwhile, they are blissfully forgotten while in drawing-room song and story the chivalrous ways of knights and warriors, steel-clad or in scarlet, are belauded and sung, making it easy for us to forget the truth that this war-game when duly played to-day is a remorseless business with its costly and complex organisations—triumphs of science and machinery—elaborated to destroy.

Not so many years ago Lord Wolseley in a book of reminiscences answered a question that often had been asked him as to what truly was the successful soldier's reward; and his reply was 'Glory!' Well, the facts of a long-drawn and exhausting campaign are not quite so glorious now, with the increased mechanisation of weapons and means of transport, the bombs dropped haphazard on towns, poison-gas and shells so powerful that their chance victims may be almost obliterated. Not that we would decry for a moment—nay, just the reverse!—the wonderful qualities of spiritual courage and heroic self-giving proved in the War, that were the more sublime because of the increased hideousness of the circumstances against which they were set. But facts are facts; and however attractive warfare may have seemed, for instance, in the days of Marlborough, when salutes were exchanged by officers of the opposed forces and the other side was invited to fire first, those gestures and attitudes are impossible now that weapons, ammunition,

and marksmanship have become so deadly and the plumes and banners are left at home.

It is, however, as well, while we appear so easily able to contemplate the moral impossibilities of war, to recognise what Sir Arthur Thomson and Mr Alfred Zimmern say on its behalf in this very book, statements which illustrate the truth that the acceptance of the necessity of fighting is bred in the bone. Sir Arthur Thomson, not without a little hesitation, declares that 'We think there is considerable evidence in support of the view that the Conflict of Races has had some useful influence in the evolution of civilisation,' and Mr Zimmern in his essay on 'The Cultural Causes of War'—which again is of inadequate length for the crucial question it discusses—remarks that 'Conflict, indeed, and what may be by analogy termed warfare, are necessary for the development of the human spirit—for all men at some time, and for some men almost continuously.' There you have it! If the powers of religion are to eliminate warfare as those assembled Commissioners desired and invite, where is a line to be drawn? Science says that a little of its barbarous discipline is necessary for civilisation and culture; but unhappily the influences that bring war and carry it to its ruinous conclusions do not cease to be active with the squeal of a referee's whistle or (remembering the particular call to religion in this Report) even an archbishop's rebuke. As was the case in the Great War, the fighting is apt to go on for a long time after its original uplifting impulse has been spent.

The modification of the extreme call to peace is, of course, to be expected in a biologist eager for the truth, who has recognised the importance in the evolutionary plan of Tennyson's 'reign of tooth and claw'; but it does not affect the main issue, as Sir Arthur Thomson himself would recognise. The ending of war in the process of the ages must eventually come; but not, we may be sure, with the suddenness of the call of a trumpet; while, as usual, before the idealists have had their way, the customary police-business of the world will have to be done by armed forces—in reducing brigand strongholds, suppressing the traffic in slaves, and bringing to an end piracy and, doubtless, many other evils which through the greeds, lusts, passions, and weaknesses of the flesh

are bound to continue for a very long time to come. All these punitive activities are of the real stuff of war, and lead to resistance, reprisals, and the exercise of more and yet more force. For at no time has the White Man's Burden been solely an affair of rose-water and pious admonitions. Furthermore, apart from the will to violence on the part of the wild men of the world—the brigands and pirates about whom fiction often has shed too kindly an aroma of romance—there is such will to use military force as is manifest in Soviet Russia to-day. We are reminded of this by the words of the Bishop of Fulham, uttered at the unveiling of a window-memorial to men of Hornsey who fell in the War,* and irresistible to quote in view of the hopes, as expressed in this Report, of the peace-making efforts of the united religious forces of the world. After referring to disarmament and the need of a trustful understanding between the nations, the Bishop continued:

'Don't let me be misunderstood. We must have armed forces; nations must be able to defend themselves against aggression. We have to revert to force, sometimes, in the fulfilment of international obligations. As one whose duty it is to pay regular visits to Russia, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that a huge standing army, the largest standing army in Europe, is not kept solely for the purposes of defence, but is at the disposal of a body of fanatics who announce that they will have world-revolution by any means.'

But even such passing, casual mention of difficulties hampering the ways to perfectability in the cause of peace brings to thought further complexities and dangers, showing how far and rough, crowded with obstacles or lined with pitfalls, is the road that stretches before the idealist whose purpose is universal peace. Some of the most insistent of those difficulties are touched upon by Mr C. F. Andrews in his long chapter on 'Racial Influences'; for there is no avoiding the truths of the extraordinary provocations to anger and fighting that are due to differences in race, especially when those diversities are inflamed by religious prejudices, too often inducing to the worst hatreds. In Asia especially one sees innumerable favourable opportunities for such dis-

* 'The Times,' Sept. 19, 1932.

cordancies. For East is East and West is West—and how rarely can those opposites meet! In Japan and China (not, for the moment, to mention India, which has its further and special difficulties) we see ancient civilisations, peoples living less in the present than in their pasts—for even Japan, notwithstanding its rapid assumption of methods of progress, never forgets its former greatness and the deathless spirit of its chivalry—brought against the pressure of western circumstances which, in many ways, they resent. To take one example. The more progressive of the western nations had encroached upon their territories, even their sanctuaries, and established outposts for their own commercial and political advantage; yet many of those nations, having themselves encroached, deliberately took steps to prevent intrusions of a less thrusting character—the settlement of immigrants—from the East. Not to emphasise the point too painfully, the thought of such ‘concessions’ as Wei-Hai-Wei and Kaou-Chao was made the more bitter by pointedly restrictive methods, such as the Asiatic Exclusion Act, passed by the United States Government in 1924, of which the purpose is sufficiently explained in the title. It was a wounding and needless affront made to sensitive Japan, because the same result in restricting or preventing Oriental or other immigrants could equally well have been gained through the particular adjustment of the quota system, already effectively in practice. It all is really a question of tact, that especial jewel of diplomacy, for through such careless or wanton neglect of forethought or manners wounds were caused which easily might have been prevented; wounds which, repeated and exacerbated, were bound to stimulate angers and jealousies through which at any time an explosion and then war might have come. The establishment of the League of Nations by bringing representatives of the various peoples together has, of course, happily improved their mutual relations and given opportunity of outlet for the frank expression of grievances and points of view; but still the League is so very dependent on the general goodwill that it is still rather a virtuous hope than an assured bulwark against the evils it was established to prevent.

In India other conditions of danger also prevail, and

the very vastness of that Empire, with its many and large well-organised and well-defined constituent races, brings out diversities amongst them which make the present experiments in devising a constitution for the future Dominion one of supernormal perplexity. Mr Yusuf Ali deprecates the classification of the Hindu-Moslem troubles in India as among the causes likely to lead to war, because of the terms of his definition, as quoted in our reference to Mr Johnson's industrial essay; but precisely there, if anywhere, do we recognise the exception to his rule. Even in India the Moslem and Hindu communities are so populous and separate, however closely inter-dwelling, that they may be regarded as states without boundaries within the Empire; and civil war is not the less war—as generally it is the bitterest and cruellest of all wars—for the reason that the combatants happen to belong to the same country. All of which tends to show how essential it is that Indian and Imperial statesmen, braving the agitators and their professional discontents, should secure a broad-minded, fair-working scheme, while carefully remembering those inveterate perversities of race that are so easily capable of growing pugnacious. For any attempt made to limit them by a cast-iron regulated system could only result in outbreaks probably so furious that once free of Imperial control a civil war must result, and for cruelty and horror—the desire for vengeance over centuries then finding fulfilment—probably be worse than any war of the kind except those so-called of religion which blackened the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Of another character, hardly less serious, inasmuch as it contains seeds which might easily germinate and blossom in flames, is that difficulty and cause of rancour expressed in the colour-bar. In North America and South Africa especially this calculated obsession has roused and kept alive angers which rankle simply through the humiliating accusation of inferiority implied in it; and almost throughout the world wherever white and dark races have settled closely together it has been manifest. It is based on an evil prejudice which, particularly through those religious and spiritual forces invoked by this Report, should have been improved away long ago; for although the colour-bar alone seems not to have been the positive cause of any war between

whites and the negro races, it has been the occasion of much inward unhappiness, and has led to such vilenesses and sudden cruelties as lynching and the reprisals thereby evoked of an equal fury and beastliness. Mr Andrews suggests that the cure for the prejudice of the colour-bar would be the frank acceptance by all of mutual equality among the races; but as things are can anything in reason be less possible than that? Without speaking in an uncharitable spirit, who can justly assert that all the races, in spiritual and intellectual qualities, are equal? Therefore, how pretend and act as if they were? This is not to say that absolute consideration and courtesy without the taint of patronage should not be practised mutually and equally by all people, whether black, yellow, brown, or white, when brought together; for many a Briton met in our streets—to bring things closely home—is obviously not the spiritual and intellectual equal, let us say, of a Booker Washington; though not even the wildest devotee of the ideal of a universal brotherhood could, without ignorance or dishonesty of heart, declare that the racial descendants of the Samurai were not on the average and in all ways more excellent than the pygmies of Africa or the Esquimaux, both these races having been stunted physically and mentally through centuries of subjection to the worst of climatic conditions.

It is necessary, especially in this Report, which really is a series of well-intentioned essays on a distant and lofty ideal, not to be run away with by the practical visionaries who have penned it. War is something that should be abolished—for why bring brutal death into the world?—and the best way to ensure that most desirable end is to get rid of its causes, and especially those which produce a festering bitterness in the hearts of men. But there is little good in recommending a medicine which cannot be supplied by any pharmacopœia, especially that of the spiritual. Our instance of the Samurai and the African pygmies, of course, was extreme and used to enforce a point without much difficulty. But, certainly, in the general family of the civilised nations of East and West there can be no decent assumption of superiority by any one over any other. Arrogance, which is the prime mark of stupidity, can only brand the moral inferiority of him who shows it. Such vice of ill-nature

is vulgar as well as stupidly cruel, and in its crudity easily discerned and bound to react on the culprit. As with individuals, so with nations. The country and the person that gives expression to the prejudice of the colour-bar is not only guilty of a tactless cruelty, but thereby gives evidence of a self-sufficiency that self-condemns; and, worse than all else, causes the heedless sowing of bitterness which in international as in individual life may come to fruit in wrath and, other opportunities serving, in fighting.

Responsibility begins at home. In contradistinction to the ancient civilisations of the East, which after many centuries of flourishing seem, at least so far as concerns their culture, to have reached a condition of repose, the western nations, and especially we of Britain and they of the United States of America, have set out actively to missionate the world. With the gospel, with medicine and spades—not to mention the subtle influence of the sword—our settlers and explorers have gone forth eventually to bring the wilderness to fruition and, on the whole, in sincere goodwill to guard and help forward the backward races. It needs no verbal illustrations to emphasise this truth. How much more, then, should we with America and the leading nations of Europe conjoin to reduce the likelihood of a further break and havoc of war! So far as England is concerned great and unexampled sacrifices have been made towards the principle of general disarmament, which, of course, is the shortest and the common-sense road to peace; but it cannot be felt that her example has been eagerly followed elsewhere. Yet further efforts must be made, and by Europeans especially, if another war like that fought against the challenging 'mailed fist' of Prussia is not to recur. Especially as the most harmful of all wars are those which—and not only in irony—may be called civilised. For wealth and the extraordinary powers of the machine have made the processes of organised fighting terrible and destructive to the last degree. Compared with it, all native wars, and even such armoured battles as that of Crécy, were little worse than hurtful games; and, doubtless, it was of that simple sort of fighting that Sir Arthur Thomson was thinking when he spoke of the conflict of races having some useful influence in the evolution of civilisation.

That simple murderous horseplay certainly was rough medicine; but it freed some naughty bodies of a little troublesome blood. Yet what might be easeful and helpful among the wild men of the Albanian mountains or on the North-west frontier of India is of an evil and awful character when brought to the dimensions of a war to be fought among the Powers of Europe.

Upon those Powers, therefore, rests the supreme responsibility for any continuance of trial by battle; and to them the gospel implicit within this little book should be addressed. As to the hopefulness of any such appeal it is needless now to speak. The thing is to go on and be thankful for whatever good many occur. Politicians have deaf ears, although sometimes statesmen hear; but in these present years, when politics are much of a business carried on frankly for commercial ends, it is not generally the more exalted statesmen who exercise control. Then how to bring the great war-beast to subjection, to draw his teeth and break his claws, especially now that he has grown to dimensions prodigious, while his powers are of iron and steel? These metaphors are dangerous; their picturesqueness is apt to lead reality astray. What, then, in simple words, must be done is—not to trouble about the minor racial fighting, the blood-letting that in some measure is a physical relief; but to concentrate on the Great Powers, persuading them gradually by agreement to limit their armaments and abolish piecemeal certain unfair, supremely destructive and degrading weapons and forms of fighting, and more especially those which may destroy the non-fighters. Also, by removing trade barriers tariffs, and other restrictions to the goodwill and friendly intercourse of men, to bring nations sympathetically closer, increasing thereby the reality of such invisible links as in recent years have been set by the radio and strengthened by the amazing improvements in ease and rapidity of the means of communication and travel. There, briefly, with the honest recognition of social justice, are the best ways to peace, which may be helped forward greatly—if they truly want it—by men of authority in affairs and by an enlightened Press. How much the newspapers can do in this respect is easily to be seen, in spite of the elaborate ways in which, with few most honourable exceptions, they fail to do it. But that

is another story—another department of the infinite subject—with which in this place it is inopportune to deal.

From the foregoing it might appear as if we too saw with the readiness of every idealist in love with a dream the close prospect of a universally established peace; but the most shadowy thought would be sufficient to show how far from such vision of perfection still the world is. It is unnecessary to recall the many opportunities there are even in Europe to-day for the expression of angry racial self-assertion leading easily to war, the worst being that which, from this side or that, has existed ever since the first Napoleon mishandled the disunited States of Germany, and Bismarck formed those States into an Empire—proclaimed at Versailles to fall at Versailles—and the third Napoleon challenged that ordered Teutonic might and failed, leaving France desolate yet determined on revenge and fearful; until the latest, if not the last, of the Kaisers, with his melodramatic attitudes and threatenings and the armed power behind his words, kept the whole world in fevers of anxious uncertainty over his aims. And still that poisonous to-and-fro persists, while neither in Germany nor in France does a statesman appear great enough to bring the true light of charity and reason to bear and so enable both those countries to escape from the vicious whirl into which they have become fatally caught.

Abiding fear is the evil that haunts both France and Germany, and unless the madness due to that foul prepossession is caught and held, there are bound to be further re-armings and challenges and another ruinous war of *revanche*. Wise, suggestive words illustrating this significant truth, this deathful suspiciousness and dangerous brooding fear were expressed by the German historian, Professor Hermann Kantorowicz, in his work on 'The Spirit of British Policy and the Myth of the Encirclement of Germany.' Not only, he declared, was there before the War no hostile English policy of encirclement, but the theory of such policy was originally put forward by German leaders—

'in full consciousness of its untruth, in order to create the right atmosphere for our fatal policy of naval expansion, even if it is repeated in good faith to-day. . . . When at

last the truth became known to me I wrote this book with a sick heart, full of shame and indignation, and I lay it now before my countrymen, without fear and—without hope. . . .

'To-day,' he adds, 'the spectre of Encirclement has grown into a terrible reality; to-day an ill-equipped Germany sees herself surrounded by powerful antagonists who continue to fear us and whom, for this very reason, we must fear. For in this age of government by the people and of warfare by the people the decisive and almost the only cause of war is the fear of war. Who is to protect us from it?'

The quotation shows how the ghosts have bred ghosts, fear begetting fear and suspicion suspicion; so that until those unholy influences are finally dispersed by spiritual courage, mutual understanding and concessions, and by common sense, the forces of war must grow in strength and eagerness to strike and bring eventually one or both of the combatants again to catastrophe.

In reviewing the arguments of this book, 'The Causes of War,' and considering the thoughts stimulated by its contributors, it is easy to wander very far afield and impossible not to leave important issues untouched. Enough, however, even in this brevity, has been said to show how actually still we live under the threatening darkness of further war and how prudent, tactful, clear-sighted, and large-hearted the statesmen and the peoples must be if, even with such protection as may be afforded under the Covenant of the League of Nations, peace is to be maintained and, at least among the more responsible and powerful nations, made perpetual. There is, however, a further consideration raised by the title of the Conference which has produced this Report. The instruments through which those Commissioners hoped to secure a universal and lasting peace were the religious and spiritual forces of the world. How will those organisations, which certainly demand and receive no small part of human support and devotion—how will they answer the call; and how far are they fitted really to secure the uplifting and necessary end in view? The Church of Christ is dedicated to the Prince of Peace; yet—in sadness be it written down—its record almost from the beginning of its worldly organisation has been narrowly militant, and the gospel it preached too rarely that of the charity which is 'the greatest of these,' and a message of the sword. Not

altogether 'Cristës lore and his Apostles twelve.' Its history after the early persecutions often has been dark with cruelties and tears. On that unhappiness and the almost irreparable loss to mankind due to the misdirected zeal and energies of Churchmen over the many centuries, and in spite of the frequent refflorescence of the original ideal as shown by St Francis, it is unnecessary here to dwell. But the question must be faced in view of the challenge of this book. Is the Church of Christ in any and in all its branches, as seen in the world to-day, really an instrument able to realise, as these Commissioners desire, 'the highest and hardest task men have ever essayed—the creation of peace'?

It may be that by self-discipline and a renewal of its earliest ideals and the continuous remembrance by its priests and ministers of the realities of their calling, and a new and greater spirit of Christian love, and an all-but-impossible reunion of its scattered and discordant members, the whole Church may become worthy of this trust. If so—but how great is that If!—not only will peace on earth and goodwill among men be thereby ensured, but many other ills and evils fatal and debasing to mankind, beyond that of brutal war, will have been brought nearer to their ending. And possibly—who knows?—it may be an actual means of bringing that reunion for which so many over the years have sighed and longed for, but which has ever proved impracticable because of the unbridgeable differences in doctrine that divide. In any case, it is a call and opportunity for the power of prayer and the willing, earnest spirit without which prayers can hardly be answered.

Art. 12.—SCOTT'S NOVELS: AN AMERICAN VIEW.

'You know the great Sir Walter died in 1832. Let us all read at least one of his novels this year as a tribute to his memory.' Thus I spoke right and left to my friends in January 1932. At the joyous thought of practising what I preached, I could see myself as a little boy lying face downward on a boardwalk in the broiling sun with my nose and my entire mind buried in the pages of 'Ivanhoe' for six consecutive hours of bliss inexpressible. Then, with less physical exposure but as much mental fever, I had followed the Red Cross under 'the burning sun of Syria' as related in 'The Talisman,' and pursuing my way northward through 'Kenilworth' and 'Rob Roy' to the cooler clime of Scotland, had attained hyperborean limits in 'The Pirate.' That was long ago, and now some people are telling us that Scott does not appeal to the boys and girls of to-day. So much the worse for them, say I; and anyhow, Scott wrote for grown men and women, and his best can be fully appreciated only by readers who have lived and observed and felt during at least a score of years, and the longer the better; for as we grow older two subjects interest us more and more, until they absorb nearly all our curiosity and gratify nearly all our intellectual cravings, namely history and human character. This statement, to be sure, does not include those gifted and less common spirits who find their chief satisfaction in science, but I am referring to the generality of mankind. History and human character, then, are what ordinarily attract and edify mature people. Scott's novels are history touched with imagination and expressed through the medium of human character.

As a spokesman once more of the unspecialized reader, I declare that as a rule we learn history through fiction. It is Shakespeare's Cleopatra, Brutus, Antony, and Caesar, rather than Plutarch's, whom we know or think we know. Who but dear old Dumas really created Richelieu, Mazarin, and de Retz for us? I disdain to come farther down: Shakespeare and Dumas and Sir Walter are enough; and not the least of these as a vivifier of history is the man who has made the English-speaking world as familiar with Scottish lore as we are with the history of any two countries of Continental Europe. Exaggeration?

Well, perhaps so, but the subject makes my ink boil. Character-study has been the special province of many novelists since Scott. With some it has been marvellously successful; with others, and especially of late, it has been a doleful obsession, causing pain to the reader and a conceit of wisdom in the author, and occasioning that most maleficent manifestation of pedantry, the development of 'schools of thought.' Yet Sir Walter, without following the doctrines of any Viennese psychologists, or involving himself in coils like Henry James and Paul Bourget, or sorrowfully probing the extremes of dullness like Mr Galsworthy, created men and women and made them figures in a series of historical pageants. The most important of these figures, considered as works of art, are drawn from the humbler walks of life; but they have imposing significance nevertheless, for they are symbolic reality, they are true and representative.

The man himself is in his works. The Chantrey bust is an image of both. Study it, and what do you see? A character romantic always, heroic when moved to action, humorous, yet in its depths grave and reflective. It is the countenance of a tolerant, open-hearted observer of mankind, one acquainted with the devious ways of human nature and lenient in his judgment of human frailty, while himself wholesome and above all meanness. It is the image of one who was happy and strove to make others happy, a genial, hearty soul in a healthy body. It has the eyes of a poet, a dreamer seeing wondrous visions, though the firm lips show that he possessed plenty of Scotch prudence and self-control. 'This man,' you will exclaim 'was generous. His virtues did go forth of him. Here are more than enough spirit and strength for a single individual.' We can discern also a touch of whimsicality, but nothing perverse, nothing cynical. It is the head of a philosopher of the broad ways of life, no peeping analyst. And what learning dwells behind that noble brow!

His works are in the same proportion, abundant, with enough overflow of power and material to furnish forth a half-dozen quite able and prolific authors. They may be too romantic for readers who wish to be instructed all the time and never diverted; the taste of our age is for realism and propaganda. Perhaps we are justified

in hastening through Scott's occasionally prolix descriptions of 'sands and shores and desert wildernesses.' Still, these lengthy pictorial passages are very well done of their kind—more than that, they are usually faithful reproductions of observed reality; and if we do not relish the kind or are too ignorant to recognise their truth, we can skip a page or two now and then. I have heard one worshipper of Sir Walter say she loves to read his 'Introductions' both before and after reading the novels they precede. She is wise, and has her reward in becoming really intimate with the author's own character, which is as grand and beautiful as the best creatures of his imagination.

There are episodes in Scott as heroic as any in Homer. One scene in 'Waverley' may serve as an example, out of many that could be chosen. A batch of Scottish prisoners at Carlisle are being tried and condemned to death after the failure of the Jacobite raid in the '45. A Highland chieftain is about to be sentenced, when one of his retainers offers the lives of himself and five others of the clan if the judge will release their hereditary leader: 'If you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man.' Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, 'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing,' he said, 'because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman.' There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued. This episode has the pathos attendant upon the vain struggle of an ancient but weak civilisation fighting a rearguard action against a newer and more powerful. Something similar is going on in America to-day, where the simple and wholesome life of rural communities is being overcome by the ethics of the sidewalks and subways of New York.

Scottish manners among both high and low are portrayed richly in the Waverley novels. Certain aspects of Scottish character, its ironical humour, its pertinacity, its contrasting elements of idealism and hard practicality, are shown in hundreds of places, but perhaps nowhere more brilliantly than in the verbal battles between the antiquary Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour. It might have been expected that a writer so fond of romance, so steeped in local tradition, so fervent in his Scottish nationalism, would have been unfair to England when contrasting the qualities of the two countries; but Sir Walter always deals justly and even handsomely with Scotland's ancient foe; and many of the personages on whom he lavishes his most approving touches are chivalrous, right-minded English gentlemen. He does not take a merely Scottish view of the past, does not grumble, is not vindictive, for he recognises that union and bigness are more to be desired than isolation and independence. In matters of personal conduct, too, his tolerance is admirable. Who does not remember Edie Ochiltree's eloquent and pathetic appeal to the two young hot-heads who are about to fight a duel in 'The Antiquary'? It contains in a few words enough to have caused any reader to abjure the absurd custom of duelling and forsake the ruinous career of a soldier. A moment later, however, the same voice offers a charitable plea for these misguided men whom the rules of chivalry or the enthusiasm of national warfare have caused to shed the blood of their fellows. The former part runs thus:

'Are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a long account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? Ohon! it's an ill feight whar he that wins has the warst o't.'

Edie, I am fain to think, is Scott's best creation and 'The Antiquary' his greatest novel. Who can forget the noble old mendicant's first appearance, with his 'Praetorian here, Praetorian there, I mind the bigging o't'?

Sir Walter was preserved from religious bigotry in his references to the strife 'twixt Presbyterie and Prelacie' by the fact that he belonged to a minority sect, being an Episcopalian in a country overwhelmingly Presbyterian; though I am sure his own broadmindedness would have been enough to save him from fanatic zeal. In politics, too, though he was a conservative and stoutly opposed to the Revolutionary movements of his day, he interprets history not merely from the aristocratic standpoint, but had a heart for the common people.

It is the lot of few men, and especially of few men of poetic genius, to lead as happy and full lives as Sir Walter's. He had his griefs and misfortunes, but endured them patiently and bravely, transmuting apparent evil into good. Until obliged by a sense of honour to overwork in order to meet obligations incurred only in part through his own fault, he wrote with ease and joy. Barring only one or two, his novels also radiate happiness. Though they depict with unflinching truth the inevitable woes of life, as, for example, in the heart-rending description of the young fisherman's funeral in 'The Antiquary,' their general tone is far from tragic. If there be anything to withhold one from reading and re-reading the greatest of our recent novelists, Thomas Hardy, it is the knowledge that ineluctable fate sits grimly smiling in the last chapter, and that no good intentions or brave efforts will save her victims from defeat. Scott's books are like glorious summer days: there may be clouds and rain, but sunshine and warmth and colour and the songs of birds prevail. Balzac, powerful and admirable in some aspects, was tainted with a vulgar desire for wealth; many of his novels reflect this failing of the man. Others of them are spoiled by his attempt to load them with what he considered philosophy. Scott's novels are free from sordidness, and such philosophy as pervades them is the logic of common sense, the metaphysics of reverence, the psychology of kindly observation, and the ethics of honour plus charity. They are never dull, whereas Mr Galsworthy, Mr Dreiser, and the late Mr Bennett seem to have aspired to make their books as drab and flat as possible. Their Muse, whom they have worshipped with many vows and sacrifices, is Dreariness.

Scott's most amazing success, like that of Dumas,

is in the conversation of his characters. It is by far the best element of his novels, especially when the scene is Scotland or the speakers, wherever they may be, use the Scots vernacular. The talk of his persons of inferior rank is more vivid and racy than the cultivated discourse of the gentry. He agreed with Wordsworth that in humble and rustic life 'the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language.' Acquaintance with the vocabulary of the Scots dialect and also familiarity with the clear, sweet, flexible tones of speech in Scotland are of course necessary for a full appreciation of these fine passages. The Scottish voice, in pitch, tempo, and precision, is more attractive than the voices one commonly hears in America or even in England; and to read Sir Walter by ear is a feast of music. I have said nothing about his marvellous gift for creating characters. There was no need to do so. Enthusiasts have placed him beside Shakespeare in this respect. I do not; but if we say he stands with Dickens and Thackeray and Balzac and Turgeniev, we shall have said much and told the truth. Here again, as is the case with his dialogues, the 'simple' excel the 'gentle,' and his most vital characters are of low estate and often minor figures in the stories.

I am constantly looking for really great novels by living authors, and am almost always disappointed when I follow the recommendations of publishers, critics, or even of my best informed and most trusted acquaintances. Only three of my recent adventures into contemporary English fiction have been completely satisfactory, those namely which led me to Lima with Mr Thornton Wilder, to Quebec with Miss Willa Cather, and to a London workhouse with Mr C. E. Lawrence in 'The Iron Bell,' the story of Elizabeth, a brave servant girl, who is drawn evidently true to life and with exquisite tenderness, a story as tragic in its evocation of pity and fear and its vision of the ultimate triumph of goodness as a play of Sophocles. Lately, having some leisure and being unwilling to hazard it in experiments, I have been making sure by re-reading Scott. Thus far I have gone through 'Waverley,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'The Legend of Montrose,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Guy Mannering,' and 'The Antiquary' in the order

named. All have given me fresh delight. 'The Heart of Midlothian,' and 'Rob Roy' are to follow as soon as possible. I have been impressed by the evocation of historical characters in 'Quentin Durward' and have understood why that small boy, nearly sixty years ago, was so enchanted with 'Ivanhoe.' This late reading has given me a higher appreciation of Scott's humour and wisdom than I had before. And I have been especially impressed with the extent and variety of his learning. He was familiar with history, of course, and with Latin literature. He knew Shakespeare by heart and had read widely in the other Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan dramatists. Several branches of recondite lore, including heraldry, genealogy, mediæval military science, folklore, magic, and Scottish local tradition, were his delight.

As I moved eagerly through the pages of 'Guy Mannering' I tried to imagine how excited I should feel if some new novel of to-day should give me equal pleasure and an equal sense of its author's greatness. Wordsworth's sour comment on it, in a letter to R. P. Gillies, just after its publication, in 1815, occurred to me: 'The adventures I think not well chosen or invented; and they are still worse put together; and the characters, with the exception of Meg Merrilees, excite little interest.' There is more of this harsh criticism, with some truth in it, too, when he condemns Scott's artificial combinations of scenery and episode. One thinks of the many quotations and footnotes by which the great popular novelist went out of his way to familiarise his vast audience with the poems of Wordsworth, which were then comparatively little known. Generosity on the one hand, absolute critical frankness on the other; and happily an unbroken friendship and mutual admiration. It is only fair to Wordsworth to quote here his memorable tribute to Sir Walter—and it is the best ever paid to him—in a letter of October 1831, after hearing of his apoplectic stroke:

'I trust the world and his friends may be hopeful, with good reason, that the life and faculties of this man—who has during the last six-and-twenty years diffused more innocent pleasure than ever fell to the lot of any human being to do in his own lifetime—may be spared.'

Not only has no one been the worse for reading Scott; millions have received not merely pleasure but noble

impulses, a contribution to their standards of justice, mercy, courage, kindness, and truthfulness. In this respect he almost equals Thackeray, who, in a much narrower field and less copiously, taught the art of being a gentleman (or a lady). No youth or maiden can afford to pass into manhood or womanhood without having read 'Henry Esmond,' which I have no hesitation in calling the greatest novel in the world. One forgets that it is fiction. Thackeray is the most complete realist and also a profound believer in the transcendence of eternal goodness. Dickens was, perhaps even more than Scott or Thackeray, a man of sheer genius. There are no more natural and living pages in our literature than some of his. But his qualities are not well balanced and controlled. He sinks frequently below a level which he could easily have maintained had his taste been equal to his power. Thomas Hardy, whom I make bold to name next to these illustrious masters, is the predestinarian of the group. A discouraging sense of impending doom, which pervades nearly all his stories, drives away many readers who would otherwise enjoy his naturalness and his sympathy with all sorts of people. Scott, on the other hand, though open-eyed to sin and grief, and acknowledging that life is an unfathomable mystery, keeps in the sunshine and helps to make the world happier.

No doubt the admirers of Defoe and Fielding, of Jane Austen and Trollope and Hawthorne and Stevenson would wish to bring one or more of them into comparison with Scott. I understand this desire and share this admiration, but still maintain there is a gap between the universal, dynamic, spontaneous creations of Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, and perhaps Hardy, on the one hand, and the more limited achievements of the others. Stevenson is not a whit behind Scott in representing what is romantic and gallant. John Galt reproduced the Scots dialect as well as his great contemporary. But Sir Walter is the 'wondrous potentate' of a wider and richer empire than any of these 'sceptered kings or laurelled conquerors.' His realm includes 'whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,' and still, after the lapse of a century,

'the might of the whole world's good wishes with him goes.'

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Art. 13.—WORLD RECONSTRUCTION IN 1932.

WORLD politics are like the sea. There are the same waves on the surface, the same currents running still and strong beneath it. But for those who wish to legislate for the future it is above all necessary to observe the currents. For whereas the waves vary with every little breeze that blows, the currents are constant ; and it is they, therefore, which give the truest indication of the fundamental trend of civilisation. If they were visible on the surface, the task of statesmen would be easy. But they are not. Often they run absolutely contrary to the surface waves, and it is only later on that we realise in what direction we have been moving.

Never has there been a more striking example of this contradiction between the superficial and the fundamental than is afforded by the world situation to-day. Never has it been easier to draw a deduction from the surface ripples. Never has that deduction been so likely to be false. If one read the newspapers and the speeches of contemporary statesmen, and tried to predict from them alone the future course of events, one could come to one conclusion only : that the world is entering on an age of intensified nationalism. All the indications point in that direction. The Treaty of Versailles, with its insistence on the principle of self-determination ; the subsequent attempt of the United States to isolate themselves from the rest of the world ; the utterances of Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler, and, until lately, of Senator Borah ; the steady growth of tariffs in every country in the world ; all these might seem to admit of no other interpretation. One would be bound to conclude that the peoples of the world had become convinced at long last that they had been progressing in the wrong direction, and that even at this late hour they must retrace their steps ; that the War had taught them the terrible lesson that the greater, the richer, the more prosperous are nations, the more appalling is the catastrophe when anything occurs to disturb their relations, and that the only hope of the survival of civilisation lies in a return to a system of small independent States.

We may accept such a conclusion ; though if we do the outlook is gloomy indeed. A return to an age of small

States would mean, as the experience of Central Europe during the last ten years has shown, more petty jealousies and rivalries, more interferences with international trade, more seeds of war. But, fortunately, if we do not allow our minds to be distracted by the waves of contemporary politics; if we try to take a long view and include within our examination the last hundred and fifty years of history, it is possible, even allowing for a temporary increase of nationalism—and it is undeniable—to find an entirely contrary interpretation of the situation. It may well be that what we are witnessing is not the revival of nationalistic feeling throughout the world, but its gradual decay. When a tooth is healthy it gives no pain. But when it begins to decay and the nerve to die, we become immediately conscious of it. It is the same with the motives which inspire men. So long as they represent something real, nobody is self-conscious about them. It does not occur to any one to be so. But directly they become an anachronism, instead of dying quietly away, they become the subject of acute conflict, ridiculed on one side, passionately defended on the other. The history of our own country during the latter half of the last century provides a striking example of this process. If any one were to take down from his shelf an old volume of 'Punch' of the 'eighties or 'nineties, he would find that a large number of the jokes dealt with the subject of swells and rude boys. At that time the era of real class distinctions was coming to an end. The aristocrat, who thought that he was made of different clay from other men, was beginning to be thought highly ridiculous by every one but himself. He was struggling to maintain his position; and so there was a definite class conflict, which was satirised in the comic Press. In 'Punch' to-day, such jokes are hardly ever to be found, and for this reason. With the spread of education, class distinctions have almost entirely disappeared. It would, indeed, be almost impossible for a trained observer, let alone a rude boy, to say to what section of the population any given passer-by belonged. They look alike; they are alike. It is true that the Labour Party, for political reasons, still try to keep alive the fiction of class distinctions and class divisions. But they are flogging a dead horse. Class distinctions, in reality, no longer exist.

A very similar process to that is taking place to-day in the realm of international affairs. As in the England of forty years ago, class distinctions were becoming an anachronism; so at the present time, throughout the world, national distinctions are becoming an anachronism, and, like a tooth, in their decay they produce pain and irritation. That is a main cause of the present outburst of self-conscious nationalism. A hundred and fifty years ago there was no nationalism of the modern type. Men and women did not have to remind themselves of their nationality—they took it as a matter of course. Each nation was completely different from every other. It had its own customs and its own dress. It had its own architecture and its own art. It spoke its own language and no other. Except for a small privileged class, its inhabitants never went outside its borders. It was a world in miniature. There were, it is true, in the history of almost all nations, periods when their boundaries seemed to become too small for them, and like a river in spate they burst their banks and overran the surrounding countries. But that did not happen because the general population suddenly found itself inspired with patriotic fervour. In the great majority of cases it happened because there arose in their midst some dynamic leader, who sighed for new worlds to conquer. It was his personality which inspired him. It was his personality which inspired them. Louis XIV did not regard himself as the servant of France; he regarded France as his servant, given him by Providence to enable him to fulfil his destiny. '*L'état,*' he said, '*c'est moi.*' Nor was this an exceptional case. It was perfectly normal. And the proof is that nearly always, as soon as the leader was removed from their midst, like a piece of taut elastic that is released, his followers returned to their own borders.

But early in the nineteenth century a new spirit began to show its head. Men and women in every country became self-conscious about their nationality. It will be argued that this new nationalism can be traced to the influences of the French Revolution, that the trend of thought of the nineteenth century was all towards liberty, individual and national, and that the cult of national liberty led inevitably to national self-consciousness. This is true. But great movements are nearly always the

results of a combination of causes, and in this case there was another cause, not perhaps so noticeable at first, but of far more fundamental importance: the improvement in means of transport and communication. During the whole of the two thousand years which elapsed between Roman times and the beginning of the nineteenth century, there had been no real advance in the means of communication available to mankind. If a man wished to travel by land, he was still dependent on the speed of a horse; if he wished to travel by sea, he was still dependent on a favourable breeze to fill the sails of his ship. The forces of nature at his command were the same as they had always been. But in the early years of the last century a series of discoveries were made which completely transformed the world. The invention of the steam-engine revolutionised transportation by land; the invention of the steamship revolutionised transportation by sea. Nor did they come alone. Close upon their heels followed the motor car, the aeroplane, the telegraph, the telephone. The importance of these discoveries it is as yet impossible for us fully to assess. The problems they raise are new to us. We have hardly begun to solve them. But this we can say. They have had a more far-reaching effect on human activities and human relationships than any event since the dawn of civilisation. They have telescoped space. When, in 1834, Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister, he was in Rome, and returned with the utmost speed to London. Using all the means which were at that time at the disposal of an eminent statesman, he took twelve days over the journey. To-day, by taking the ordinary train, he could have reached his destination in forty-eight hours, or, if he had been willing to charter an aeroplane, within the space of a single day. And what is true of men is true also of goods. The possibilities of international trade have been immeasurably increased: and these possibilities have been so rapidly turned to account by traders, that nations are no longer independent and self-contained; they are interdependent and bound to each other by a thousand links of commerce and mutual interest.

Nor is this all. With the internationalisation of trade has come internationalisation of manners, customs, and even thought. No one to-day could say that any of the

great nations of Europe or America is a world in miniature. If a traveller went to London or New York or Paris or Berlin, he would find the same clothes being worn, the same books being read, the same films being seen, the same problems being discussed. Nor is this similarity merely superficial. It is the outward sign of a fundamental change in human affairs. The world is being gradually welded into one great international machine. In such an interdependent world, where each State, like a cog, can only function in conjunction with all the others, the old ideas of militant nationalism are an anachronism. They are dying, and like a dying nerve in a tooth, they ache. They are no longer healthy and instinctive. They have become self-conscious. Mussolini unearths the ruins of classical Rome to remind the Italian people of their imperial destiny. Hitler frantically urges Germany to break its chains. But while the efforts of those nationalist leaders will undoubtedly make some impression in their own countries—for there are in all nations, at all times, people who can be appealed to by spectacular methods—they are unlikely to be crowned with the success which would have attended them in former times. The current against them is too strong; the process of internationalisation has gone too far. Moreover, the lessons of the War are overwhelmingly powerful adversaries. Men and women who have had practical experience of modern warfare are not easily stirred. They know too much about it. They are not effete, and they might be willing to risk the horrors and miseries if they thought that any useful result could possibly come from them. But all their experience goes to prove the opposite. They have seen the world impoverished, they have seen the whole machinery of the exchange of goods thrown out of gear, the vanquished unable to buy, the victors unable to sell, both involved in a common ruin. No wonder they are sceptical! No civilised nation could to-day start a war without provoking an immediate revolution.

It is indeed probable that the Nationalist leaders know this perfectly well, and that in regarding their sabre-rattling as a menace directed against foreign countries we are doing them an injustice. To get a true understanding of their attitude it is necessary to bear in mind their

domestic situation. What brought them into being? It was not fear of foreign nations. It was fear of Communism. Though the War was in fact the result of many and various causes, it is perhaps natural that many people who had neither the time nor the experience to unravel so tangled a skein, should have put the blame for it on the economic system which obtained at the time when it began. In their minds war and capitalism became identified, and in their passionate anxiety to avoid a repetition of so appalling a disaster they were attracted to international communism as the only possible alternative to the capitalist system. In many of the countries of Europe, therefore, a powerful and extreme Communist party arose; but in all these countries there were large sections of the population who, though equally opposed to war, felt that they could not accept all that communism involved. They looked at the military strength of Russia, and were unconvinced that the system of which it was the shining example was as pacific as its adherents would have them believe. They looked at the events of the Russian Revolution, and were clear that though the Communists might stand for peace abroad, they certainly did not stand for peace at home. A nation that accepted their doctrines would be only exchanging one form of war for another; and, of the two, they thought that the class war was infinitely the more pernicious. And so there was born in each of those countries a party, the whole *raison d'être* of which was opposition to Communism; and as Communism was internationalist in character, so the new party became by antithesis intensely nationalist.

The new nationalist movements, in fact, though they may appear to have been brought into being as a reaction against the process of internationalisation which is taking place throughout the world, are aimed in reality mainly against internationalism of one particular type only, that of Communism. Those who look on Mussolini and Hitler as militarist leaders, panting to fight their neighbours, and only holding their hands because they have not yet built up a military machine powerful enough to ensure success, are surely putting a wrong construction on their magnificent posturings. They are in reality merely making what the present Prime Minister is fond of calling 'gestures,' and those gestures are intended

not so much for the edification of the outside world as of their own supporters at home. They are, to borrow an expression from the films, 'registering' anti-Communism.

In England, during the years that have followed the War, we have suffered from the same disease as foreign countries, but we have been fortunate in that it has taken a milder form. Communism has been represented by the pale pink of the Labour Party, anti-Communism by the National Government. As in Germany and Italy, the forces of reaction against extreme courses have swept the country; there has been the same revolution of public feeling, but it has been achieved without recourse to unconstitutional means. It is, indeed, the supreme merit of the Parliamentary System that it enables revolutions to be carried out without violence whenever public feeling changes. Every General Election is, after all, a revolution. In countries which have not the benefit of a parliamentary system such revolutions cannot take place without a violent upheaval. But with that common sense which is the supreme attribute of the British people, we have discovered a smooth and peaceful method of achieving the same result. Of late years many nations have discarded their parliaments and chosen to be ruled by dictators. In every case they have got themselves into a position from which there seems no way out. In Spain the King's experiment in dictatorship ended in a violent revolution, in which he lost his throne. In Germany the President seems to have aroused forces which he is quite unable to control. In Italy the supreme genius of Mussolini has, it is true, up to now been able without difficulty to impose its will. But should he die, the outlook would be anxious indeed, and unless a leader of the same calibre could be found to succeed him—and they are few and far between—the danger of revolution would be real and immediate. In those countries alone which, like ourselves, have retained parliamentary government, is the situation stable. This fact places a special responsibility on us. While other nations are fully occupied in battling with the winds and waves of their own domestic politics, we can take a comparatively calm view of passing events, can make some attempt to sort out what is ephemeral from what is permanent, and on

the basis of our conclusions build up a policy for the future of the world which we can put forward for the consideration of governments less fortunately placed.

If we reach the conclusion—and for reasons which have already been stated it is hard to see how we can come to any other—that whether we like it or not, the world is steadily, inevitably becoming internationalised, the problem narrows itself to this one issue: what form is this internationalisation to take? What are the alternatives before us? To one, reference has already been made, that advocated by the Communists and extreme Labour men. They propose that all private property should be abolished, that all nationality should be obliterated, that the whole world should be reorganised in one great socialist super-State. This is apparently the plan supported by the Labour Party. Mr Lansbury, in a speech to the Trades Union Congress on Sept. 7, after a passage in which he castigated 'this hellish so-called civilisation,' made this quite clear. He told the bankers that they had failed, and must leave it to 'the unlearned ones.' He told the Trades Unionists that they must 'have the courage and the will not to reform but to revolutionise the capitalist system and establish in its place the co-operative commonwealth of the world.' But while recognising the sincerity of Mr Lansbury and those whom he leads, there must be many in all parties who are completely unconvinced both as to the practicability of his proposal and as to the soundness of the main premise on which it is based. That premise is that under Capitalism the condition of the working-people of this country has steadily deteriorated. But this is, in fact, not true. On the contrary, their condition has steadily improved. They are healthier than they used to be, they are better paid, they are better housed, they are better educated, they enjoy luxuries which a hundred years ago were beyond the reach of the richest. And all this has been achieved under Capitalism.

The fault of the capitalist system has been, indeed, not that it has worked too badly, but that it has worked too well. It has produced more than it can distribute. It has thus made for itself a new problem, the problem of glut. For that problem it has not yet, it is true, found a solution. But is that a reason for discarding all the

accumulated experience of the past? Take the analogy of cancer, one of the most dreaded scourges of modern times. Medical and scientific research has not, as yet, been able to discover a cure. But would that justify us in turning to the doctors and scientists, and saying, 'You have failed, and must leave it to the unlearned ones'? That would be the very counsel of lunacy, and could only end in the death of the patient. Indeed, when Mr Lansbury and his friends tried their theory on the nation last year, the patient very nearly did die, and it was only because he had just enough strength to get rid of them and send for a properly accredited physician that he has made so remarkable a recovery. This, in spite of Mr Lansbury's philippics, the general population know very well. In this country we are already a property-owning democracy. A very large proportion of the electorate already have some savings in the banks; they know that during the whole of these difficult times those savings have been secure, and they have no wish to hand them over to the unlearned ones. That is one of the main reasons for the crushing defeat of the Labour Party last autumn. The Socialist aspect of the Labour Party's proposals is, therefore, not likely to commend itself to the people of this country. Nor has the other main feature of socialist internationalism, the obliteration of nationality, any great charms for the ordinary man. It has been said earlier in this article that militant nationalism is dying, and that the world is gradually but surely being welded into an economic machine. But that does not necessarily connote the disappearance of all national sentiment. It merely means that the feeling of antagonism between nations is being replaced by a realisation that their interests are common, and that the prosperity of each can only be assured by the prosperity of all. The disappearance of nationality is desired by no one.

To return, therefore, to our main theme, the task before this country is to devise a scheme which provides for the gradual internationalisation of the world, without either socialising private effort or obliterating nationality. Can this be done? Surely it can. Our own country provides an example, on a small scale, of the way. In the early days of our history, what is now England was

seven kingdoms. In the process of time, those seven kingdoms were welded into one. Their nationality was not destroyed. One has only to go to the annual dinner of one of the English County Societies to see how passionately, even after a thousand years, it persists. But it was included in a larger nationality. The same process may be traced in the history of other countries; of France, of Italy, of Germany. The time has now come to carry this process a stage further. The existing countries of the world, without loss of their nationality, must be welded into larger economic units, and those larger units, in the course of time, must become, as it were, counties of a great nation embracing the whole earth. In this way we may, while discarding nationalism, retain nationality. That is the conception which presents itself to many to whom socialist internationalism makes no appeal; the conception which, if one may judge by their handling of affairs during the last year, animates the present Government.

What progress have they been able to make towards their goal? It is, of course, still far distant in the dim and misty future. But, on the whole, their supporters may be fairly satisfied. Events have been moving in the right direction. Tariffs, indeed, might have been regarded as a retrograde step. For tariffs in themselves are an attempt to arrest the internationalisation of trade. They are dams put up to prevent the free flow of goods from country to country. But viewed in combination with the Ottawa Conference they are susceptible of a different interpretation. They are the scaffolding necessary to the construction of one of those larger units which are to be the next stage in the internationalisation of the world. Scaffolding is a hideous thing, but it is impossible to build without it. When the remainder of the world has reconstructed itself in the same manner, the task of reaching agreement between the great new economic confederations which will then control the world will become a simple matter compared with a similar task to-day, when unanimity has to be reached between fifty or more independent States. That will be the time to effect a general reduction of tariffs.

To put this forward as a practical proposition may well seem to many people fantastic, as though one should say,

'Wait till the millennium. Everything will be all right then.' But the process of reconstruction may be far more rapid than now seems possible. A very small step forward has already been taken by Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg, who announced at the time of the Lausanne Conference the formation of a customs union; and strenuous efforts have been made during the last year to conclude a similar arrangement among the Danubian States. Central Europe, indeed, provides an example and a warning which nationalists may well take to heart. Before the War, the Austro-Hungarian Empire had become a cockshy for the attacks of those who liked to call themselves the apostles of freedom. We were told that it was a ramshackle Empire, that it had no *raison d'être*, that it was an anachronism, kept together only by loyalty to an effete dynasty, and that it ought to go. At the Versailles Conference they had their way. It was divided into its constituent parts. And what has been the result? Every one of those constituent parts, except Czecho-Slovakia, which was unusually well situated, is to-day in a state of bankruptcy. So far, in fact, from the Austro-Hungarian Empire having had no *raison d'être*, it was the only possible economic entity for the countries concerned, and the statesmen of Europe have been occupied ever since in trying in some form to recreate it. These are two examples of an already existing trend towards larger economic units, and it will undoubtedly be accelerated by the results achieved at Ottawa. It is perhaps the greatest justification of the Imperial Conference, not that it has consolidated the British Empire, though that to us is of overwhelming importance, but that it must give an impetus to other nations to take similar action.

The other two events of the last twelve months which bear most directly on international politics are, of course, the Conferences at Lausanne and Geneva. Both these conferences have been so exhaustively discussed in all their bearings that little remains to be said about them. Both met with a certain measure of success, but in both cases we have still to wait for any definite results, in the case of Lausanne until the United States make up their mind about War Debts, in the case of Geneva until the Conference concludes its labours. Neither have, in fact,

been what they were proclaimed, the start of new chapters in world history. They were at most the start of new paragraphs.

At the same time it would be a great mistake to underestimate what has been achieved. The conclusions reached at Lausanne mark the definite recognition by the nations of Europe of the fact that under modern conditions the payment of reparations by the vanquished to the victors at the end of a war can benefit neither party. For the experience of the last ten years has shown conclusively that the vanquished can only find the money to make these payments by underselling the victors in the markets of the world, with the inevitable result that competition is intensified, the standard of life in all countries lowered, and the whole machine for the exchange of goods thrown out of gear. The recognition of this fact is an immense stride forward, for it means that at Lausanne the delegates were forced by the logic of facts to think not nationally but internationally. It is the measure of how far the internationalisation of the world has progressed. Unluckily, to give effect to the intention which they proclaimed it was necessary to have the co-operation of the United States. For some of the nations which are the greatest creditors so far as reparations are concerned, are the greatest debtors to America in respect of expenditure incurred during the War. They cannot afford to forgive their debtors, unless they in their turn are forgiven by their creditors. If Reparations are to go, War Debts must go too. The slate must be wiped completely clean if it is to be wiped at all.

The initiative, therefore, now rests with the United States. Europe has done its part. It is for America to turn the handle which sets the whole machine in motion. Unfortunately till lately they have shown no sign of doing this. There is a story told of the late Lord Grey that once during his time as Governor-General of Canada he was discussing some great problem with his staff, and becoming exasperated with the narrowness of their outlook, he burst out, 'The worst of you young men is that you think in continents. You should think in hemispheres.' That exactly describes the present attitude of the people of the United States. They think in continents. They still seem to imagine that Europe can suffer without

America being affected. Until they think, not merely in hemispheres, but in terms of the whole earth, they will never be able to take that part in world reconstruction to which their great wealth and position entitle them. There are, however, signs that they are beginning to alter their point of view. Recent speeches of Senator Borah, hitherto one of the chief opponents of the cancellation of debts, indicate that his attitude is undergoing rapid and fundamental change. He still points out that the United States have a perfect right to insist on payment of the debts, and this none of us would wish to deny. He still states that in his view the nations of Europe are able to pay: and this, too, is possibly true. But he seems to be beginning to realise that there is only one medium in which their payments can be made, the medium of goods, and that in this form they may well do the United States more harm than good. His point of view is probably that of a considerable section of American opinion, and we may with some confidence hope that as soon as the Presidential Elections are over, the United States Government will show itself more amenable than it has been in the past to proposals for all-round cancellation. They will, however, undoubtedly insist on some *quid pro quo*, and that *quid pro quo* will almost certainly take the form of a promise by the nations of Europe either to accept President Hoover's disarmament proposals, or agree among themselves on some alternative plan.

Herein at the present moment lies the importance of the Disarmament Conference. Up to now, it must be admitted, the results achieved at Geneva have been small. The Conference started well with the unanimous adoption of Sir John Simon's resolution on qualitative disarmament. Even in the modified form on which the French Government insisted, that represented a great advance. But no further progress seems to have been achieved. Ever since, the Conference has been floundering about in a bog of technicalities from which it seems unable to extricate itself. Even those who most strongly support the National Government must regret that it did not in this matter take a more active line. It had, as now we know, a definite policy. Why did it not put it forward sooner? Why did it wait until President Hoover had already moved, and then produce proposals which

seemed in some respects to run counter to his, and to that extent only served to weaken the cause of disarmament? We shall probably never know the cause of this delay, and in any case it is no use crying over spilt milk. Time has been lost, but the harm that has been done is not irreparable. Many of the main factors in the situation, the poverty of Europe, the pressure of America, must incline even the most obdurate to compromise; and with the approach of the World Economic Conference those factors are bound to gain in force.

There are those who fear that the situation has been disastrously, if not fatally, complicated by the recent German claim to equality of armaments. Whether or not this is so depends entirely on the interpretation which is put of the motive behind it. Does Germany want to be superior to other nations, or merely not inferior? That is the kernel of the whole matter. The French unhesitatingly put the first construction on the German action. It is, they say, the first step in a new attempt to dominate Europe. It must be resisted at all costs. But is this the real explanation? Is not the other at least as probable? Let us not forget that ever since the War Germany has been in a position of inferiority. She has been forbidden arms which every other nation is allowed to possess. That is a position which cannot continue indefinitely. It is a humiliation to which a proud and powerful nation cannot be expected permanently to submit, especially when it has a Government which, for domestic reasons, is beating the nationalist drum. If what Germany desires is equality of status, there are many in this country who will have considerable sympathy with her point of view. Nor is it incompatible with disarmament. It is a fact well known to psychologists that people suffering from an inferiority complex are always apt to be cantankerous. Remove the sense of inferiority, and they become immediately more sensible. And the same is true of nations. So long as the Germans are not allowed to negotiate on equal terms, they will be reluctant to negotiate at all. It is to be hoped that France, recognising this, will be ready to concede the principle of equality of armaments, and will seek security not by prolonging a humiliation of her neighbour, which can only lead to increased exasperation and bitterness, but by an all-round reduction of arma-

ments, which by diminishing the striking power of the aggressor must reduce the chances of war. If she made this concession, the outlook for the Disarmament Conference would immediately brighten, concrete results might accrue, and the American people would then obtain the *quid pro quo* which, as they have already indicated, would incline them in favour of the all-round cancellation of debts. Indeed, the international situation might well undergo in the next year such a change for the better as now seems almost beyond our wildest hopes. The tangle of war is not straightened out, but it is in the power of France and Germany together to untie the worst of the knots. Every form of pressure, economic or otherwise, that England and America can employ will, it is to be hoped, be applied unremittingly on France to induce her to take the first step.

In their efforts at Ottawa, Lausanne, and Geneva, the Government undoubtedly have had behind them the support of the vast majority of the House of Commons. It would not, of course, be true to say that that support has been unanimous. The Opposition has fulfilled its traditional policy of opposing. Moreover, two other more formidable critics of the policy of the Government have made their voices heard: Mr Winston Churchill and Mr Lloyd George. It cannot, however, be said that these two statesmen have attracted any considerable measure of support. They were listened to with interest, but that interest was aroused not so much by the subject-matter of their speeches as by speculation as to the motives which inspired them. The policy of the Government has admittedly not worked miracles, but it has definitely brought us nearer to a settlement of the problems which the War has left. Why then have they opposed it? It is probable that Mr Churchill's opposition was not based on reason at all. It was largely instinctive. Nor was it a protest against the particular policy of any particular Government. It was a protest against the whole trend of modern civilisation. Mr Churchill does not belong to the modern world. He is a survival from an earlier age, charming and picturesque as such survivals often are, but still a survival. In the world to which he properly belongs, physical force played an essential part. If a man was involved in a dispute with another, he

challenged him to a duel. To have threatened legal proceedings or suggested arbitration would have been thought both caddish and contemptible. And the same code of honour held good in national affairs. To Mr Churchill, therefore, the idea of a great nation repudiating the arbitrament of war is degrading, disarmament is shameful, and the notion of our fate being decided by a lot of snuffy politicians sitting round a Swiss dining-table is revolting. He cannot endure it. He probably realises that to many of us he seems like a ghost from the past; but each time the subject is mentioned he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of one hollow groan.

Though, however, we can thus account for the opposition of Mr Churchill, some other reason must be found for that of Mr Lloyd George. He is no incurable romantic. Antique codes of honour mean nothing to him. He is very much of the modern world. He has no objection to arbitration or negotiation or disarmament, or any other means that can be devised for preventing war. He was, indeed, the head of the Government which played so large a part in initiating the League of Nations. One must look elsewhere for his motive; and to most of those who listened to his speech in the debate on the Lausanne Conference, he seemed to be inspired purely and simply by a desire to make mischief. Mr Lloyd George has nothing to learn about fishing in troubled waters. He is probably the greatest living exponent of the art. The smallest ripple, the faintest discoloration, and plop! goes his cast into the very middle of it. He had been sitting, waiting, watching for an opportunity to discredit the Government, and in the Lausanne Conference he thought that he saw his chance. No possible national advantage could come from his attack. It could only do harm, not merely to his country, but to the whole international situation. But he did not hesitate. As a matter of fact, his attempt fell flat; for it was easy for the Government spokesmen to prove that the Gentleman's Agreement was not a dastardly attempt on the part of England and France to outwit Germany, but a piece of diplomatic machinery of which the German delegates were fully cognisant, a means of avoiding the dilemma that, while Germany had always refused to link together reparations and war debts, to England and France they were a single indivisible

problem. But though his attempt failed, it was none the less discreditable, and only served to weaken his position in the present House of Commons. He did the Government no harm at all. Their policy still holds the field.

It would be impossible to conclude what purports to be an attempt to deal with the subject of world reconstruction without some reference to a part of the globe of which nothing has yet been said: the East. This presents the most difficult problem with which the statesmen of the world are faced. For while the nations of the West have become interdependent and are beginning to realise it, the nations of the East are still what we were two hundred years ago, worlds in miniature, independent and self-sufficing. The vast majority of the inhabitants of Russia and China neither know nor care what is happening outside their borders. How can they be included in a scheme of world reconstruction, the very essence of which is that all the units realise their dependence on each other? Even so superficially westernised a nation as Japan has shown during the last year that it cannot be relied upon to keep the rules of the game; and Russia and China present a far more difficult proposition. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they cannot at present be profitably included in any comity of civilised nations. They must be left outside, until their internal conditions are stabilised, and their trade internationalised. Then they will have an incentive to abide by the laws of civilised communities. In the meantime, they must be regarded as independent units, on whom the civilised world must bring such united pressure as from time to time seems possible. To allow them, in their present frame of mind, to be members of the League of Nations or any such organisation is merely to throw sand in the machinery of international negotiation, and involve more advanced nations in obligations which they cannot possibly perform.

And what of Japan? Are we to believe that she, too, is outside civilised society? It is to be hoped not. But it is essential that she should recognise that, by their membership of the League, nations do not confer an honour: they enjoy a privilege; and to that privilege there attaches a condition. This condition is that nations which are members should, in their relations with other

nations, abide by the procedure laid down in the Covenant of the League. Her contention that action in Manchuria was justified by the lawless conditions prevailing under Chinese rule, which injured Japanese interests and endangered the life of Japanese nationals, may or may not be sound; but in any case her remedy was, not to act independently and illegally, but to set in motion the machinery provided by the League for the settlement of such grievances. That she should do so was the essential condition of her membership. If she has found it too hard a condition, she is far better outside. Such members are of no use to the League. They are a source rather of danger than of strength.

An attempt has been made in this article to review, very briefly, the present condition of the world, and to give some indication of the future trend of civilisation. Such a survey must necessarily be imperfect. Moreover, with much of it many will find themselves in sharp disagreement. One cannot indeed dogmatise about the future. It may be that we are the helpless witnesses of the decline of the present civilisation. But let us not too hastily take that tragic view. If there were signs of diminishing vitality in the world one might be pessimistic. But the contrary is the case. The problems of to-day arise from a very different cause: the creative power of mankind has outrun its administrative capacity. That is a fault, not of old age, but of youth. Is not, then, the true explanation of our troubles, not that civilisation is dying, but that it is growing up; that it is going through a period of adolescence, with all the difficult and painful experiences inseparable from adolescence? It is for us so to face these problems that it passes safely through that difficult phase and comes, in fullness of time, to an age of strength and wisdom undreamt of before, an age when war is only remembered as a childish folly, and the boundaries between nations, in Lord Balfour's fine words, are no longer the lines which divide them, but the links which bind them together.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

'Ireland : Dupe or Heroine'—*The Last of Von Bülow—Metternich and Carlyle—Patrick Gordon—Ivan, the Terrible—The Soviet Experiment—The Mesolithic Age—Islam and the Talmud—'The Vision of Asia'—General Crozier once More—Bertram Windle—Mr Hobson's Flight—Dr Dover Wilson's Shakespeare—Paradise Regained—Anthology.*

ONE of Lord Balfour's last wishes was that Lord Midleton should give to the world the true version of the relations between Great Britain and Ireland from the time of Cromwell to the present day. This is the genesis of Lord Midleton's able, interesting, and instructive book, '*Ireland : Dupe or Heroine*' (Heinemann), and no one is better qualified than he to tell the story. Lord Midleton became leader of the Southern Irish Unionists in 1907 ; he had wide knowledge of the events which led to the 1916 rebellion, of which he had given the Government full, but unheeded, warning ; he took a leading part in the Irish Convention of 1918, and was one of those who risked their reputations by conferring with Mr De Valera in 1921. It is said that all agreements with Ireland are spoilt by a continuous looking back to the past instead of forward to a brighter future ; and, indeed, the unforgotten past is always present in negotiations, at no time more noticeably so than at the present time. It is true that in the eighteenth century Ireland was exposed to disabilities wholly unjustified by modern standards ; but when we are asked to consider what she might have been under more enlightened rulers, it is, as Lord Midleton says, 'absurd to judge the shortcomings of Great Britain before and after the Union by a philosophy which no nation of that time applied even to its most favoured subjects.' It is another matter when we find Lord Midleton stating that in our own time, 'from Aug. 1914 there was almost no blunder which the British Government could commit which was not thrown into the scale of agitation'—alternate repression and yielding, both at the wrong times. The brightest chapter of Irish history during the last half-century was certainly Lord Balfour's own time as Chief Secretary. A specially

interesting feature of the book is the examination and frank condemnation of American interference in Irish matters.

The first volume, and the last to be published, of Prince Von Bülow's '*Memoirs 1849-1897*' (Putnam) is as stimulating in its interest as were the three that went before; and although its august writer again displays his prejudices and occasional inaccuracies in fact and judgment, his frankness over men and movements is attractive, while throughout the work he is sympathetic to the British. In this instalment of his autobiography we see the future Chancellor growing up under the tutelage of his distinguished father, learning almost from his cradle the peculiar ways of the diplomatic, and becoming accustomed to the ordinariness of the great men and princes encountered by him in the leading countries of Europe. Bismarck from the first was his *beau idéal*; but although he always championed him, doubtless to his own disadvantage in the eyes of Kaiser Wilhelm afterwards, he recognises the many mistakes made by the supreme architect of the German Empire which so soon was to crash under the influence of a megalomaniac. The chapters devoted to the Franco-Prussian War, in which Von Bülow fought, are freshly, vividly told, as is the account of the Berlin Congress with its glimpses of Benjamin Disraeli. His eager dislike for Wilhelm II adds zest to the story of the last illness of the Emperor Frederick. His frankness is also evident in the brief descriptions of most of the people met, as the 'spotty and dirty' Heine, the arrogant Gregorovius; and in the accounts of his love-affairs which went as far as such adventures could go. The whole autobiography comprises a fascinating and moving chapter of German and European history, and is the more attractive because of the real likeableness of the writer.

Sometimes there is an English that needs translation—into English; and we fear that Mr Arthur Herman's biography of '*Metternich*' (Allen & Unwin) is an example of that truth. The author has no adequate command of the idiom, and therefore goes often astray; sometimes into 'fine writing'—super-empurpled passages—or else to bathos. Here is a fair example of his grander manner describing the young Metternich:

'hero of the salons, gliding with swan's grace through all the stuffed elegances of Parisian social life. Perilously handsome he appeared even younger than his years. There was something sombre, too, in this phenomenon, with fixed crystalline smile, poised, deliberately amiable speech and gestures masking a supernal duplicity, a muffled aversion for emperor and empire. He was the bravura double-dealer, the maestro of sleek goodwill . . . ' [p. 46].

He overworks the verbs 'effectuate' and 'obligate,' and not content with simple 'piety' coins the impossible 'piosity.' It is a pity the book has been made difficult through its verbal ponderosities; for the historical facts are well-balanced and put down with discrimination, and Metternich, in his stiff conservatism, was one of the makers of modern Europe, of whom, in these days of its difficult re-making, it would be useful to know more. His work was of a character which could hardly endure, as it tended to keep unwanted kings on perilous thrones and to strengthen the spirit of nationalities that was bound in time to find expression in revolt and war. But still his was an actual influence in Europe, helped by a personality effectual through its charm. And what a lover!

If onlookers see most of the game it may be that outsiders with the requisite qualifications of scholarship and knowledge may take the wisest and most impartial view of our national celebrities. This may truly be said of Professor Emery Neff, a distinguished American writer, whose '**Carlyle**' (Allen & Unwin) is a well-conceived, interesting, and concise biography, wisely impartial in not exaggerating the difficulties physical, financial and mental with which the eminent Thomas had to contend, nor the very real troubles of the much-tried but sharp-tongued Jane with such an uneasy genius of a husband. As she herself said, 'if all book-writers took up the business as he does, fidgeting and flurrying about all the while like a hen in the distraction of laying its first egg, and writing down every word as if with his heart's blood, what a world of nonsense would be spared to a long-suffering public!' Professor Neff deals well with Carlyle's domestic life, his human relationships, his social prophecies, and his literary influence, and gives excellent pen-portraits of his contemporaries illustrating the life and thought of the period. Perhaps, advisedly, the

earlier years of struggle and development are given more space than the later years of fruition and achievement, ending in the disillusioned, solitary old age, when the world showered on him the money and honours that once would have meant much to him and Jane; but from reading such a book as this one feels how different things might have been and how much happier the life of Thomas and Jane, if they had been spared the constant and entirely unromantic trouble of biliousness, to which both were inclined, and to combat which their habits were unhelpful. It was very real grit in the machinery of their life.

We see comparatively so little of General Patrick Gordon, who, as Byron said, 'girded his sword on to serve with a Muscovite master,' in the Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden's '**A Cavalier in Muscovy**' (Macmillan), that the title is almost a misnomer. But he makes an excellent peg for a colourful study of the barbaric Russian times in which his career was spent. After leaving his Scottish home, a penniless lad, he served briefly as a soldier-of-fortune in the Polish and Swedish armies before he found settlement and success under the Tsar Alexei and fame with the great Peter. The Baroness having told all that she has to say of Gordon's personal activities, fills her canvas with a full account of the life in the Muscovite court and camp, with their human and other eccentricities; and, incidentally, shows how true in fact was Macaulay's epigrammatic description of the Russian ambassadorial visitors to England of about that time as 'dropping pearls and vermin.' What she has to say is, of course, not new to those who have read more than a little of Russian history, especially when she treats of the times of Peter; but she puts it well and is able to illustrate the jewelled and gilded splendour, the magnificence and cruelties, of the Tsarist autocracy, and through which in our own days it has so terribly fallen. We pass to a predecessor of Peter, and one through whom that greatest of the Tsars was influenced for ill.

Under '**Ivan, the Terrible**' (Benn), Russia was a slaughter-house for the worst of madmen. Never has power been so wantonly misused, or used on so vast a scale as in his evil reign; and if it were not that Russia throughout its history—even to these later days—has

witnessed scenes of extraordinary brutality, it would be easy to regard Mr Stephen Graham's account of 'the tyrant, unexampled among the most unfaithful Lords of the world,' as exaggerated. That it was not so is only too clear from the details of this narrative. As an example of Ivan's minor cruelty we are told that on receiving the letter from which the foregoing extract is made, he leaned with his staff on the messenger's foot and with its point transfixed him to the ground. But that was a minor barbarity for one who had murdered his first man when he was only thirteen. Subsequently, and not only in his many mad rages, which were followed by black hours of penitence and the wish to become a monk, he killed thousands with fire and steel. Of course, he was often insane, and it shows the amazingly submissive character of the Slav—as Mr Graham remarks, slaves and Slavs love a tyrant—that none of his subjects really resisted or tried to kill him. All trembled before him. His fury sometimes went to fantastic lengths, as when, for a whim, he put his own mantle and crown on his equerry Prince Federof, and then, after bowing low and hailing him as Tsar, impulsively raised a knife and stabbed him to the heart. The story is strongly, even violently told, and is a better piece of work than was Mr Graham's 'Peter the Great.'

What is the truth about the Soviets? Not only do we ask the question put by Mr Thomas D. Campbell in his title, '*Russia: Market or Menace?*' (Longmans), but in view of the extremely contradictory accounts given of the conditions and prospects of the U.S.S.R., we are bound to wonder what really is the truth about them, and how can we find it? Carefully conducted visitors naturally see the facts with more sympathetic eyes than those who have suffered the iron attentions of the Cheka; and Mr Campbell, in his repeated visits, enjoyed such kindness from the Soviet rulers—his wife and daughters also being their holiday guests in the south of Russia, while he made his investigations into agricultural possibilities—that it would be surprising if he were not favourably biased. None the less, he does see defects there, and is convinced that this experiment in Communism is evil on the whole, and that within a few years some modification of the present political system in Russia must come.

Also, with all the enforced employment, he saw misery in the streets. But yet he has no doubt of the vastness and brilliance of Stalin's schemes of industrial and agricultural organisation, and sees in the future inestimable prospects of success and greatness for the people who so little a while ago were mute under the Tsars. The Five Years' Plan, he is confident, will succeed.

Prehistorians are making rapid progress in their vast and yet most limited province of scientific inquiry; and nothing could more effectively demonstrate that truth than Mr J. G. D. Clark's study of '**The Mesolithic Age in Britain**' which is one more offering made by the Cambridge University Press to the cause of knowledge that probably would be too hazardous a venture for a commercial publisher to undertake. It is time that clearer appreciation was made of the valuable work done by the University Presses in printing and issuing otherwise unavailable books. Over a wide area of England and Scotland, and with special consideration for the small south-eastern corner containing Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, Mr Clark has studied the horn, bone, and flint 'industries' of the Mesolithic period, which linked, if we may so precisely put it, the Paleolithic with the Neolithic Age, thereby defining the period which Mr M. C. Burkitt—whose tribute to this book is its best recommendation—calls 'a sort of dust-bin into which any awkward industry which did not seem to belong to any other period could be cast.' With the courage of youth Mr Clark criticises the fumbblings of earlier workers, and pours hot scorn on a pre-War authority whose estimated length of the Neolithic period, he asserts, was exaggerated by just about a hundred-fold!

In reading the Introduction to the Rev. E. J. Bolus's study of '**The Influence of Islam**' (Lincoln Williams) we had the impression that the subject was being approached in the spirit of conscious superiority that is a little too general with clerical writers. To assume, in that preliminary, that 'the grandest mosque'—or that Islam—is 'a temple dedicated to error,' is rather to mark the beast down before the sale is begun. Happily, that attitude soon goes and the work, increasingly as it progresses, is a serious and helpful study. As should be, for Islam matters. As Mr Bolus truly remarks, 'A manu-

factured and artificial religion has no more chance of succeeding than Esperanto'; and the triumphant, unyielding and continued success of the religion established by Mohammed is testimony sufficient to its reality and necessity within the wide regions to which it ministers. Mr Bolus is possibly not so careful as might be to define his periods; and Islam, in its ceremonies and principles, being so static over the centuries, it is difficult to determine sometimes whether certain remarks apply to the Middle Ages or to the conditions of the last few years; but we have no wish to seem to detract from the value of the book. It is admirable, covering the periods from early Moslem rule to Mustapha Kemal's vigorous break-away in Angora; with some appreciation, not unsympathetic, of the progress—rather standstill, as the legendary Irishman might say—of Islam in Persia, Afghanistan, Egypt, and North and Central Africa. But hardly anything is said about its influence in India, where, surely, in spite of the Moslems being in a minority, it is an enormous and beneficent force! The Everyman series maintains its outstanding position through the continuous addition to its long list of works, otherwise expensive or difficult to obtain, which are really necessary to the student's adequate literary equipment. Here is 'Everyman's Talmud' (Dent); not a translation of that great body of thought and regulations, begun in the critical time of Jewish history when the remnant of Hebrews who somehow had kept together was recovering after the Dispersal, but an easy description of its teachings on Religion, Ethics, Folk-lore, and Jurisprudence, done by the Rev. Dr A. Cohen, whose readable works are already of established authority in the departments of learning they represent. It is, of course, futile to think of reviewing the Talmud in the space available here, but to read it is to become aware of curious learning and rules which bring back a far-gone age and a people who, through this juridical work, based upon the Mosaic law, were able to re-establish themselves and out of ruin to become again a nation.

Mr L. Cranmer-Byng has brought to his interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture a gift for limpid and imaginative expression which already has been proved in sundry small volumes of translations of Eastern poetry that are, and deserve to be, well known. The result, so far, is

hardly less happy in 'The Vision of Asia' (Murray). Its claims, however, let us say frankly, are highly doubtful to a contentious spirit; but there can be no question of the facility and felicity of their expression. Let us come to the point at once. In belauding, rightly, Chinese poetry and thought, Mr Cranmer-Byng makes comparisons with the culture of the West which, to say the least of it, are strained. He sees the oriental saint or seer as contemplating the eternal, dwelling in a paradise of dreams; and contrasts that exaltedness—not with the saints, seers, and mystics of the West—but with its factory bred ugliness, the 'plodding and sordid crowds,' and such vulgarities as 'the funeral pomp of a Chicago gunman'; and he makes astounding assertions, as 'Here, where the standard of friendship is still the money standard, the wealthy man may only ring the bell of his approximate equal in worldly goods. . . . But in the East, where values are eternal and incalculable, the millionaire of nights and days embarks to meet his friend in a shallop of silver dreams. . . .' Poetical and beautiful; but quite untrue. Let a coolie, without being called for, venture into the hall of a mandarin, and soon that lord of important buttons would be crying with the Queen in Alice, 'Off with his head!' No. Stimulating as this book is, and especially excellent as is the chapter on the Tung Dynasty, it does not fulfil its author's hope as expressed in the text. Incomparables have been contrasted, and the result necessarily is a flowery wilderness, charming but yet a wilderness. To carry the case further, we venture to assert that the whole of the poetic philosophy of the East, the whole of its culture—essentially a legacy from the long-dead past, and no burgeoning gift of the living present—for creative stimulation, wisdom, and beauty would be outweighed in the divine scales, where only such measures can be tested, by the conjoined works of Shakespeare and Beethoven alone.

General F. P. Crozier is a jolly historian, on the whole accurate enough, downright, and racy, hitting the heads of his many pet aversions as he rushes along, and all the while keeping the interest of his reader amusedly alert. In 'Angels on Horseback' (Cape) he carries us back to the Boer War, when he was a corporal (though an officer of militia at home) in Thorneycroft's Mounted

Infantry, taking part in the misadventure of Spion Kop and having the luck to be one of the first to enter Ladysmith at the Relief. Who was to blame for failing to take and keep Spion Kop he makes clear. As with Gallipoli, the blunder was due to the commanding officer's hesitancy and weakness at the supremely critical hour. But the delight of the book comes from its personal side. No wonder the author regards War as 'the finest game on earth,' with 'Starkass the god of Stupidity' as its own particular deity. It seems to have been worth playing when such as Corbett and Ginger were about. The former, 'the Yank,' is dead; but happily not Ginger; and we hope again to meet that gallant and resourceful gentleman, in the General's pages; for, as told by this roaring and guffawing pen, his adventures are good reading, and better than ninety-nine of a hundred so-called humorous novels because the telling is more sincere and vital. We pass from the field of war to the battlegrounds of the academies. 'Sir Bertram Windle' (Longmans), whose biography has been written at great length (though wisely it is printed in one clearly readable volume) by Dr Monica Taylor, was surely the most venturesome student of these later years; for with amazing energy and fluency of pen and voice he wrote and lectured on questions abstruse and diverse, and was accepted as a master in many of them. Two of his earliest essays were on Architecture and Varicose Veins, showing how precocious as well as widely spread was his interest in things of the Earth and otherwise. The appeal of this book, however, is mainly to Roman Catholics, it being Sir Bertram's and his biographer's wish to show how the extensive gap which lies between Science and Catholicism could be bridged; but eager as his religion was, he also was active in educational reform and politics, and was able to enjoy literature and all the arts except music. It is rather a relief in a record of so much intellectual and spiritual perfection to discover that important defect.

It hardly needed the celestial machinery employed to bring out the economic and social opinions expressed by Mr J. A. Hobson in 'The Recording Angel' (Allen & Unwin); for with all their human kindness and helpful purposes they really are commonplace to this day. His recording angel, asking questions of the messenger who

had visited the Earth after an interval of a century in order to report to the All-Highest on human progress, is really less imaginative and knowing than any Dr Watson of that ilk ; while not Heaven but the National Liberal Club on a Saturday morning is suggested by the atmosphere to their talk. 'Suppose that we resume our sitting after lunch,' says the Recording Angel after the first dose of this gospel according to Mr Hobson. It might have been any old fogey whose thoughts were with the Hungry Forties. Knowing that Heaven is the abode of omniscience we had looked for some new light to be thrown on human affairs, lifting this silly, confused world out of its bankruptcies ; but No—it all is the merest radicalism abreast, and no more than abreast, of the times, and looking for an undefined salvation in the unsettled implications of that blessed word, Democracy. It needed no celestial visitor to tell us all that !

It is invariably a pleasure to discuss an inspiring subject with a kindly, cultured man, and we approached Dr J. Dover Wilson's '*The Essential Shakespeare*' (Cambridge University Press) in the liveliest and happiest spirit of expectation. But, alas, the cheerful hours spent in his company have ended in disappointment, and we are bound to echo his own uncertainty over the title. It might, perhaps, says he, have been called '*A Credible Shakespeare*' ; but No—'*A Conjectural Shakespeare*' would be nearer the truth, for he has leapt chasms with sheer guess-work, asking us to believe things for which there is no evidence whatever ; so that even our moderate suggestion for a title is inadequate to the occasion. For instance, while not positively accepting the Grafton portrait as representing Shakespeare—as it could hardly have done in 1588—he virtually says that it is such ; he assumes it as probable that Shakespeare did not go to the Stratford Grammar School for the reason that his father had troubles which prevented, the troubles being due to his having become '*an ardent Catholic*'—utter guess-work ! He strains the associations of the historical plays and '*Troilus and Cressida*' with the meteoric and fatal career of Essex—indeed, he has used—always in his charming manner and attractive, lucid style—just such methods as hitherto have made the claims of the Baconians, Oxfordians, Rutlandites, and the other anti-Shake-

speareans ludicrous, and entirely unworthy of the true Stratfordian who after all has plenty of solid ground on which to set his feet.

It is not without reason that '*Paradise Regained*'—of which a beautiful reprint, helpfully edited by Mr E. H. Blakeney, has been issued by the Scholartis Press—should have suffered from comparison with '*Paradise Lost*' and, in consequence, been little read. Yet the Commentary, which comprises almost exactly a half of this volume, brings out the truth of its richness in historical and classical allusion, showing the depths and breadth of Milton's learning, the sublimity of his imagination, the beauty of the language, and the quiet dignity of his acceptance of the physical frailties and deprivations that visited him in his aged years. Although it does not merit an appreciation equal to that due to '*Paradise Lost*,' it still is a work of genius, and, had Milton's outstanding epic not been written, would have been regarded as an achievement well worthy of his sublime powers. To re-read the poem under the guidance of Mr Blakeney is to bring home the truth that '*Paradise Regained*' has been unduly depreciated. Anthologies appear increasingly to be the expression of an idea and less as collections of literary 'gems.' Mr Gerald Bullett claims '*The Testament of Light*' (Dent) to represent 'the religious spirit,' it being a collection of utterances testifying to the 'divinity' in man, the inwardness of authority, and the redemptive power of that love 'whose service is perfect freedom.' The purpose is helpful and ennobling; but the examples chosen might have been more generous in number and more catholic in spirit. On this occasion one feels with added force the disappointment which the omissions inevitable to every anthology bring. At the same time, there is inspiration in these pages; whether it arises from such wisdom as Blake's assertion that 'Everything that lives is holy,' or Plato's acceptance of the reality of death, or the noble truth of Sonia's supreme self-sacrifice and unassailable sanctity in Dostoevsky's '*Crime and Punishment*'—'I salute in your person, all suffering humanity'—and the truth that the poorest and most despised among women and men may be yet the nearest to the ideal and the heart of Christ.

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH VOLUME OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of
articles are printed in italics.]

A.

- Admiralty, High Court of, 10-11—
admission of Advocates of, 12.
Albertson, Charles Carroll, editor of
'*Lyra Mystica*,' 183-184.
Ali, Mr Yusuf, on War, 332, 337.
American View of Scott's Novels,
An, 344-351.
Andrews, Mr C. F., 'Racial In-
fluences,' 335-336, 338.
Animals, feuds between, 204-207—
aversions of, 209-212—sociability
amongst, 212-215, 216-217—and
human companionship, 215-216.
Animal World, Feud and Friend-
ship in the, 204-218.
Army and Air Force, The (and)
Disarmament, 285-298.
Arches, Court of, 7, 9-10, 15-16—
admission of Advocates of, 11-12.
Asiatic Exclusion Act, passed by
United States Government, 336.
Audience, Court of, 10.
Authors, Publishers, and the
Public, 129-144.
Azaña, Señor, Premier and War
Minister of Spanish Republic, 147,
148—and the army, 145-146—and
Catalonian self-government, 158-
159.

B.

- Benn, Sir Ernest, 'Honest Doubt,'
179.
Bennett, Mr Arnold, on the his-
torical novel, 248—dreariness of
his books, 348.
Benson, Mr E. F., 'Charlotte Brontë,'
188-189.
Bent, J. T., 'The Life of Giuseppe
Garibaldi,' 115.
Besant, Sir Walter, founder of the
Society of Authors, 133-134.
Birds, antipathy amongst, 207-209
—sociability amongst, 217-218.

- Blakeney, Mr E. H., editor of 'Para-
dise Regained,' 380.
Bolus, Rev. F. J., 'The Influence of
Islam,' 375-376.
'Book Collector's Vade Mecum, The,'
185.
'Book of the Confession of Asenath,
The,' 245.
Book Society, success of, 142, 144.
Book-trade, present state of, 131—
growth of, 131-135—and circula-
ting libraries, 135-139—rivalry
in, 139-141, 143-144.
Books, Some Recent, 178-192, 370-
380.
Borah, Senator, 352, 364.
Boswell, 'Life of Johnson,' 3 *note*.
Bradford, Mr Gamaliel, and the
'History of Cardenio,' 45-46.
Briand, Monsieur Aristide, 54.
British Imperial Commonwealth, 54.
Bruening, Dr, 22, 25, 30.
Buchan, Mr John, and the historical
novel, 247, 248.
Bullett, Mr Gerald, collector of
anthology 'The Testament of
Light,' 380.
von Bülow, Prince, 'Memoirs,' 179-
180—'Memoirs 1849-1897' . . 371.
Burdwan, Maharaja of 'The Indian
Horizon,' 181-182.
Burkitt, Mr M. C., and 'The Meso-
lithic Age in Britain,' 375.
Burn, 'Ecclesiastical Law,' 11 *note*.
Buxhoeveden, Baroness Sophie, 'A
Cavalier in Muscovy,' 373.

C.

- Campbell, Mr Thomas D., 'Russia :
Market or Menace,' 374-375.
Canals, Don Salvador, 'La Caida de
la Monarquía'; 'La Cuestión
Catalana'; 'La Crisis Exterior de la
Peseta,' 145 *note*, 148 *note*, 153 *note*.

- Canning, Lord, on English foreign policy, 229, 244.
- Canning, Stratford (afterwards Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe), his dislike of Americans, 241-242, 243.
- Capitalism, effects of, 359.
- Care of Westminster Abbey, The, 299-314.
- Carlyle, Thomas, 195, 196—on books, 253.
- Cartography, present state of, 219-222.
- Castilians, characteristics of, 153-154.
- Castlereagh, Viscount, on relations with the United States, 241.
- Catalans, and self-government, 152-153, 157-159—characteristics of, 153, 154-157—and the Castilians, 157.
- Cather, Miss Willa, 349.
- Cavour, Count Camillo di, 116, 118—and the unification of Italy, 123, 125.
- Cesaresco, Countess E. Martinengo, 'Italian Characters,' 115.
- Chamberlin, Mr Frederick, 'The Private Character of Henry the Eighth,' 186.
- Champion, Mr, allusion to his book on crossing New Guinea, 224.
- Chevalley, Abel, 'Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps,' 315, 316, 319.
- Church of Christ, and the creation of peace, 342-343.
- Churchill, Rt Hon. Winston, 366-367.
- Civilisation, A Map for, 219-228.
- Clark, Mr J. D. G., 'The Mesolithic Age in Britain,' 375.
- Coalitions, unsatisfactoriness of, 162.
- Cohen, Rev. Dr A., 'Everyman's Talmud,' 376.
- Collins, J. P., 'The Decline of Illustration,' 62.
- Colonial Laws Validity Act, 1865.. 97, 102-104, 109.
- Commons, Doctors', 1-17.
- Conservatism and the National Government, 160-177.
- Conservatism, natural and political, 162-165—and the relation of the State to the individual, 165-170—and the relation of the State to productive industry, 170-171—and methods of assisting the producer, 171-175—in agreement with other sections of National Government, 175-177—and the Empire, 176.
- Conway, Miss Agnes, 'Henry VII's Relations with Scotland and Ireland, 1485-1498'..186-187.
- Coxwell, Mr C. Fillingham, translator of 'Tragedy of Faust,' 190.
- Craig, Mr Robert, 'O People!'..192.
- Cranborne, Viscount, M.P., 'Conservatism and the National Government,' 160.
- Cranmer-Byng, Mr L., 'The Vision of Asia,' 376-377.
- Cranston, Ruth, writer of introduction to 'The Causes of War, Economic, Industrial, Racial, Religious, Scientific, and Political,' 331, 332.
- Creation of Peace, The, 331-343.
- Creve, Marquess of, 'Mr Gladstone,' 193—association with Mr Gladstone, 193, 199.
- Crozier, General F. P., 'Angels on Horseback,' 377-378.

D.

- Decline of Illustration, The, 62-75.
- Delegates, Court of, 14.
- Deloney, Thomas, an early historical novelist, 245, 246, 247, 250.
- Dibdin, Sir Lewis T., D.C.L., 'Doctors' Commons,' 1.
- Dickens, Charles, 351.
- Dieta, Mr David, 'The Story of Science,' 182.
- Dillon, Dr E. J., 'The Spanish Republic and its Problems,' 145.
- Disarmament Conference, 273, 285—difficulties of, on land, 285—and Air Force limitation, 286, 291, 292-293, 296-297—work of, 286-287, 293—resolution adopted by, 291-292—and question of relativity, 294, 297.
- Disarmament: the Army and the Air Force, 285-298.
- Disarmament: the Naval aspect, 273-284.
- Doctors' Commons, 1-17.
- Doctors' Commons, rebuilding after Great Fire, 2—history of, 2-3, 16-17—description of, 5-6, 7—library of, 6, 7-8.
- Dottin, Monsieur Paul, 'Samuel Richardson,' 315, 318, 319, 321-322, 329, 330.
- 'Double Falsehood,' authorship of, 41-43, 47.

- Ducarel, Dr, 'Summary Account of Doctors' Commons,' 3, 4.
Dumas, influence of Scott upon, 253
—a vivifier of history, 344.

E.

- Education, improvements needed, 60.
'Edward III,' question of its inclusion in the Shakespeare Canon, 37-38, 39-40, 47, 48.
'El Sol,' for May 27, 1932, extracts from, 151, 157.
Evans, Dr A. W. 'Warburton and the Warburtonians,' 189-190.
Extremists, The German Republic and the, 18-31.

F.

- Faculties, jurisdiction of Master of, 12-13.
Faculty Office, 14-15.
Family Life, Scottish, in the Seventies, 259-272.
Feder, Herr, Nazi economist, 26, 27, 29.
Ferguson, Miss Rachel, 'Popularity's Wife,' 191-192.
Feud and Friendship in the Animal World, 204-218.
Fielding, Henry, and Samuel Richardson, 324-325, 326.
Fletcher, influence on Elizabethan drama, 39—connection with the 'History of Cardenio,' 45-47.
France, and the Washington Treaty, 274-276—and the London Naval Treaty, 276-277—and British disarmament proposals, 281—and President Hoover's disarmament proposals, 283—and disarmament, 287, 297, 298, 366—her fear of Germany, 341-342.
France, invades Italy to protect the Pope, 121, 128.
Froude, 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' 3 note.
Fulham, Bishop of, on the necessity of armed forces, 335.

G.

- Ganivet, Angel, 'Idearium Español,' 145 note.
Garibaldi, 115-228.
Garibaldi, Giuseppe, visits England, 115-116, 126-127—early life of, 117—exile in America, 119, 122—takes

arms against Austria, 120-121, 123—defends Rome against the French, 121-122—captures Sicily and Naples, 124-125—attempts to capture Rome, 126, 127-128—character, 126—death, 128.

Gasset, José Ortega y, 'España Invertebrada,' 145 note.

Gaxotte, Pierre, 'The French Revolution,' 180-181.

German Republic and the Extremists, The, 18-31.

German Republic, compared with French Republic, 18-19—political parties in, 19-23—Nazi party in, 23-30.

Germany, her fear of France, 341-342—her claim to equality of armaments, 365.

Gladstone, Mr, 193-203.

Gladstone, Rt Hon. W. E., on Garibaldi, 115-116—his love of books, 194, 197—and the Oxford Movement, 195-196—his conversational brilliance, 197-198—belief in Divine Government of the world, 198, 199, 203—founds St Deiniol's Library, 198-199—possible attitude to present-day affairs, 200-203—on attachment of the Colonies to England, 201—on Protection, 201.

Godkin, G. S., 'Life of Victor Emmanuel II,' 115.

Gordon, Douglas, 'Feud and Friendship in the Animal World,' 204.

Graham, Mr Stephen, 'Ivan, the Terrible,' 373-374—'Peter the Great,' 374.

Great Britain, attitude towards the United States, 230, 232—and the Washington Treaty, 274-276—and the London Naval Treaty, 276-279—proposals for naval disarmament, 280-283—and military disarmament, 285, 291, 298, 339—her duty to promote internationalism, 358-359, 360-362, 369.

Grey, Rt Hon. Sir Edward (now Viscount), and Colonel House, 237, 238-239.

Gwynn, G. W., 'Disarmament: The Army and the Air Force,' 285.

Gwynn, Stephen, 'Samuel Richardson,' 315.

H.

Haldane, Miss Elizabeth S., 'Scottish Family Life in the Seventies,' 259.

- Haldane, Mrs, 261, 263, 266, 267, 268, 269.
 Haldane, Richard (afterwards Viscount), 268, 270-272.
 Hallam, Arthur, 194, 196.
 Hamilton, Miss Cicely, 'Modern Italy,' 180.
 Hardy, Thomas, compared to Sir Walter Scott, 348, 351.
Harper, George McLean, 'Scott's Novels: An American View,' 344.
 Herman, Mr Arthur, 'Metternich,' 371-372.
 von Hindenburg, President, 25, 180.
 Historical novel, origins of, 245-248—definitions of, 248-250—of the Gothic School, 250-251—in France and Italy, 253-254—scope of, 256-257—future of, 257-258—modern examples of, 258—English, fame of the, 315-316.
 Historical Novel, The, 245-258.
 Hitler, Herr Adolf, 18, 23, 28, 352, 356, 357—character of, 24-25—and Treaty of Versailles, 27—on the Weimar Constitution, 31.
 Hobson, Mr J. A., 'The Recording Angel,' 378-379.
 Hoover, President, disarmament proposals, 273, 279-280, 283-284, 285, 287-291, 364.
 Houghton, Lord, association with Gladstone, 194-195, 197.
 House, Colonel, attitude to Great Britain, 231, 237—allusions to his 'Intimate Papers,' 237-238, 239—his intrigues in England, 238-240.
 Hunt, Leigh, 'The Town,' 2.
 Hutton, Edward, 'Highways and Byways in Gloucestershire,' 62.

I.

- Illustration, beginnings of, 63.
 Illustration, The Decline of, 62-75.
 Imperial Conference, 1926, Declaration on Dominion Autonomy, 95-98, 104-105, 109—Committee of Experts set up by, 97-98, 100, 102, 104, 107-110—and 'sovereignty' of Westminster Parliament, 105.
 Imperial Conference, 1930..105, 108, 110
 India, present conditions in, 336-337.
 Industry, conditions of, 55-56.
 Inge, Dean, writer of introduction to 'Lyra Mystica,' 183.

- Internationalism, growth of, 355-356—communism a type of, 357, 359—duty of Great Britain to promote, 358-359, 360-362, 369—and the East, 368-369.
 Italy, and the Washington Treaty, 274-276—and the London Naval Treaty, 276-277—and British disarmament proposals, 281—and President Hoover's disarmament proposals, 283-284.
 Italy, under Austrian rule, 118—revolts against Austria, 119-121, 123—joins Germany against Austria, 127.

J.

- James, Dr M. R., on 'The Book of the Confession of Asenath,' 245.
 Japan, and the Washington Treaty, 274-276—and the London Naval Treaty, 276-277, 279—and President Hoover's disarmament proposals, 280—and British disarmament proposals, 281, 283—and the League of Nations, 368-369.
Jenks, Prof. Edward, D.C.L., 'The Statute of Westminster, 1931'.. 95.
 Jerrold, Walter, part author of 'Hugh Thomson: his Art, his Letters, his Humour, and his Charm,' 62, 68-69.
 Johnson, Dr Samuel, on a writer's fame, 252-253.
 Johnson, Mr G. A., 'Industrial and Labour Influences,' 332.
 Joseph, Michael, 'Complete Writing for Profit,' 129, 130, 137, 139, 141.

K.

- Kantorowicz, Prof. Hermann, 'The Spirit of British Policy and the Myth of the Encirclement of Germany,' extract from, 341-342.
 King, Bolton, 'A History of Italian Unity,' 115.
 Krassnoff, Peter N., 'Napoleon and the Cossacks,' 192.

L.

- Labour Party, views on national expenditure, 161—defeat of, in 1931..360.
 Lafourcade, M. Georges, 'Swinburne: A Literary Biography,' 189—'La Jeunesse de Swinburne,' 189.

Law, 'Forms of Ecclesiastical Law,' 9 *note*, 10 *note*, 12 *note*, 14 *note*.
 Law, need for reform in, 59-60.
 Lawrence, Mr C. E., 'The Iron Bell,' 349.
 League of Nations, 53-54-287, 296, 336, 369.
 Leavis, Mrs Q. D., 'Fiction and the Reading Public,' 129, 130, 135, 142, 143, 144.
 Lecky, Mr, on the Italian movement, 116-117.
 Lethaby, W. R., 'MS. Notes on Westminster Abbey,' 299-'Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen,' 299, 306, 308-extract from, 302-303-'Westminster Abbey Re-examined,' 299, 302-record of his work as Surveyor to the Fabric, 299, 301, 303-304, 306-307, 308, 311-314.
 Libraries, circulating, 135-139.
 Limewash, a protection to exterior masonry, 307, 308-309.
 Lippmann, Walter, 'The United States in World Affairs: An Account of American Foreign Relations,' 229, 243.
 Lloyd, D. B., 'The World and Mr Wells,' 48.
 Lloyd George, Rt Hon. D., 177-366, 367-368.
 Lloyd, Sir Richard, bequest to Doctors' Commons, 8-9.
 Lockhart, J. G., 77, 82, 83, 84, 87, 89, 94.
 'London Topographical Record,' Vol. xv, 1, 2, 4 *note*, 5, 7, 11, 13, 16.

M.

 Madariaga, 'España,' 145 *note*.
 Malden, 'History of Trinity Hall,' 4 *note*.
 Map for Civilisation, A, 219-228.
 Maps, secular, 220-221, 222-228—Ordnance Survey, 221, 223—lack of co-ordination in preparing statistical, 226-227.
 Mario, Jesse White, author of supplement to 'Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi,' 115.
 Marlowe, Christopher, 38-39.
 Marriage Licences, 13.
 Marriott, Sir John, 'Garibaldi,' 115.
 Maxwell, Rt Hon. Sir Herbert, 'Evening Memories,' 259, 267—Memories of the Months,' 259.

Mazzini, 116, 121, 125—founds the Young Italy Association, 117-118.
 Micklethwaite, J. T., Surveyor to the Fabric of Westminster Abbey, 304-305, 306.
 Midleton, Lord, 'Ireland: Dupe or Heroine,' 370.
 Milnes, Richard, 'One Tract More,' 194.
 Moon, Dr R. O., translator of 'Goethe's Autobiography,' 190.
 Morgan, Mr Charles, 'The Fountain,' 191.
 Morley, Lord, 'Life of Gladstone,' 193, 197-198, 200.
 Moseley, Mr, publisher of the 'History of Cardenio,' 44-45.
 Mudie, Charles Edward, 136.
 Mumby, Frank Arthur, 'Publishing and Bookselling,' 129, 130.
 Murray, John, II, on 'Waverley,' 252.
 Mussolini, Signor, 352, 356, 357.

N.

Nashe, early historical novelist, 245, 247-248, 250.
 National Government, enduring quality of, 160—consolidation of, 176-177.
 National Government, The, and Conservatism, 160-177.
 Nationalism, apparent increase of, 352-355—effect of Communism upon, 357-358.
 Naval Aspect, The, (of) Disarmament, 273-284.
 Nazi (National Socialist) Party, 21, 23, 25—aims of, 25-28—composition of, 28-29—progress of, 29-30—future of, 30-31.
 Neff, Prof. Emery, 'Carlyle,' 372-373.
 Newcourt 'Diocese of London,' 9 *note*.
 Nicholson, Basil D., 'A Map for Civilisation,' 219.
 Noppen, J. G., 'The Care of Westminster Abbey,' 299.
 Novel, The Historical, 245-258.

O.

Oliphant, E. H. C., 'The Shakespeare Canon,' 32.
 Otto, Rudolph, 'Mysticism, East and West,' 183.
 Oughton, 'Prolegomena,' 9 *note*, 10 *note*, 12 *note*.

P.

- Parliamentary system, merits of, 358.
- Parliaments, Dominion, and the Royal Assent, 98-100—and extra-territorial legislation, 100-102—and Royal Succession and Titles, 106-107.
- Parker, K. T., 'The Drawings of Antoine Watteau,' 62, 67, 68.
- Peace, The Creation of, 331-343.
- Pearson, Surveyor to the Fabric of Westminster Abbey, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305-306, 310.
- Peel, Sir Robert, 195, 196, 201.
- 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' question of its inclusion in the Shakespeare Canon, 34-35.
- Phillimore, 'Ecclesiastical Judgments,' 9 note.
- Phillips, Prof. Alison, translator of Pierre Gaxotte's 'French Revolution,' 181.
- Pius IX, Pope, 120, 121, 122, 125, 128.
- Pollard, Prof. Alfred W., part author of 'Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas Moore,"' 32.
- de Pomaine, M. Edouard, 'Good Fare,' 184-185.
- Pope-Hennessy, Dame Una, D.B.E., 'Sir Walter Scott,' 76.
- Porritt, Arthur, editor of 'The Causes of War. Economic, Industrial, Racial, Religious, Scientific, and Political,' 331.
- Powys, A. R., 'Repair of Ancient Buildings,' 299, 312.
- Press, British, supports friendship with United States, 230-231, 241—partiality of, to United States, 234, 236—and Colonel House, 239-240—failure to understand American politics, 240-241—future attitude to United States, 243.
- Press, The British, and the United States, 229-244.
- Prerogative Office, 14.
- Publishers, Authors and the Public, 129-144.
- 'Punch,' illustrations in, 74.

Q.

- Quevedo, on the Catalans, 157-158.

R.

- Republic, The Spanish, and its Problems, 145-159.

- Reconstruction, World, in 1932, 352-369.

Richardson, Samuel, 315-330.

Richardson, Samuel, 'Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady,' 315, 322, 326-329—compared with Sir Walter Scott, 315-316—subjects and methods of his story-telling, 316-318, 323—career of, 318-320—helps to edit Sir Thomas Roe's papers, 320-321—imagination of, 323, 327—'Pamela,' 323-324, 326—and Henry Fielding, 324-325—description of, 329-330.

Roche, Mr Raphael, 'The Science of Medicine,' 182-183.

Rosebery, Earl of, association with Gladstone, 194, 197, 199.

Russia, socialism in, 56-58.

S.

St Bennet's Parish Church of the Advocates, 6, 7.

St Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, anniversary of foundation of, 193 note—contents of, 197, 199—foundation of, 198-199.

St Paul's, Dean and Chapter of, and Doctors' Commons, 2, 3, 5.

Sauntsbury, 'Prof., on the historical novel, 245, 248, 258.

Salaman, Malcolm C., 'Modern Book Illustrators and their Work,' 62, 72—'The Graphic Arts of Great Britain,' 62, 72.

Salter, Sir Arthur, part author of 'The Causes of War. Economic, Industrial, Racial, Religious, Scientific, and Political,' 331 *et seq.*

Samuel Richardson, 315-330.

Samuel, Sir Herbert, position in the National Government, 160.

Scotland in the Seventies, conditions in, 260-272.

Scott, Sir Gilbert, Surveyor to the Fabric of Westminster Abbey, 300, 304, 305.

Scott, Sir Walter, 76-94.

Scott, Sir Walter, character, 77-78—portraits of, 79-94—financed by Constable, 132—and the historical novel, 245, 250—influenced by the Gothic School of novelists, 251-252—his influence on subsequent writers, 253-255—compared with Samuel Richardson, 315-316—speed of his writing, 322—and 'St Ronan's Well,' 327-328—novels of,

344-346—character, 345—extract from 'Waverley,' 346—extract from 'The Antiquary,' 347—joyousness of, 348, 351—conversations of his characters, 349—his learning, 350—his friendship with Wordsworth, 350.

Scottish Family Life in the Seventies, 259-272.

Scott's Novels: An American View, 344-351.

Seroggs, William O., collaborator with Walter Lippmann in 'The United States in World Affairs: An Account of American Foreign Relations,' 229, 243.

Senior, William, 'Doctors' Commons and the Old Court of Admiralty,' 1, 2, 3 note.

Shakespeare Canon, scholars' attitude towards, 32-34, 48.

Shakespeare Canon, The, 32-48.

Shakespeare, William, work as reviser, 48.

Sheppard, Alfred Tresidder, 'The Historical Novel,' 245.

Sidgwick, Henry, 'Principles of Political Economy,' 202.

'Sir Thomas Moore,' Shakespeare's share in, 39, 40-41, 47.

Slater, Sir Arthur, 'Recovery: The Second Effort,' 178.

Some Recent Books, 178-192, 370-380.

Spanish Republic, The, and its Problems, 145-159.

Spanish Republican Government, and monarchist institutions, 145-146—legislation in first years of, 146-148, 151—and the press, 148—difficulties of, 149-150—and Catalan self-government, 152-153.

'Spanish Tragedy, The,' Shakespeare's hand in, 48.

Spielmann, M. H., part author of 'Hugh Thomson: his Art, his Letters, his Humour, his Charm,' 62, 68-69, 71.

Stanley, Lee J., 'The German Republic and the Extremists,' 18.

Statistics, and maps, 225-228.

Statute of Westminster, 1931, The, 95-114.

Sullivan, Edmund J., 'The Art of Illustration,' 62, 71-72.

Swinerton, Frank, 'Authors and the Book Trade,' 129, 130, 141.

T.

Tannenbaum, Dr S. A., 'Shakespeare and "Sir Thomas Moore,"' 32, 41.

Tariffs, interpretation of, 361.

Taylor, Dr Monica, 'Sir Bertram Windle,' 378.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, on Garibaldi, 115, 116, 128.

Thackeray, W. M., 'Henry Esmond,' 351.

Theobald, Mr, and authorship of 'Double Falsehood,' 41-45, 46-47.

Thirlwall, Bishop of St Davids, 196.

Thomson, Hugh, 68-71.

Thomson, Sir Arthur, 'Science and War,' 331-332, 334, 339.

Transport, significance of improvement in, 355.

Trevelyan, Prof. G. M., 'Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic'; 'Garibaldi and The Thousand'; 'Garibaldi and the Making of Italy,' 115, 121.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge, its interest in Doctors' Commons, 2, 4.

Trollope, Anthony, 'Autobiography,' 129.

'Two Noble Kinsmen, The,' question of its inclusion in the Shakespeare Canon, 35-37, 47, 48.

U.

Unemployment, and the dole, 59.

United States, influence of, on Great Britain, 230-231—hostile attitude to Great Britain, 231, 235-236, 241-242, 243—and War Debts, 231-232, 233, 234, 235, 363-364—and disarmament, 232-233, 280-281—and World Peace, 234, 363—colonisation methods of, 234-235—and the Washington Treaty, 274-276—and the London Naval Treaty, 276-277, 279—and Asiatic Exclusion Act, 336.

United States, The, and the British Press, 229-244.

Unwin, Stanley, 'The Truth about Publishing,' 129, 130, 135, 136, 141.

V.

Van der Stel, Simon, 'The Journal of his Expedition to Namaqualand, 1685-6', 187-188.

Versailles, Treaty of, 287, 290, 297, 298.

Vicar-General, jurisdiction of, 13-14—office of, 15.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia-Piedmont, 116, 121, 123—and the unification of Italy, 123, 125, 126, 127—captures Rome, 128.

W.

War, usefulness of, to civilisation, 334, 339-340—causes of, 335-339, 341-342—how to prevent, 340-341.

Washington Treaty, causes and effects of, 274-276.

Waterhouse, Dr Gilbert, translator of Simon Van der Stel's 'The Journal of his Expedition to Namaqualand, 1685-6,' 188.

Watteau, Antoine, 66-68.

Waugh, Arthur, 'Authors, Publishers, and the Public,' 129.

Wells, H. G., 'The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind,' 49, 50-53, 178—extract from, 57—and religion, 61.

Wells, Mr, and the World, 49-61.

Werner, A., translator of 'Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi,' 115.

Westminster Abbey, policy of repair work, 299, 307, 308, 312-314—repair of North Transept, 299-303—repair of the Cloister, 305-307, 309—repair of Henry VII's Chapel, 309-311—cleaning of mediæval paintings and monuments, 311-312.

Westminster Abbey, The care of, 299-314.

Westminster, The Statute of, 1931..95-114.

Westminster, Statute of, 100, 102, 104, 105, 108—debated in Provincial and State Parliaments, 110-112—enacted by Westminster Par-

liament, 113—and the Irish Free State, 113-114—foundation of an Imperial Constitution, 114.

Whyte, A. J., 'The Political Life and Letters of Cavour, 1848-1861,' 115.

Wilcken, Herr Ulrich, 'Alexander the Great,' 187.

Wilder, Mr Thornton, 349.

Wilson, Dr J. Dover, 'The Essential Shakespeare,' 379-380.

Wilson, President Woodrow, hostility to Great Britain, 231, 237—at Peace Conference, 238, 240.

Wolseley, Lord, 333.

Wood, Mr Stuart, 'Shades of the Prison House,' 184.

Woodhouse, Mr J. Howard, 'To My Boys,' 190-191.

Wordsworth, William, and Sir Walter Scott, 350.

World and Mr Wells, The, 49-61.

World, internationalisation of, 359, 360-362.

World, present economic situation of, 49-50—need for unity, 53-55—supply of raw material in, 58.

World Reconstruction in 1932, 352-369.

Wren, Sir Christopher, and Westminster Abbey, 300, 301.

Z.

Zamora, President Alcala, 150-151.

Zetland, Marquis of, allusion to his preface to the Maharaja of Burdwan's 'The Indian Horizon,' 181.

Zimmern, Mr Alfred, 'The Cultural Causes of War,' 334.

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